

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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RAIN

By P.D.B.

Rain,
Thin and gleaming fingers
Beating downwards, beating down,
Winter's emblems sadly torn—
All her fallen leaves and brown.

Rain,
That like the bitter sweet
Of each life's changing season
Bruises youth, yet builds anew
A faith on stronger reason.

Rain,
Symbol of the Winter
And the long, lean days of cold...
A world awaiting Springtime
When its new, young lives unfold.



JUDY KELLY, appearing in "Henry VIII," has played several parts in English films.



MERLE OBERON makes a beautiful Anne Boleyn. She also has a leading part in "The Battle."



COLIN TAPLEY, of New Zealand, has been given a five-year contract by Paramount.



PATRICIA MINCHIN has parts in "The Dean" and "The Man They Could Not Hang."



JOCELYN HOWARTH, star of "The Squatter's Daughter" and featured in "The Dean."

Your CHANCE To Win FILM FAME

ALL TYPES are Entering Our Screen Personality Contest!

Do you dream of fame and wealth? The Australian Women's Weekly's State-wide search for screen types may be the means of bringing you both. This paper is spending \$500 in the prizes and organisation of a Screen Personality Contest.

In organising this unique contest, we are co-operating with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, which has included a Screen Personality Contest in its syllabus.

Intense interest was aroused by the first announcement of the competition, made last week, and messages of congratulation, inquiries and entries have been pouring in ever since.

So golden are the rewards of a film artist, and so rarely do Australians get an opportunity to test their possibilities in this field, that the competition is certain to make film history in Australia.

Fame on the films is not won solely by the young and beautiful. All types are required for the successful casting of a play—the old and the young, the grave and the gay, the beautiful and the typical.

Entries already received show that the public has been quick to realise this and photos to hand have varied from those of girls who consider they bear a strong resemblance to beautiful young film stars to those of elderly women, who have in mind their suitability for roles of the Marie Dressler type.

That age is no bar is proven by the interesting news just to hand from London that a lady of 93 has just entered the film world. She is Miss Latrobe, and is the only surviving member of the first Governor of Victoria's family. She has just made a talkie which includes an historical film of the early days of the colony, and it will be shown during the Melbourne Centenary.

This competition is for men, also. It may discover an Australian Charles Laughton, a George Arliss, or a distinctive type of Australian genius in this field.

LUCKY WINNERS OF THIS COMPETITION WILL HAVE EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO BECOME STARS IF THEY CAN SHOW THEY POSSESS SUITABLE PERSONALITY, VOICE,

DRAMATIC ABILITY AND APPEARANCE

THE TWELVE FINALISTS WILL ALL BE GIVEN A SCREEN TEST, AND, IF SUITABLE, WILL BE ALLOTTED PARTS IN A FORTHCOMING CINESOUND PRODUCTION.

At present, Mr. Ken Hall, director of Cinesound, is busy working on "Strike Me Lucky," which will be Cinesound's next production. It will feature Roy Rene, and Yvonne Banvard will also take a part, but, so far, the juvenile and ingenue leads have not been finally selected.

To-day, the screen is attracting men and women from all walks of life and from all professions. Madeleine Carroll is an M.A. of Cambridge University and Dame Sybil Thorndike was a professional musician before she took up the stage and several members of the British aristocracy have sought and found fame on the screen. It is one place where all have "a fair field and no favor."

For Men and Women

THE Australian film industry is one which is not overcrowded. There are plenty of openings available if the right persons (men and women) can but be found, and it is hoped to find them by means of this competition.

Although previous screen and stage experience may be helpful, it is not essential, the two most necessary

Local Artists Who Are Making Good

The six photos on this page are of Australians and New Zealanders who are making good in film work; some, of course, doing better than others.

Three of them, at least, started their screen careers through contests similar to the one now being run in The Australian Women's Weekly.

What these people can do, so can others, so make up your mind to enter at once for this unique chance of winning a film career.



GWEN MUNRO, of Victoria, won a part in a Hollywood production through the Paramount-The Australian Women's Weekly "Search For Beauty" Quest.

adjuncts to success being that the contestant should photograph well and possess a clear, melodious and well-recording voice.

Several Australians have achieved success in film work and many others may follow in their lead.

A great advantage of this contest is that the winners will not be obliged to proceed overseas for their training and engagement, but will receive this in the home city.

The big prizes are additional to the Eisteddfod prizes and are also donated by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Co-operating with The Australian

Women's Weekly in sponsoring the prizes for this contest are Cinesound, who will give the screen tests, and the Cinema Academy, which will offer free tuition to the two successful winners.

Turn to page 34 for full particulars of this splendid competition.

Entrants are advised to write to The Australian Women's Weekly for a printed syllabus, but are reminded that all entries must be made on the form which will be printed each week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

PLEASE MAKE YOUR ENTRIES EARLY. BY DOING SO, YOU WILL GREATLY FACILITATE THE PRELIMINARY WORK OF PREPARING ENTRIES FOR THE FINAL JUDGING.

WHAT are WOMEN DOING About the FEDERAL ELECTIONS?

Lack of Finance stops them from Contesting Seats

Will any woman stand for Parliament in the forthcoming Federal elections? At present the answer, in all States except Tasmania, seems to be "No," though more optimistic organisations say "Perhaps."

The chief drawback is lack of financial backing. Another factor is the necessity many women feel to stand as independent candidates, as the projects and ideals of women find no complete representation in any one party. Without party backing, very few women are able to find the necessary money for an election campaign.

TO overcome the party aspect, a Women's Charter, as the basis for women's own political platform, was drawn up at a conference of women's organisations late last year. The charter has been sent to women's organisations throughout Australia for approval or suggestions, and will ultimately return to the women's organising committee, of which Dr. Georgina Sweet is president. It is hoped it may be completed before the Federal elections.

Suitable Candidates

THERE are several suitable women who have contested seats before, but will be unable to do so this year because previous campaigns have exhausted their financial resources.

Mrs. Julie Rapke, president of the Women's Citizens' Movement, makes a plea to moneyed, leisured women to realise their responsibilities, and support such candidates.

"Why does not the rich, leisured woman make substantial sums available to suitable women through organised groups to enable women of brains and ability to do a service in the community for which their more fortunate sisters may have no inclination, and perhaps no aptitude."

"In England and Europe prospective candidates can always be assured of some financial backing, but not in Australia. The same applies to municipal elections. It is not fair that any woman, rich or poor, and, provided she is the right type of woman, should be expected to stand the expense of a Parliamentary campaign when she is willing to sacrifice her time and energy in the cause of women and electors generally."

"Women are so often disloyal to women—disloyal firstly in not supporting them when they do go to the polls, disloyal in not giving sufficient moral backing before they go as candidates, and thoroughly disloyal in withholding

financial aid when in a position to give it."

Labor Party

WHETHER any women members of the Labor Party will present themselves depends largely on the fate of the redistribution of seats bill, which is promised for next session. There are a number of suitable women, and several ready and willing to stand for selection.

A prominent Labor woman thinks the absence of women from Parliament is due to increased male opposition. "Men would have given us more privileges at the height of the suffrage fight than they do now," she said.

Whether there are any women Labor candidates or not, the Women's Central Organising Committee will take a very active part in the elections. Committees have been formed in a number of Federal electorates, and cottage meetings for propaganda are being held weekly.

The committee, of which Miss May Holman is president and Miss Jean Daly is secretary, will issue a manifesto to the women of Australia, stressing particular features for each State.

The manifesto will point out that wives and children of the unemployed have suffered severely through the depression, and that relief can only be given by the Federal Government. The question of relief with regard to restoration of wage cuts will be dealt with, pointing out that cuts have not been fully restored and that women are suffering considerably. The need for relief for juvenile workers who are assisting their families will also be mentioned, the claim being made that more than 50 per cent of juvenile workers are assisting their families.

Banking, socialisation of production, distribution, and exchange will also be covered by the manifesto.

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Let's Talk of
Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E



FAMOUS DESIGNER

MADAME CHANEL, the famous Parisienne dress-designer, who is sketched above, is one of the most unusual figures in the world of fashion.

Chanel owes her business success entirely to her own ability, personality, and energy. She commenced in a poor quarter of Paris, and, becoming better and better known for the originality of her creations, at length achieved a position of first importance in the world of fashion.

In addition, her personality and breadth of interests have made her, also, immensely popular in social circles.



EUROPE'S FAIREST

QUEEN ASTRID, OF BELGIUM, is acknowledged to be the most beautiful princess in Europe. Formerly Princess Astrid, of Sweden, she was married in 1926 to the Duke of Brabant, who this year was crowned King of Belgium on the death of his father, King Albert.

Queen Astrid, who is now 29 years of age, numbers among her hobbies housekeeping, flying, the tending of her famous white boudoir, and the inspection of creches.

Her children are Prince Baudouin and Princess Josephine, and the announcement of another "happy event" in the Royal household is expected shortly.



IMMENSELY WEALTHY

PRINCE AND PRINCESS MIDVIAN, who are among the world's wealthiest people, have been figuring prominently in the news of the moment, because of a reported impending separation.

The Princess was formerly Miss Barbara Hutton, inheritor of the Woolworth millions, and the second richest girl in the world. Shortly before her engagement was announced she visited Australia on a luxury cruise. Reports state the Princess is unhappy because her husband does not pay her sufficient attention, and is absorbed in polo and other interests, but her father denies any knowledge of the matter.

Princess Midvian is a beautiful, fair woman. She is a student of Chinese and Japanese, and one of her hobbies is the reading of the poetry of these nations in the original.

She has, among her treasures, some famous pearls, both black and white.

GREAT SCIENTIST Plans Experiment Beyond the GRAVE

Sir Oliver Lodge's Secret Hidden Message!

Convinced that there is survival of life after death, Sir Oliver Lodge, the veteran scientist, has prepared a psychic experiment which will be completed only after he has passed over to the other side of the grave.

The object of the experiment is to establish definite proof that the dead can communicate with the living, and, if it works out as the great apostle of spiritualism hopes, it will, he claims, be an overwhelming victory for psychic science.

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

HIS secretary, Miss Helen Alvey, is responsible for the report which was given out on the occasion of Sir Oliver Lodge's farewell broadcast, from the B.B.C., recently.

The veteran scientist realises that the time has come for him to be leaving the world and he is making careful preparations for proving his conviction that there is survival after death in a spirit world.

"Sir Oliver," said Miss Alvey, "has absolute proof that he is in close touch with Lady Lodge, Raymond (his son), and Violet (his daughter)."

Three years ago, Sir Oliver decided to make this experiment. He wrote out a message, the contents of which are known to nobody but himself, and deposited it in a sealed casket which he has hidden in a spot also not known to anyone but himself.

Sir Oliver thinks it will be conclusive proof of his "contact" with the material world from the spirit world, if, after he is dead, he can send a message disclosing the contents and the whereabouts of this sealed casket.

"HOW will Sir Oliver accomplish his task when he passes over? I cannot say," says Miss Alvey. "I don't think he knows how. He will have to use what means he has."

"I can assure you, however, that he is confident that he will be able to tell the message that he has sealed up and deposited in strict secrecy."

Miss Alvey pointed out that Sir Oliver's belief in life after death was founded on cumulative evidence—"Years of careful evidence obtained scientifically."

"Sir Oliver is eighty-three. He knows, like anyone else, that you cannot go on indefinitely working. He feels that he



Above: A photo from the "Psychic News," described below, taken by infra-red camera, showing a trumpet suspended in mid-air.

Left: Sir Oliver Lodge, apostle of Spiritualism, who is now preparing a unique psychic experiment which he hopes to complete after his death.

has had a good innings and that his work on earth must be very nearly done."

Some interesting psychic seances have been held in London recently.

The photograph above was taken with the new infra-red ray process, of a seance held in the dark.



held on one side by Mrs. Marjorie Bell, and on the other by her husband, whom the camera has caught in the act of singing.

Another photograph taken by the same process revealed a ball of light several inches above the suspended trumpet, which was not visible to any of the sitters, except one, who claimed to see it clairvoyantly.

OF course, these phenomena of wandering trumpets, moving lights, and so forth, are by no means new. What is new, is the photographing of them by the infra-red ray process, which, spiritualists declare, is proving to be a powerful ally.

Equally, of course, there will be many who, if Sir Oliver Lodge's experiment works out to the minutest detail, will remain unimpressed, for, while no one questions the candour and sincerity of Sir Oliver Lodge, it takes many patient experiments to prove any theory, and it must be clear, even to its most enthusiastic adherents, that this experiment, depending apparently on one man alone, can bring no overwhelming victory to the cause he champions. There is always the possibility of less candid disciples than Sir Oliver obtaining a clue to the whereabouts of his "secret" casket and using it, later, to make the great discovery.

But, unquestionably, the experiment is of intense interest, and, if the conditions were made, as they could be made, absolutely fraud-proof, its results would be of immense importance to all who are interested in the supremely interesting question of the survival of the personality after death.

Here you can see the trumpet photographed whilst in mid-air, apparently defying the law of gravity.

The photograph was taken at a seance held in the home of Harry Boddington, the medium being Harry Brown. During the whole of the sitting, the medium's hands were

HAVE OUR Souls GOT Invisible BODIES?

WHEN we die, do our souls—or personalities—assume an invisible body?

Dr. Devas Everington, in his book, "God or No God?" (Williams and Norgate, 2/6), argues that the theory is a reasonable one.

In support of his argument he advances the fact that our human bodies are made up of atoms of invisible electricity.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous scientist, contributes a foreword to the book and welcomes the theory.

Dr. Everington contends that, like matter or energy, the personality cannot be annihilated. It can only be changed. It must, therefore, continue in some form after death.

This question then arises, says Dr. Everington:

"Does the personality of a man continue as a separate entity in this future life, or does it altogether lose its identity and become merged in some universal entity?"

"This is a matter about which we have no proof, but there is certainly nothing inherently unreasonable in the assumption that the personality does retain its own identity."

"And we have a good reason for supposing that this is the case, as I hope to demonstrate in the following analogy."

"The temporal body is made up of waves or vortices of electrical force, in such a manner that, when fashioned into a body, they are capable of affecting the senses of the beholder."

"These recedite 'waves' of force, when built up into atoms and through them constructed into bodies, give those bodies their form and general character. And the body, in its essential reality, might

be described as a particular configuration of force or energy.

"Now energy, as such, is invisible, but it so happens that when configured, as it is in the body, it is capable of affecting the retina and becoming visible."

"Nevertheless, all the time it has the potentiality of invisibility."

"Weaving" Process

The personality of a man, Dr. Everington observes, is always associated with a body, and it is a necessary condition of the development of the body from childhood that the personality should continue in the body.

"The personality, therefore, in this sense," he says, "weaves around it its own body and fashions it as its own particular body. And we find that the personality, all the time, is using invisible energy with which to weave its temporal body."

"There is therefore every reason to assume that, in like manner, it would be capable of weaving from invisible energy a body suitable for a spiritual existence."

Agreeing that the retention of identity by the personality after death cannot be proved by argument, but holding that it is reasonable, Dr. Everington suggests that there are two alternatives awaiting the personality at death.

"Either," he says, "the personality retains its identity or it loses its identity, and becomes merged in some other and greater personality." In any case, he holds, it cannot annihilate itself.

Dr. Everington suggests that it would be unscientific to deny the possibility that some persons, claiming to be "clairvoyant," can see such spiritual bodies.

● Pair of tan Oxfords—over 4 years old. Apart from wearing creases, the uppers are as sound as the day they were bought—thanks to regular cleaning with Kiwi. Owner, V. J., St. Kilda.



- Kiwi makes a good shoe last,
- and gives a good shine to boot

KIWI
The Quality Boot Polish

BLACK POLISH

TAN POLISH

LADY GAME'S Plan to Renovate GOVT. HOUSE

Painters and Decorators Will Smarten It Up for the Prince!

At long last, Government House, Sydney, is to be given an overhaul. Its shabby hangings, worn carpets, peeling gilt, and faded paintwork make it a poor advertisement for this State.

Although no official announcement has yet been made, The Australian Women's Weekly learns that some renovations are already under way, and that others are planned to be completed before the arrival of Prince Henry.

THE floor coverings are already up, in fact, and designs for improvements made by furnishing experts according to Lady Game's direction, are in the hands of the manager of the Government Stores Department.

Although Lady Game has chosen the designs she likes, if her tastes go contrary to those of the Government's representatives, her wishes may not be fulfilled. Lady Game is leaving here next year, so it will not be considered necessary to follow her inclinations in every particular, as it probably would have been had Sir Philip and she remained here for an extended period.

During the absence of the Governor, Sir Philip Game, and Lady Game, the Lieut. Governor, Sir Philip Street, and Lady Street, though at Government House for official purposes, are actually living at their own home, Laveryna, Elizabeth Bay. The present time, therefore, is most opportune for making renovations at Government House and for completing them before the arrival of Prince Henry.

There is a possibility that the Govern-

ment will not approve the renovations. But, with the visit of Prince Henry looming in the near future, approval is practically certain to be forthcoming, even though there is no money at present put aside for such a purpose. Yesterday, a meeting was arranged between Mr. Budge, the official secretary to the Governor, Mr. Hay, of the Premier's Department, and the manager of the Government Stores to consider the question.

The next step is for the manager to call for tenders. Suitable firms will be asked to quote their prices. Then the Government will be asked to find the money.

It is expected that the painters will set to work in a week or so, and that they will finish their work about a month later. Then the new hangings, and coverings, will be put in place.

It is true that Government House does possess some fine pieces of furniture, and several good rugs and carpets, but on the whole the furnishings are more old-fashioned than antique.

Persian rugs and chintz-covered couches, with a liberal sprinkling of pictures, knick-knacks and pot plants make

the furnishings of one typical room. Even the bathroom is old-fashioned with an iron bath.

It is not, in short, a home any hostess would take pride in, though it may be "homey." A homely touch, now missing, used to be imparted by the presence of "Mickey," the Governor's much-loved red setter.

When "Mickey" was alive, a special cherry cake was always ordered for his afternoon tea. This was known as "Mickey's cake," and used to be fed to him in the drawing-room at family parties.

THOUGH a succession of cultured men and women have passed through this old home during different Governorships, as they have been only birds of passage, they naturally have not particularly waited to alter the furnishings, even had they been permitted.

Lady de Chair, it is true, collected a



A VIEW OF ONE of the reception-rooms at Government House, which shows the old-fashioned type of furnishings which are characteristic of most of the rooms in our Vice-Regal residence.

—Monte Lake.

number of pictures here, and also some fine examples of furniture made from Australian woods, but this was sold when she left Sydney. Her Chinese furniture, too, which composed her Chinese room, was sold to Professor Radcliff-Brown, and was removed from Government House to his rooms.

PERHAPS when they renovate Government House one of the first thing they will do is to supply modern baths.

The baths at present in use were supplied by the Royal Navy, and have been there since 1839. Being originally made for boardship purposes, they are unusually deep, so that a child can scarcely see over the top.

Another outside in Vice-Regal domestic furniture is the frame and iron bed in what is now Lady Game's room.

There are no four-posters in Government House, but this bed is peculiar

in that it is said to be the widest in Australia. It is seven feet across.

The King slept in it years ago, when he visited Sydney as Duke of York, and every other member of the Royal family who has been here, has slept in it, too.

So that although it is of old-fashioned design it possesses a certain sentimental, historical value, and, if it is discarded for a more modern bed, it should not be thrown away. The proper place for it would be a museum.

The dining-room table at Government House is by way of being a curiosity. There is no other table like it. Valued at £100, it is made of Australian cedar. It possesses the unusual capacity of seating either eight or 40 people. Its special expanding qualities are a secret of the makers.

The most valuable antiques at Government House are a set of Louis cabinets and tables. Their nominal price is set at several hundred pounds.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Titivates for Hours before a Party
—Ignores Her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"*

Those hours of titivating haven't been wasted! But if the young lady would look as closely at her teeth as other people do—she'd take better care both of her teeth and gums.

"Pink tooth brush" indicates that your gums are too tender—that they bleed easily.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—

and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage. Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums; massaging gently with your finger or your tooth brush.

Start it to-morrow morning. Follow the Ipana method regularly, and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child. "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



*"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a trace of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender. - - - that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even toothache, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. New! Before it's too late.

1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS

EX-GOVERNOR'S Nephew Turns Down PEERAGE

Title of Lord Novar Expires: Heir Wants American Citizenship

A surprising story of a young American of British descent, who has just refused a title and a fortune left him by the death of a former Australian Governor-General, was cabled, recently, by our special representative in the United States.

Everybody will remember the popular war-time Governor-General, Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson. With Lady Munro-Ferguson, he represented the King at a difficult time, with great success. The Munro-Fergusons had no children.

SIR RONALD later became Lord Novar, and the owner of 22,000 Scottish acres, his only heir being Robert Munro Ferguson, now 26, the son of Isabella Greenway, of Arizona.

When Lord Novar, better known as Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson, died last March, it was found that unless the American nephew succeeded him the title would expire.

American citizenship must have meant a great deal to this young man to have made him turn down such a tempting offer. However, he could not accept the title and still remain an American. So he refused the title.

Robert Ferguson, three years ago, after having seen two fine old estates owned by his uncle, of whom he was very fond, and after having been requested to assume the role of heir, decided after a week that American citizenship meant more to him than lands and titles. And in this way he confirmed a decision which his mother and father, the late Robert Munro Ferguson, had made for him when he was twelve years old.

President's Friend

AMONG those intimately acquainted with the romantic real-life story were President Roosevelt and his wife. On their European honeymoon they visited both estates, for there was a close friendship between the American Roosevelt and the Scottish Ferguson families.

Even on their wedding day Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt visited Bob

Ferguson, then 11. A few weeks later, while in Europe, they received a cable saying their bridesmaid, Isabella Selmes, had married Bob Ferguson.

When a son was born to the Fergusons he became the family's only male heir, and again and again they were asked to send him abroad to be educated and be-

To Our Readers

SO many letters expressing good wishes on the occasion of the first anniversary of The Australian Women's Weekly have been received from readers, that it is impossible to reply, individually, to them all.

The Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly therefore takes this opportunity of thanking those readers who have written, and all readers who have helped during the last year to make this paper such a success.

come a British citizen. The New Mexican Fergusons agreed that the right of American citizenship should never be surrendered.

Thus the matter stood until three years ago, when young Ferguson visited his Scottish relative. Sir Ronald then had been Governor-General of Australia, and had there entertained the Prince of Wales. He had served as Secretary of Scotland in two Cabinets.

Sir Ronald renewed his offer of inheritance, conditioned on forfeiting American citizenship, and again it was refused—without disturbing the family love and loyalty which has continued all these years.

HOT! HOT! HOT! says: The sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Hot! brook's Pure Malt Vinegar.***

STORM Music

By ...

**Dornford
YATES**

Our Thrilling New Serial



JOHAN SPENCER, who tells the story, is travelling through Austria with his artist cousin, Geoffrey Bohun. In the woods one day he comes upon four men burying the body of a fifth, dressed in an unusual green livery.

Geoffrey Bohun, from his cousin's description, recognises the murderers as desperadoes led by Pharaoh, and wanted by Scotland Yard. They agree that the gang must be brought to justice, but ignorance of the dead man's identity is a handicap.

Pharaoh's first move is to return to John an envelope dropped by him in the woods—an ominous warning that he had been traced and recognised.

Sitting in a cafe later, John notices a car pass with the chauffeur dressed in green livery similar to that worn by the dead man.

Startled and excited, he races after the car, jumps on the running board, and incoherently gasps out what he knows to the beautiful girl inside. In such dramatic circumstances he meets Lady Helena Yorick.

Her story throws some light on the grim drama witnessed by John that morning.

The late Count, Lady Helena's father, had converted his fortune of £2,000,000 into gold, hidden away in Yorick Castle, only she knows where. It is her sacred trust to guard it, for her brother is far too much of a spendthrift to be told of this fortune. Pharaoh's attempt to hold-up her car a few days before had failed. The son of the old warden of Yorick Castle had disappeared the previous night, and it was his body that John had seen the desperadoes bury.

John arranges that, with his cousin, he will meet Lady Helena later at Plumage Farm, on the Yorick Estate.

To foil Pharaoh, John and Geoffrey decide to move that afternoon to the Reaping Hook Inn, at Annabel, only to find the gang already there installed. An exciting skirmish occurs, and the cousins escape in their car, after holding the petrol tank of the gangsters' car to prevent pursuit.

When the cousins fulfill their appointment with Lady Helena at Plumage, she is most reluctant to involve them further in her affairs, and insists that they return at once to London or Paris.

"I'm damned if I'm going," said I.

Lady Helena turned upon me with blazing eyes.

"I beg your pardon."

My blood was up, and I gave her back look for look.

"I said 'I'm damned if I'm going.' And I'll tell you another thing. I'm damned if I'm going to be treated as though I were seven years old. I've sat here and let you argue as if I were a horse or a dog—dispute as to what I should do and where I should go; why I must do this or do that and whether London would suit me or whether I'd do better in Spain. I've seen a good man murdered; because he was your servant, you say that it rests with you what action I take—that I must do as you say, because you're the right to decide. With respect, I deny your right. I say it's a matter for me. Geoffrey says I've no choice but take on these men. I'd have done it—he knows I would. If I'm cramping your style, I'm sorry. If my help is so distasteful—"

"I never said that."

"You said you declined it," I said.

"I suppose that means you don't want to be under an obligation. Well,

please believe you won't be. This is my show. If it helps you at all I'm happy—you can't mind that. But I don't expect favorable treatment because by the merest chance I happen to be rolling your log."

The girl looked me up and down. Then she turned to Geoffrey.

"Is he often like this?" she said.

"Never," said Geoffrey gravely. "I think he must be annoyed."

Lady Helena did not reply. Instead she stepped to the fountain and stood looking into the basin with one of her hands to her mouth.

For a moment I hesitated. Then I made my way to the farther side of the Rola.

And there I was sitting, on the running-board, staring on the beauty before me and cursing my unruly tongue, when I heard a step on the pavement, and before I could move my lady sat down by my side.

"Where are you staying?" she said. I swallowed.

"I don't quite know," I answered. "We haven't found anywhere yet. We've looked at one or two inns, but they weren't any good."

The girl gazed into the distance.

"I hope you'll stay here."

"I could hardly believe my ears."

"Here? At Plumage?" I cried.

"I hope so. I can answer for the man and his wife; and you'll have privacy here that you wouldn't get at an inn."

"It's ideal," I heard myself saying. "Simply ideal. We'll be on the spot, yet in hiding. But why—I don't understand."

"If you insist on fighting my battle,

the least I can do is to billet you. Don't you agree?"

I turned and looked at her, but though I think she knew it, she did not turn.

"You're very generous," I said. "Twice to-day I've crossed you, and each time you've—"

"Made it up."

"Far more than that," said I. "I have my way, and then you—you make me a present!"

Slowly she turned till her steady grey eyes met mine.

"What present did I make you this morning?"

"You smiled," I said, "and took me into your car."

Her eyes left mine—to light on the driving mirror, all splintered and starred.

After a long look, they returned to me.

"Was that," she said, nodding, "a present from Annabel?"

"Yes."

"And you were driving?"

"I was."

"And you've not had enough?"

I laughed.

"I don't propose to drop in on the brutes again. And you must admit it was the most shocking luck."

"I'll give you that," said the girl. "Tell me exactly what happened."

When I had told the story, she drew a deep breath.

"If you'd knocked on that door—"

She shivered. "May I look at that letter of yours?"

I took it out of my pocket and put it into her hand.

She examined the envelope carefully. Then:

"Have you looked inside?" she said. "since you got it back?"

I raised my eyebrows.

"As a matter of fact, I haven't. I never gave it a thought."

She pushed aside the torn edges

Over her shoulder she threw me a dazzling smile. "To tell you the truth, they're ready. If you insisted on staying, I hoped you'd stay here."

SHARP at eleven next morning Lady Helena Yorick rode up to the farm from the lonely castle. Her groom led two spare horses, for after we had consulted, Geoffrey and I were to ride to Yorick for lunch.

As I stepped to her side:

"Nothing new?" says she.

"Nothing," said I. "And you?"

She shook her head.

"Except that my brother's returning. I wish he wasn't just now, but it can't be helped. At least he's coming alone."

He's very young, you know; and people spoil him, and—and sometimes he makes the wrong friends." She laughed at the look in my eyes and swung herself off her bay. "Worries of a

châtelaine," she added. "If only I'd been the boy, and my brother the girl Where's Mr. Bohun?"

"Map-reading," said I. "His man with our big baggage, will get to Villach to-night. He's got to be met, of course. What Geoffrey is trying to do is to work out how we can fetch him without fetching Pharaoh, too."

Here Geoffrey walked out of the house and gave her good-day.

"And now tell me this," said he. "When you're at Yorick, can you get a message to Plumage except by sending a man?"

Lady Helena shook her head.

"Never mind," said Geoffrey. "I only wanted to know. And one other thing: had young Florin keys upon him?"

"No," said the girl. "The posterns have spring locks, so when the night-watchman comes back he has to ring for his mate to let him in, and his mate brings down his keys. Young Florin was never missed until six

Illustrated by
Wynne W. Davies

o'clock, and then his mate woke up to find the keys still in his hand. By rights, of course, his mate should have stayed awake till young Florin came in; but, except that we'd have known sooner, I don't know what good it would have done."

"Well, you beat them there," said Geoffrey. "Young Florin was killed for the keys which he hadn't got."

"I think you're wrong," said the girl. "To enter Yorick won't help them. I'm the person that matters. They've got to bring me to my knees."

Geoffrey looked at her very hard. Then:

"Lady Helena versus Pharaoh and others. You know I can't help feeling that you ought to go to the police."

My lady pulled off her gloves.

"I'll tell you one or two facts," she said. "My father had vision. He knew the Great War was coming, and he saw that after the war the world itself would fall upon evil times. Mother had a very great fortune, and father was rich, and his one idea was to invest this money that, while the lean years were passing, it would be perfectly safe. I think he really wanted it for Yorick. Our motto is, 'All things pass, but Yorick endures.' Well, this idea obsessed him, and I think my mother's death affected his brain. He threw back to his ancestors, and he put his whole fortune in gold. Golden sovereigns, mostly. She put her hands to her eyes. 'I tell you, it's the curse of my life.'"

"You don't mean—" began my cousin.

"Yes, I do," said the girl. "Lying in the cellars at Yorick is the best part of two million pounds. It's going, of course; we live upon capital. But, even so, it'll last for a hundred and fifty years; and long before that, of course, the idea was to change it back."

"Good heavens!" said Geoffrey. And then: "But what astonishing foresight your father had!"

"He was wise—in theory. But how would you like to have charge of two million pounds in gold? The only people who know are old Florin and I. I said it was in the cellars, but it's not as easy as that. It's in a private cellar, the way to which nobody knows. Once a month I take what I need to Salzburg; there's an old firm of lawyers there that sees me through. But, of course, it was bound to come out. I've done my very best, but there's been a leakage somewhere, and Pharaoh knows."

"Well, there you are. He obviously can't get away with a million pounds. He could never transport it, for one thing. Very well, what's his object? I imagine to live blackmail. Of course, I shan't submit, but I can't afford to let the position be known. That's why I can't go to the police."

Please turn to Page 34

A Story of Brave Love & High Adventure

and drew out the shoemaker's bill.

The note on its back was printed and easy to read.

Dear Mr. Spencer.

The gentleman in green had done something which he must have known I should not like. That is why he was being buried. Verbum sap.

Yours very truly,

We read the words together, her face two inches from mine. Then we turned and looked at each other. But I had no thought for the note. Her hair had stung my temples, and I could only wonder whether she knew how terribly attractive she was.

For a moment she sat very still, with her eyes on the glowing landscape, and her underlip caught in her teeth. So for a long moment. And then she was up and was pushing her hair from her temples as though to be rid of her thoughts.

"Come. Let's talk to your cousin and then we can look at your rooms."

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ZIG-ZAG Reading Is Latest

A future technique in reading, quite different from any kind now used, was forecast recently at the University of Southern California psychology laboratory, where scientists have been experimenting with an apparatus which shows the way one's eyes have to jump, and tire themselves in reading the ordinary way . . . namely, from left to right.

DR. W. Brant Clark, research psychologist, is the inventor of the eye-strain detector, a photo of which is shown here. With the apparatus records have been made showing the exact amount of jumping a person's eyes do in reading a line of type and it is the opinion of these scientists that we would all be much better off if we read the first line of type from left to right and the second line from right to left.

This zig-zag method, it is claimed would balance the strain on the eye muscles, and would relieve that tired feeling.

Dr. Clark's apparatus photographs the eye ball, and the pictures demonstrate that we do not read in sweeping gestures of the eyes but in a series of small jumps and pauses.

The zig-zag method would eliminate the worst jump of all, the hop back to the left margin to begin the next line.



THIS WEIRD looking apparatus registers eye strain in reading. See story.

An Example To Try

Here are two methods in which reading lines can be made to run two ways. The first one is quite simple to master, but in the other the spelling is backwards.

DR. CLARK'S idea is not a new one to the back dates it one of the earliest days of reading. Even many are there times modern in languages which are not read right to left from

For example, the Chinese and not words their place Japanese side by side, but under each other, perpendicular arrange they and columns from right to left. They of instead down and up read from side to side. Greek, Eastern is writing Runic and Indian horizontal, but it is read from to opposite the left to right the method in general use.

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History of Writing

ALL writing has its foundation in the Egyptian hieroglyphics which were the earliest form of letters. From these word pictures, the Phoenicians made up the first alphabet.

In those days they wrote from right to left. When the Greeks first got the alphabet they also wrote from right to left. Afterwards, however, they began to write in both directions, as now suggested by Dr. Clark. This was in the year 600 B.C. But they found the method was impractical, not because it was hard to read, but because it was almost impossible to write.

Eventually the Greeks adopted the left to right system of writing as being the easiest, and the custom has been handed down to present times.

The main reason why the Greeks gave up writing both ways was because in writing from right to left, the hand holding the pen smudges the ink.

Modern printing, however, has overcome this difficulty with the result that "Boustrophedon," the term applied to reading both ways, could now be adopted, for printed matter, without any difficulty.

What do you think of it?

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VICTORIAN AND MELBOURNE
CENTENARY

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F. W. L. ESCH

Holy Wedlock or ... Deadlock?

A book that will interest all women is A. P. Herbert's "Holy Deadlock," for, even though the divorce laws in Australia are a little easier in some States than those of England, they are nevertheless just as full of anomalies.

JOHN ADAM and Mary Eve were married in April, 1920, at a registrar's office in Bethnal Green. John is a wholly lovable man of the inefficient type, and Mary an extremely attractive girl, ingenious and fearless. Her beauty attracts the attention of one of London's leading theatrical managers, and she becomes an actress.

Gradually Mary and John realise that they are treading different paths; he is not at ease with Mary's friends, and she is obviously out of her element with his. Though still very attached to each other, they decide to part.

After being separated for some time, they both form other attachments. Mary being ardently in love with Martin Seal, a wireless announcer at the B.B.C., and John, in his quiet way, interested in a school teacher, Joan Latimer.

John decides to do "the gentlemanly thing" and free his wife, so that she may marry her Martin. Accordingly, after great difficulties and considerable expense, he secures from a bureau a Miss May Myrtle, who will spend two days with him at an hotel in Brighton.

On this occasion, so that the chambermaid will remember his face, he gives her a pound note. Mary now has her evidence, and the petition for divorce is filed. The proceedings that are to follow are distasteful to her. She knows that John has only technically committed adultery, but in England one cannot ask for freedom for desertion or restitution, as in Australia, so there is no other course open.

In Other Countries

IS there no such thing as divorce by mutual consent? asks Mary of Mr. Froebode, her solicitor.

"My dear Mrs. Adam, you should have lived elsewhere. It is nearly three years since your husband left you."

"In the virtuous country of Scotland you could have a divorce after four years, for desertion. In the wicked land of France, also. In Germany you could have been free a year ago, and also, I think, in Australia."

"In Sweden you could have got a judicial separation on the grounds of aversion, and a year later, failing a reconciliation, a divorce. In Norway and Denmark it is much the same, and in Norway, after a three years' separation, a couple may obtain a royal decree of divorce by mutual consent."

"But in Belgium or Switzerland a marriage may be dissolved by mutual consent, subject to the approval of the Court, and in Switzerland three years' desertion is enough."

"In Japan, also; and in Japan complete divorce is allowed by mutual consent with notice to the registrar. In Russia, too. If you lived in Italy, Spain, Portugal, or Southern Ireland, you would be worse off than you are now. But there still remains a large area of Europe where you and your husband would not be treated as criminals or forced into immorality."

"It is rather amusing, by the way, to look at the list of European countries where divorce is made easier—dear little Belgium, dear little Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, and Scotland—all countries whose moral character we English respect; quiet, peaceful countries notorious not for pagan license, but for moral solidity and the practice of the domestic virtues."

Dismissed

THE petition for divorce in the case of Adam v. Adam is dismissed. The chambermaid remembers the man who gave her the pound note, but fearing that she will bring harm to him, she denies ever having seen him. The Judge, who is already sceptical of these "Week-end at an Hotel Cases," says that the petition has not been well prepared. So John Adam, after doing the "gentlemanly thing" and spending more money than he can possibly afford, is still tied in wedlock to Mary, with whom he has not lived for over three years.

Nothing daunted, John tries again. This time he secures the help of Miss Laura Tott, an obliging woman of forty, who once before assisted a man to get a divorce. He spends a fortnight with Laura, who develops a severe attack of measles. This time the decree nisi is granted, to be made absolute in six months.

AT this point in the story, Mary's indiscretions come to light. For over two years she has kept Martin Seal at arm's length. A house party is arranged at the home of a very dear

friend of hers, and Mary and Martin are included among the guests.

The second day they go yachting, are inevitably caught by the tide, and stranded for the night. A woman in the party, herself very much in love with Martin, informs the King's Proctor of this incident, and so the two are carefully watched.

Although Mary repeatedly rejects the advances of Martin, she allows him to enter her room at an hotel on Christmas Eve. He is there only for a few minutes, but the fact is noted by a sleuth of the law.

Just when Mary and Martin are beginning to see a vista of happiness ahead for them in their forthcoming marriage, down comes the notice of the King's Proctor on their heads. The decree nisi has been rescinded.

Mary has only one incident to fear, the night on the yacht. In this case she pleads guilty, if such a term can be used for a love which she regards as a lovely gift from the lawless gods.

She fights the case, and for the third time stands in the witness box. The case is a notable one and the Court is crowded day after day. Mary is a leading lady, and consequently a personality with a big following.

The Judge is sympathetic, Mary's barrister delivers a speech which in itself makes the book worth while, but the Law of England is adamant.

HERBERT here treats his readers to a gamut of emotions. One moment it appears that Mary will win her case, until the interceding barrister scores a point. Then Mary's pennant droops a little, only to be again waved on high.

It is not the lawyers who are at fault, it is the law which is too strong for them. And so, because of the Law, three decent people have been compelled to behave indecently, four people have been prevented from marrying the person of their choice, and one man has lost his job, for Martin Seal has resigned, by force of circumstance, from the B.B.C.

The book is an indictment of the Divorce Laws in England, and as such it is powerfully written. Being propaganda, the story itself naturally suffers, for A. P. Herbert to assert his case has had to resort to situations which form the base of any melodrama.

This book, which is the choice of the Book Society and the Book Guild, will be the topic of conversation for many weeks after it has been read—D.V.

"Holy Deadlock," A. P. Herbert. (Our copy Dymocks. 7/6).

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"A Man Stands Alone." J. W. Newson. Bill Kessler, an American boxer, is the hero of this story, and his companion in the Foreign Legion is Courtney Thorn, a wealthy Englishman. A French officer endeavors to borrow money from Thorn, and makes things hard for him when he is refused a loan. Kessler likes his work in the Legion, and is popular with his mates, but Thorn resents the life, and manages to get out of the army on a medical certificate. While Thorn goes back to his sweet-heart, Kessler gains promotion in the Legion and, relieved of the burden of the wastrel Englishman, makes good in the army and settles down to an organised future. (Heinemann, 7/6).

"Jade Elephants." Trevor Allen. This is the story of a woman artist who went to live near the grave of her brother in Macedonia after the war, and was there mysteriously murdered. Her lover then followed her to Macedonia with the idea of investigating the murder and taking revenge on the murderer. The chief value of the story lies in its excellent description of the country in which the scenes are set, apparently showing that the author has an intimate personal knowledge of Macedonia, gained during the great struggle. (Geoffrey Bles, 7/6).

"Harriet Meadows—Actress." Kitty Shannon. The heroine of this novel is Harriet Meadows, an English girl, who lived with her mother, a famous singer, until she was 19 years of age. When her mother dies, she is left penniless, and she shares a flat with a model, named Jacqueline. She secures employment on the films and with small companies. Later she goes to Australia with a theatrical company, and when the project fails she attaches herself to a circus. Eventually she marries an Australian squatter, but after two sons are born she leaves him and clears to Paris with another man.

Deserted by the second man, she is dying of starvation, when Jacqueline comes into her life again and rescues her. She then continues her stage career with success, and eventually returns to live happily with her husband. (Hutchinson, 7/6).

"Below the Belt." David Hume. This is a story of the boxing world, in which Inspector Cardy investigated graft and corruption associated with the game. Cardy puts his son Mick on the case to help him, and the story of adventures in unravelling the "ramp" makes exciting reading. (Collins, 7/6).

This is Brasso



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Everybody LIES

By
ROYAL BROWN

ENGINEERING as a career is, as even the most civil of civil engineers must insist if pushed to it, without a peer among the professions. Ayr Strathmore had chosen it as such, and his enthusiasm for it had never diminished. To him it seemed the inheritor of

Aladdin's lamp, the modern wielder of the genie's wand. It waters desert places so that they blossom like the rose. It makes valleys where mountains were, and of valleys makes lakes. It cuts continents in two, thrusts bridges across great chasms, shoots stupendous skyscrapers heavenward. The impossible is ever its goal, the achievement of miracles all in a day's work—at least, so Ayr most implicitly believed.

Nevertheless, as came home to him all in a breath, nothing that he had achieved was half so wonderful as what engineering had achieved for him.

For engineering had picked him up, deformed him safely around the reformatory school toward which he had once seemed headed and set him down where he found himself this bright March day.

Now this may suggest a luxurious office where he sat enthroned, master of his own destiny, and the destinies of many others. But actually he sat at luncheon with William Cabot Rindall and his daughter, Rosemary, who always as lovely, but not always as demure as she managed to look upon this occasion, was acting as hostess in her mother's absence.

"Mc Strathmore," Rosemary had acknowledged in her low, sweet and beautifully pitched voice.

Of herself she had demanded incredulously:

"Egypt's queen! Where did father dig him up?"

Of this Ayr was naturally unaware. His first impression of Rosemary was all visual, and if eyes were made for seeing, then Rosemary was her own excuse for being.

Indeed, as she sat there, smart without being stylish, girlish without

assistant professor of biology who wore horn spectacles that were really notable, as afterwards described by Merry to an appreciative audience of contemporaries.

"And," she had insisted, "he was at least seventy when he was born." They—the assistant professor and her father—had discussed the Mendelian theory while Merry had sat in silence.

"I know now why you duck off at short notice," she had assured her mother afterwards. "You've got prophetic bones and you know when father is going to bring home another prehistoric relic!"

"I don't see why your father doesn't take them to one of his clubs instead," her mother had replied obliquely.

"Oh, yes, you do! Father wants to do them great honor. So he invites them to the house. To him that seems the highest honor they can aspire to." "Rosemary! Your father is not a snob!"

"You say that because you promised to love and honor him. But I didn't. He is—an awful one. He pretends that brains are everything and family and social position nothing. But—well, if he'd bring home just one young man that didn't make me wince to look at him, I'd vamp him—just to see father hit the roof!"

"Merry!"

"Oh, don't worry! Father's young men simply give me the creeps!"

NO less than this did she expect of Ayr Strathmore, and so her surprise when her father presented him was almost abysmal, although she managed not to show it. "He's the first man that father has ever produced," she thought, "that doesn't look as if he'd been discovered in an antique shop."

He must, she realised, be awfully clever. Her father's interest proved that. That he had other qualities her own eyes and ears assured her. He answered her father's flow of questions with the clipped definiteness which comes with the habit of authority, and this she found fascinating, though she had never been one to care much for the habit of authority in others.

The real surprise, however, was his personableness, which was not only notable but which quickened her imagination as well. He was impeccably correct in attire, yet his bronzed face and sunburnt hair suggested irresistibly a flannel shirt, breeches and high boots. He could not, she decided, be more than thirty, but he had the look of having lived.

Except for this the luncheon ran true to form. Her father monopolised the guest while she played, perfectly, the role her father demanded of her at such times. This was done without guile. She would have said that she was giving an imitation of a dead bunny to preserve the family peace. She believed this cramped her style; actually it served it better than she realised.

From the time when he had left college, a measure of solitude had been Ayr's lot, save for the inevitable interval of the War. The setting in which William Cabot Rindall, investigating properties he was interested in, had discovered him—a camp pitched high on the shoulder of a Montana mountain—was that which he knew best. He had been a little monarch there, but without courtiers or spiritual companionship, and on nights when the Montana sky was like gold-flecked velvet he had known the isolation that casts men's minds in a philosophic mood.

Beyond him had been the quarters of his gang—rough men playing poker and drinking contraband.

Men working in a womanless world. Yet they had created for themselves a pictured world of femininity—and fragile exotic femininity at that. The walls of the quarters were plastered thick with half-tone photographs, a feminine gallery in which fresh-faced, innocent-eyed girls were placed shoulder to shoulder with languorous-eyed half-dressed favorites of the films and stage.

"And it's their work that makes such women possible," he had mused, as he sat with his pipe in his mouth and his eyes turned eastward to where the Moccasins rose in fantastic silhouette.

And he wondered, with another of

Illustrated
By
BOOTHROYD

They had sat that out quite unchaperoned, to the righteous wrath of certain bewigged and bejewelled old dowagers who accepted it as a sign of the decadence of the times.

life's eternal riddles before him, if all the toil and turmoil were worth it.

But that had been before he had come to Lounsbury Square to sit with Merry at her father's table and, idealising her, see in her the flowering of all those forces of civilization that go to make and maintain a beautiful home in the fullest sense of the word.

To achieve this, he now decided, was worth all the effort and ill-rewarded toil put forth by men such as he knew the world over.

Which, to give Merry credit for such modesty as she possessed, would have widened her eyes.

"Egypt's queen!" she would have gasped.

The truth was that there was no hint of wings about her pretty shoulder-blades. Indeed—although this her father would have vehemently denied—she was cut from the same piece as the Rosemary whose portrait by Copley hung over the snug little mantel in the library of the Rindall home.

"She was quite a belle," Merry's father would solemnly assure those who asked—and some who did not. "She danced with both Washington and Lafayette."

Rosemary Wanted the Truth

And that was the truth too, but not the whole truth. There had been one dance which, the young and very tancy-free George Washington had not danced with Rosemary. They had sat that out quite unchaperoned, to the righteous wrath of certain bewigged and bejewelled old dowagers who accepted it as a sign of the decadence of the times and said without fear and with even less favor that girls were better behaved when they were young!

"Shall we adjourn to the library?" her father suggested to Ayr at that instant. To Merry he added, "We'll excuse you, my dear."

They all rose. Between Merry and Ayr there had been scarce a word throughout luncheon. Yet as their eyes met, almost involuntarily, Merry made a discovery. He had not been quite so oblivious of her as he had appeared; he, too, felt a sense of deprivation.

But, being a man, he would do no-

COMPLETE
SHORT
STORY



thing. It remained, as always, for the more aggressive sex to take the initiative.

"It's been," she assured him, still holding her pose of shy graciousness, "ever so interesting to hear you talk. I think engineering must be the most fascinating profession in the world."

"I find it so," he confessed. "Have you ever built a bridge?" she remarked ingeniously.

He shook his head. "I'm sorry—are you particularly interested in bridges?"

"They do allure me! Have you ever noticed the bridges across the Charles?"

"I was born in Boston."

"Then you must have seen them. At sunset—when the lights come out!"

"I've forgotten—if I ever noticed. But I feel as if I must see them now!"

"Oh, you must! I go whenever I have a chance, for a walk along the Esplanade at five. There's something about the river and the sky and the lights along the bridges that almost move even me to poetry—and I'm not a poetic person."

To him she seemed the very essence of poetry. But all he said was: "I'll have to try it and see if it discovers any poetry in me."

Thereupon her father intervened. "My dear," he suggested, satirically, "aren't we keeping you from one of your many momentous engagements?" And so, regaining possession of his guest, he carried him off.

There was no question but that Merry's engagements were usually many; still, whatever their moment this afternoon she appeared to be in no hurry to keep them. Instead she went to her room and there in the immemorial feminine fashion—Eve doubtless used a convenient pool in the same way after her first encounter with Adam—she turned to the mirror.

Please turn to Page 28

Walking at Twilight

Empty of heart, with face towards the wind,
Blown soft with mist, walking unhappily
Alone, through the wet, cool immensity
Of twilight, I go, leaving the world behind;
Mist on my cheeks, and wind upon my lips;
Colors, blurred soft with rain; and the good smell
Of bracken, wet; and redolent dark earth
Under the leaves . . . and here the strain that grips
At the racked hearts released, and the kind spell
Honest and simple, comforts all the dearth . . .
Close to my body, earth; and the touch of rain
Cool on my mouth, whispers of quiet and peace,
And mist, blown soft, has blotted away the pain—
Never, oh, never, are met such friends as these.

—DION JAMES, Vic.

being misanth, speaking only when spoken to, and then answering with shy graciousness, it seemed to him that the name, Rosemary, not only suited her, but had been created for her. As a matter of record, she had been christened Rosemary for remembrance, for she had been named after an ancestress who had been famous as a belle. And Rosemary, as a name, had gone the way of all flesh, degenerating into Merry before she was five.

Everybody called her that save her father. He gave her her full name always, enunciating it clearly and fully in exactly the same tone that he might have given a beetle or a butterfly its proper, precise Latin name.

They were friendly enemies—and not always so friendly at that. "Egypt's queen!" Merry had growled, when the news had been broken to her that her father would bring Strathmore to lunch. "One more of father's young men!"

The last specimen had been an as-



Mother will reach for it...

When those little ills beset the household, when the children have COUGHS and when even baby is troubled with a slight snuffling COLD, then it's Bonnington's Irish Moss mother flies to, for it stops COUGHING like magic!

BONNINGTON'S
IRISH MOSS
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

WE Make MISTAKES



THEY had rushed hot-headedly into marriage with only a few weeks' acquaintance and very little knowledge of each other, quarrelled after a few months, and separated.

Joyce had never given up her work, so she was quite independent, and slipped naturally back into the old life...

as nearly as a girl could, that is. She was a rather pretty girl, not too much so, tall and slim, with rich black waves of hair curling to the nape of her neck, alert grey eyes that held a laugh imprisoned, full lips, not pretty, but skillfully rouged.

Certainly the laugh was very often absent since the stupid little tragedy of her romance.

She had only seen Jack once in the months since they had parted. It was at the theatre. He had come in with an exquisite blonde who wore an ermine wrap, and jewelled bracelets on her wrists. During the interval he had noticed Joyce, looked at her, and, calling the boy, had purchased chocolates which he had handed to his companion with the same gallant air that once he had handed things to Joyce. She became terribly conscious of the old flame taffeta that she had had in her trousseau. After the lights had

gone out she had whispered to her companion... "I have such a rotten headache, do you think we could go now?" And she had drawn her wrap around her and gone quietly but not unobserved. Jack saw her go, and thought "Not a bad looking chap she is with... well, I let her see I didn't care."

Now she sat in the Cafe Calton, drinking black coffee that was becoming necessary lately, a cigarette drooping between her thin fingers, her luncheon untouched upon the table. She was remembering. She had come here so often with Jack; over lunch and supper they had talked of the things that had mattered so much to them then... what they would do when he got his rise; how one day they would have children and what their names would be... the little intimate things that they had found so terribly important and that now she supposed she must forget.

Two girls came in; they were theatricals, heavily made up and beautiful. They sat down at her table languidly, glanced at the menu. Joyce, looking at them casually, suddenly started, her eyes fixed on the blonde woman opposite her. Was it...? Yes, it undoubtedly was the woman who had been with Jack that night at the theatre. Her heart pounded heavily, and she felt ill and shaken. The other girl, the dark one, was speaking.

"I like this place, Lila," she said. "Yes," her companion answered, "I do, too, but of course I don't come very often because Jack won't. I don't know why, but he won't come in the place at all."

"How are you getting on with him? He seems fearfully keen about you."

"Yes, I think he is... he says so, anyway." She was so blasé, so poised, she did not know how mercilessly she trod with her thin, high heels upon another woman's heart. Joyce rose rather blindly to her feet, paid her bill, and walked out into the hot sunshine. She stood there a moment drawing on her gloves, striving vainly for her sense of humor and for her pride. She smiled a little wanly. "I don't think love leaves much room for humor or pride sometimes," she reflected.

BUT Joyce was not the kind of girl who sat down to a thing. It was all over with Jack, she kept telling herself—over and done with—and he had every right to do as he pleased. Finished. She threw back her shoulders, tilted her chin in the old pet angle, and walked on. Only her eyes were dull and heavy, rather weary.

She paused in front of the Calton Theatre on her way back to the office and looked at the photographs outside. Yes, there she was, the girl Lila, in the front row of the chorus, smiling with limpid, beautiful eyes directly into the camera lens. And here was a single study of her remarkably undressed and remarkably beautiful.

It was no wonder that Jack, or any other man, should be infatuated with her. And Jack would be pitying her, Joyce, she supposed, because that last, stupid quarrel had not smashed up his life at all, had, in fact, given him new and more exciting interest.

She thought of that last quarrel now as she walked along. They had been trying to live, moderately, individual, separate lives, blunderingly trying to hold on to a romance that they could scarcely claim to have found. They had achieved only frustration. Where they had planned a mighty and a beautiful edifice, lay now only a bleak ruin. And that day when she had rung Jack at his office and said:

"Darling, I shan't be home for dinner to-night... I'm having it with Mr. Merriman." Merriman was the managing director of the firm, and Joyce was an ambitious advertising organiser. She wanted to climb, and she knew she must have someone behind her to do that. But Jack didn't seem to understand.

"You are not to go with him, Joyce. I've seen the blighter." "Don't be stupid, dear. You know how I want to get on. This is such an excellent chance. Oh, I've been waiting for it."

"Have you?" said Jack, sweetly. "In any case," she took him up, "what about our pact to be individuals. You know we agreed never to interfere with each other."

"All right, then, go ahead. I'll take my typist. How will that suit you?" "It won't matter in the least," she snapped, and slammed up the receiver. And so she dined with Merriman that night. He was repulsive to her, but he held a lot of ropes that he could pull if he chose. He was large

A Fascinating Ten-Minute Story
By John DALTON

and round, and his chins shook into his collar; too, there was a fleshy smell about him that was nauseating. But it was his hands she hated most... white, and fat, and soft, clammy, and he wore a great black opal ring on one of them.

When she had gone home that night Jack had been waiting. He had been drinking again; since they had been married he had not touched it. There had been a scene which in some lower social strata would be called a brawl; neither would give in, which is often the way when both, perhaps, are wanting to, and the next morning Joyce had packed her things and gone. At first she thought it did not matter, that she really didn't care at all, but as the weeks had drawn into months she knew she did, knew she would care for the rest of her life, and that that life would not matter, that nothing would ever really matter again. Jack could not be worrying about her or he would have come to her... it was a man's place to do that.

She was not silly enough to feel resentment against Merriman for what had occurred, it was a matter entirely between herself and Jack. Merriman was helping her, and that counted. Personal issues must be laid aside on that score. She supposed that sooner or later she or Jack would make some move about a divorce.

SHE reached the large, grey building where her office was. There was a note on her desk to see Merriman. She straightened her hair before the glass—rich, black hair—and went in to him.

His huge body filled the swivel chair behind his desk; the air was heavy with cigar smoke; pale sunlight filtered through the drawn shades on to the Turkish carpet, pale fingers of sunlight that touched the bowl of zinnias on his desk; there were notes of dust in the sunlight, and the smoke became blue in it; it touched Merriman, too, as he leaned forward and she saw his hot little eyes glittering at her.

"Like a snake," she thought. "Like a snake that has grown fat and coarse."

"Sit down," he said. "Sit down, my dear." He tapped a letter with his thick forefinger. "I have here an inquiry from Roger and Howe, the patent food products people. They want some advertising done on a large scale, and I'm giving you the job. But, mind you, I wouldn't if I didn't feel sure that you could handle it; but as an advertising organiser you have about the highest record on my staff. You will see Mr. Howe at 3.30 this afternoon. Give them plenty, because they will pay plenty."

She regarded the toe of her small suede shoe. "I have heard somewhere, Mr. Merriman, I'm not sure where, that Roger and Howe are not quite straight."

"They're not, my dear. That's why they will pay a higher rate than we usually ask."

"Then do you think we should handle their work?"

"Why not? The advertising is level enough, isn't it? There is nothing crooked at this end of the deal—nothing whatever. We have a reputation for impeccable honesty, a reputation that I don't intend to jeopardise. They pay us to advertise them... all right, we will."

"Yes, I see." She walked slowly from the room and stood outside the closed door a moment, pondering the position. Well, she supposed, if Merriman accepted it it was all right. In any case it was Merriman she was working for and not Roger and Howe.

The offices of Roger and Howe were very magnificent indeed. They even excelled those of Merriman. Around the walls were glass cases containing patent foods in bottles, boxes, and cartons. A smart stenographer told her that Mr. Howe had phoned he would be late... would she see his assistant? Joyce said she would, and while she waited looked at the labelled contents of the glass cases. There was an air of subdued activity about the place, quiet, immaculate stenographers passing from one office to another, well-dressed clerks interviewing people in the main office, a steady clatter of typewriters from another room.

They wanted it advertised. She saw great displays in the newspapers; she saw the name of Roger and Howe. Patent Food Products, blaring in electric signs against night skies. And she would do it. It was the biggest job Merriman had given her yet, and she was so ambitious.

Please turn to Page 33

HOT HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetizer...*



MODERN
HOSE
AT A
MODERN
PRICE

Lustre 411
full fashioned
Hosiery

Pure Silk

Picot Top

Lisle Toe and Heel

Cradle Foot

French Heel

Extra Mileage Toe

In the Season's most
popular shades

From your Favourite Store

Lustre
FULL FASHIONED
HOSIERY

411



The Harassed Husbands' Union addresses a meeting.

MIND you, I was only seeking information to pass on to my dear, dear public.

Did I get any information? It lasted an hour and a half and she only drew three deep breaths in the whole time. If there'd been a shorthand expert there, he'd have cut his throat in despair.

However, I made other diligent inquiries and after exhaustive research I discovered a man whose wife actually did keep an account of the household expenditure. She used these accounts solely for the purpose of proving how much money she would have in the bank if the husband did not drink, smoke, bet, or come home in taxi-cabs.

something like this:—
Groceries, 18/11
Meat, 16/7
Rent, 35/-
T.P. man, 12/6
(Didn't pay him last week)
Borrowed (?) by husband, 10/-
Incidentals, 21
Sundries, 15/6
Extras, 8/-
Leg byes, wages, etcetera, 12/6.
Total: £25/-.

HERE'S a MAN Who Wants EQUALITY

Why Should Wives Take All the Cash?

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist.
Illustrated by WEP.

In response to numerous pathetic requests for information on how to balance the household budget, I now tear off these few lines, and, believe me, I've paid for my knowledge.

Seeking information, I tactfully said to Brilliantine, my wife, "Brilly, what on earth do you do with the money I give you each week? I think you'd better keep a household account and I'll check it each week."

As near as I can remember, the average list was

I SAID to the man who showed me this account, "But that looks all wrong to me!"
"Of course it's all wrong?" he sneered. "How long have you been married?"
"Don't you say anything about it?" I asked.
"Would you?" he said, leering at me as only a married man can leer. I thought rapidly over my last lecture on housekeeping accounts and said, "NO!" I said it very firmly, too.

I FIND that in money matters women have no sense of proportion. Instead, they have a strongly developed sense of extortion.

A woman doesn't realise that when she fiddles about buying meat and paying the rent her husband is very likely losing a fortune every week through not having enough money to go to the races. I'd like this to sink into the noddies of you girls.

I won't mention any names, but a certain person came home a pound light in the pay envelope and his wife spent eight pounds having him shadowed for a fortnight to find out the address of the sumptuous flat she imagined he was keeping in town. I ask you, is that right?

Another thing. You go home, and the girl friend starts talking about beans being a terrible price and it's almost impossible to get a decent cauliflower without paying an enormous sum, and the husband has got to sit there and listen to the lot.

If he mentions the almost prohibitive cost of a double whisky and soda, he gets no sympathy not even a bearing.

We men ought to stick up for our rights. We've been dominated too long. All we want is equality. Women have got all the equality and we haven't got any. It's not fair.

That's all I know about household accounts.

HONOR and "Quick" TRICKS ... in CONTRACT!

Lessons from the World's Experts

Study the honor trick table given in this article and learn to apply the "rule of eight" in contract bridge. You will be surprised how accurate your forecasts will become, both as declarer and as defender.

Ely Culbertson, world's champion player, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost contract bridge authorities, advise you through this column every week.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

TRICKS made with aces and kings, or by aces and kings in combination with queens and jacks are known as honor tricks. They differ in certain respects from "quick" tricks (which consist of A K, Ace, K Q, and K X). The Culbertson honor trick table, though perhaps not meeting with universal approval, forms an excellent basis on which to estimate both the offensive and defensive values of a hand.

Of the 13 tricks in any one deal, 8 are

made by the honors, and the remaining five tricks by cards of lower denomination. Just as with the "quick" tricks, no more than two "honor" tricks should be counted in any one suit. In the 52 cards there are but eight "quick" tricks, but, owing to the inclusion of queens and jacks the number of honor tricks in any deal averages about 8½. From this knowledge we arrive at the Culbertson "Rule of Eight," which is of considerable value, and which is explained fully in this article.

By ELY CULBERTSON: No. XXI.

HONOR-TRICKS are defensive, high-card tricks, or, in other words, tricks which a player may expect to win if his opponents eventually play the hand. They should not be confused with playing tricks, or winners which are tricks that are expected winners if the hand is played on the offense either as declarer or as dummy.

There are 13 tricks in each hand that is played, and it is only natural that all of these cannot be won with high cards because these cards are liable to fall together on one trick and establish lower ones, and because some long suit may be developed against which the outstanding high cards will be helpless.

The average then of high cards which can be won in a deal is 8 (sometimes 8½). This gives us the ratio of 8 high-card tricks to 5 low-card tricks on each hand. This is known as the "Rule of Eight."

Restriction of Honor Tricks
SINCE we find that high cards will take but 8 of the 13 tricks in each hand, and there are four suits to be considered each time, it follows that a restriction must be placed on the number of honor tricks which can be counted in each suit. By a simple arithmetical process we arrive at the restriction of two tricks in each suit, per

hand. At first thought it would seem only natural to count only aces and kings, but this would not be feasible as, obviously, certain cards are worth more if accompanied by lower honors, and certain cards such as queens and knaves have values which must be considered. Therefore, the honor-trick table must include lower honors, and must at the same time restrict a holding so that a hand will not contain more than 8 or 8½ honor-tricks. The Culbertson Honor-Trick Table succeeds in doing this.

Culbertson Standard Table of Honor-Tricks. The defensive value of honors:

A K (A K J, A K Q), 2 honor-tricks.
A Q (A Q 10, A Q J)
A J 10 1½ honor-tricks.
K Q 10 (K Q J)
Ace (A J)
K Q 1 honor-trick.
K X and Q X in different suits (K X and K X)
K J X (K J 10)
K X (K J alone)
Q J X (Q J 10) 1 honor-trick.
Q X and J X in different suits (Q X and Q X)
Plus Values: A blank king, or Q X or J X when not already counted with some other honor in the hand.

IT will be seen from a study of the above table that an A K Q is given the same defensive value as an A K.

STREAMLINE CRAZE

AMERICA is being swept by a craze for streamlining. It applies itself to such widely different things as furniture, a utility, fashions, men's clothes, works of art, and railroad trains. Even milady's pets are now victims of the



craze, and Fido and Felix must develop slinky lines if they want to remain popular.

This is only natural because, in the average hand the third round of a side suit will be ruffed. The combination A J 10, however, can be counted as 1½ because either the knave or the ten may be able to win the second round. In other words, these cards are not given their extra value of one-half a trick with any idea that they may win the third round. On the basis of the same reasoning, K X and Q X in different suits are worth one trick, because if partner holds either the missing king or the missing queen the combination is certain to win at least the second round of the suit.

The honor-trick table is the basis of all sound bidding, as is the "Rule of Eight." Both of these formulas crop up time and time again in opening bids and bids by the responding hand, and in bids made by the defending hand. The honor-trick table, particularly, should be thoroughly memorised.

(Copyright)



OLD PARR LIVED TO BE 152!

From 1483 to 1635.

Can you digest this?

"Mustard Makyth Methuselahs!" For Mustard keeps the digestion young. Modern Parrs (and Ma's!) can keep their digestions youthful and efficient by taking Mustard with their meals. Teach your children to take Mustard, too, and see how much more they enjoy their food—and how much better they digest it. It may even make a lot of difference to their health afterwards.

it's nicer with Mustard - Keen's Mustard

SHEIKS Want Protection From WILD WOMEN

By Air Mail

MOROCCO'S real sheiks are so shy that they have drawn up a petition asking for protection against the screen-struck women who "pester" them.

They have asked that France and Britain should take action against the twin scandals of rich desert-lord admirers and the bogus sheiks who batten upon them.

The real sheiks complain that their honor is tainted in the eyes of Europeans by the flagrant manner in which the sham sheiks parade about as the pampered pets of women.

They declare that these supposed sheiks are either Arabs of the lowest class or European adventurers who make up as sheiks on the movie pattern and live luxurious lives at the expense of credulous dupes.

One case is cited of a criminal who was forced to leave London. He in-

stalled himself in North Africa, made up as a sheik. Aided by a sham priest he went through a travesty of the Mohammedan marriage ceremony with several women. He deserted four of them in succession after robbing them of jewellery and money.

Another man, a French fugitive from justice, suspected of two murders among other crimes, infatuated a wealthy American woman who abandoned her husband for him.

The genuine chieftains complain that they are insulted by the overtures of some women who have acquired from the screen the notion that all sheiks are ready for amorous intrigues with neurotic European women.

French Colonial authorities support the suggestion that powers should be acquired to deal with these women and the bogus sheiks.

An Editorial

JUNE 16, 1934.

WHY FEMINISM GOES SLOWLY

IT often happens that the simple solution of a problem is overlooked in favor of complex sophistries.

Take the Feminists in Australia. A handful of spirited and intelligent women set out a generation ago to build up a movement that gave women a conscious and organised voice in public affairs.

To-day, it is a by-word that the Feminists are still only a handful. That Australia, the first country in the world to give women a vote, has practically no women parliamentarians, and precious few women in high public positions.

The explanations are numerous. Of course, in social affairs, as in other spheres, there are usually more forces than one at work in producing the most simple effect. In the case of Feminism this is true. There are a number of reasons contributing to the weakness of organised Feminism. But there is one factor so outstanding as to overshadow all the others.

That factor is faithful old Supply and Demand. When a commodity is scarce it commands a good market. There is no need for expensive advertising and organising, or creating rings and combines.

In Australia there has always been a relative scarcity of women. This is one of the few countries in the world where men outnumber women. Hence women have had a high individual value purely as domestic helpmeets.

They may not have consciously bargained, but they have undoubtedly gained a high degree of social equality and camaraderie with men.

Women have, therefore, not had the urge to "emancipate" themselves from "household drudgery"; home life has been made pleasant and agreeable. There are not, as in England, hundreds of thousands of women doomed to spinsterdom because of the excess of females over males.

The camaraderie granted to women by the men in Australia is a striking thing to anyone who knows European conditions. Men and women here share their interests and recreations very fully—from washing-up to tennis and swimming. In Europe the men's sphere and the women's sphere do not overlap nearly so much.

The important function fulfilled by the Feminists in Australia is that of overcoming the intellectual apathy of women; but this is an objective equally desirable for men.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Mark Twain's Centenary

MEMBERS of the Mark Twain Association are working to celebrate the centenary of his birth, in 1835, by endowing a Chair of Humor in an American University. This will be the first Chair of its kind in the world.

The question is: What is humor? Can it be taught, or is it a gift of the gods? One could read a whole library on humor without feeling any funnier, and how is a Professor of Humor going to instruct his undergraduates in the priceless art of being witty?

Then, too, your humor is often my despair. To me, it may seem exquisitely funny that you should slip on a banana-skin. To you, the joke is not so evident.

Shakespeare appeared to believe that humor lies in the ear of the hearer. Said he, in "Love's Labor's Lost":

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

But, then, Shakespeare never had the advantage of a University education, and neither did Mark Twain.

Haberdashery Hilarity

IF I were writing adages for orators, however, one of them would be, "Stick to the good old jokes, my boy." Like old wine and old friends, old jokes are easy to get on with. It is always difficult, often dangerous and nearly always futile, to try out a new joke on an audience.

Which brings me to Prince Henry's speech at the New Zealand Society's luncheon in London a few days ago. The Prince worked off, with notable success, the old joke about having to hold on to one's hat when turning corners in "Windy Wellington," and he added, "But if what my friends say about my hats is true, it would be no loss if mine got blown away!"

There you are! One touch of haberdashery makes the whole world grin, and, most assuredly, we are going to like a Prince who can keep us in high good humor by his deft renovations of our beloved old gags.—J.A.N.

Love in Annam

THE course of true love never runs smoothly, not even, it seems, in Annam, though this strikes a blow at the belief that an Eastern potentate has it all his own way in such matters.

In Annam, the young Emperor Bao Dai, being minded to marry a commoner who is not of the Buddhist faith, finds it's not so simple as harem legends have led us to believe. His ancestors are evidently manageable enough, for when approached through the burning of prayer papers, they indulgently maintained a silence which gives consent.

Not so the populace. By the banks of the River of Perfumes, where bathe the sacred elephants, poets and minstrels have been sent on a mission to stir up a demonstration in favor of the Emperor's beloved, dainty N'Guyen Huu Hao, but the commoners turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the poet and the song of the minstrel, and with loud voices, they shout their vulgar disapproval of such a mesalliance.

And, at the bottom of it all are three dowager queens, who had chosen another successor.

Gifts for organizing propaganda to preserve their authority in domestic matters are evidently not confined to women of the Nordic races.

A Peace Department

FROM Dr. F. W. Norwood, of the City Temple, London, and now a visitor to Australia, comes the suggestion that we should establish a Peace Department and a Peace Minister. The world's present position, Dr. Norwood points out, is that nations not prepared for war will be plundered and nations who are prepared for war will inevitably call down war upon them.

Who will deny that the voices of the war-minded and the plunder-minded are heard the loudest in the land? Why should not the peace-minded be given the means to keep their views as constantly before the public?

War-mongering and war-making are in the hands of specialists. Why should not countries help the League of Nations by training recruits for peace making?

Dr. Norwood's suggestions must surely commend themselves to all who love peace.—R.E.J.

Women and Diplomacy

THE British Foreign Office has selected a committee to consider the question of the suitability of women for diplomatic posts. America, of course, has her own Minister of Diplomacy, Ruth Bryan Owen, and it is hard to understand why Britain hesitates to throw diplomatic posts open to women.

Tact and an aptitude for languages are leading qualifications for diplomacy which women can claim to have as markedly as men. Scholarship and legal knowledge are also necessary. The scholastic records of women and the way they are coming to the fore in the legal profession show that they can be well equipped in these respects, also.

Above all, however, women should make valuable diplomats because of their natural abhorrence of war. The last war taught the world that war has now become the affair of women as well as men, and with aeroplanes bombing everyone's homes the next war will be even more a domestic matter, so all the old objections to having women mixed up in affairs of war no longer hold good. As diplomats, they would be a definite power for peace.



SKIRT DANCING reminiscent of that of the great Isadora Duncan has made its reappearance in Berlin. The photo shows a snap from a Berlin cabaret.

Men as Patients

MEN have a reputation for being more troublesome patients than women, but, from my experience as a nurse, I am sure they don't really deserve this. True, men hate to be nursed. A sick man is apt to swear at a dose of medicine, and pitch a mustard plaster across the sick-room. He hates a gargle, and loathes being "fussed over."

This, I think, is not due to any inherent cross-grained streak in "the nature of the beast." It is the logical strain in him. When a man's sick, he wants to be sick. Let him turn his face to the wall; don't worry him about tidying him up; let him luxuriate in his misery, and he's no trouble at all!

But when a woman's sick, she adores to be nursed. Unless she's gravely ill, she feels sociable, wants visitors, flowers, medicine, a diet, and a thermometer every time she feels hot or cold.

The wise nurse prefers a man patient—after she's learned to give him the minimum of nursing!—"Sister Anne."

Why is Everyone So Busy Growing Old?

Asks "A Woman of 60"

I read with great interest the review of a new book, "Life Begins at Forty," in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, and know from my own experience that a woman can still be quite a chicken at sixty. I reached that age a few days ago and am still quite young.

I SEE women of about 45 and upwards passing my door every day with hunched-up shoulders and uncertain feet, wearing the drabdest clothes. I cannot help despising them, for I know it is their own fault that they are old. They are lacking in intelligence, ambition, and will-power.

From 40 onwards is, or should be, a woman's mental harvest time. She should know what life is without illusions, and enter into a calm period of reflection. This should be her happiest time in life. She knows her world, and should make the best of it.

I lived a solitary life of disappointment and frustration in the country for many years, and accepted it all in a philosophic spirit. I would have accepted death in the same way as not mattering very much, but now I am in Sydney 60 years young, and have started afresh.

I have always been interested in people and things. I can see, and hear, and read, and think. I know what life is, but I am still solitary, for I meet no kindred spirits. I mix in a world where everyone is busy growing old with the exception of one young lady who is 33.

I never wait for a train. I walk if the distance is not more than two miles. I love walking. It exhilarates me, and proves to myself that I am only 40.

I CHOOSE my clothes with as much care as I did at 20, although my purse is not large. I powder my face, and use just a suspicion of color so that no one is ever sure whether I do or not (that's the secret).

When I am properly turned out I know that I can hold my own with most women of 40. I am not a bit vain. I know it is true!

I must admit that my memory has deteriorated just a little, but I know that is my own fault, because the novelty of life has worn off to a certain degree, and we only forget what does not interest us.

Now, in conclusion, a word of advice to all women of 40 and over. Make up your minds to remain young. Do not get into a rut or groove. Keep moving, both mentally and physically. Do not keep to the habits of thought encouraged by your mother and grandmother.

The world is moving on, and you must move with it, or be laughed at by your younger sister of 60, who is watching you pass by with hunched shoulders, uncertain feet, and drab clothes.—A.Q.

If Women Want to Rule

COMMENTING on the fact that so few women enter politics in Australia, Mrs. J. F. Young, of Adelaide, said last week, "Women have suffered a grave handicap in Australia, because no sooner were they given the right to vote, than they were thrust pell-mell into party politics, with the result that any thinking woman, and man for that matter, has had to suppress her ideals. I am not a Feminist. I do not think it necessary for women to enter Parliament to represent women. What I feel is that women should enter politics on an equal footing to men. I consider that politics are like the stately old homes of England. They have been built up by men and women working together. None of them could have been what it is to-day if only men had lived in them, and the women would have got nowhere by themselves. To work intelligently together, with one aim, and that an ideal government, is my idea."

"This raises another point. If women wish to rule, they must also be prepared to accept responsibility. If men and youths must prepare for any national emergency, such as war, women should do likewise. I think it is wrong to try to segregate the sexes, and every citizen should accept proportional responsibility. I consider there is dire need for proportional representation, and that nobody who felt apathetic about voting should be compelled to do so. Compulsory voting seems to me to be a subterfuge to defeat individualism."



Dear Lou—

The automobile is all very fine—but back in Mother's days when a girl wanted

to do a bit of flirting she

never had to worry about the old parlor sofa wrapping it's self around a tree.

Yours, Sue.

The Wedding PRESENT

A True Story of Indian Life



EVEN after a lapse of years I still vividly remember the day Runi first walked up the garden path. She was dressed in a scarlet sari which clung to her perfect figure as artistically as the draperies of the superb women of Ancient Greece. On her head she balanced a shallow cane basket covered with a white cloth. I watched her admiringly as she advanced to the verandah steps, lowered herself gracefully to a squatting position and, with an ingenuous smile, raised her big, soft eyes to mine and proceeded to display her wares.

I don't know why I particularly remember that first morning, because Runi passed through that garden gate daily at 7 o'clock precisely for nearly nine months. Perhaps it was because I had slept well during the night and, refreshed with the coolness of the first tang of the cold season, life seemed very good to me in the brilliant sunshine of a morning that was not oppressively warm. A light breeze stirred the flowers in the garden, and the air was deliciously scented with stocks and mignonette.

I rose from my chair and smiled at Runi encouragingly. I had already appraised her physical attractions, noted her shapely arms and legs, her Hebe-like proportions, the poise of her body, and the curves of her hips and bosom. With her delicate hands she offered for my acceptance some special "appas" or muffins, made of rice, coconut milk, and eggs. They were warm and fresh. My Madrassi table boy, Thumbi, who had just brought in my morning tray of tea, recommended them, with the words "very good," and I passed her a few coppers and promised to sample them.

From that morning onward I broke my morning fast with a "chota hazari" of fragrant Himalayan tea and Runi's delicious muffins. Always she presented them with a winsome smile which displayed a set of lovely white teeth. Our conversation was limited to a few words. She inquired if I had enjoyed the muffins of the previous morning, and assured me those she was handing me were even nicer. Runi was not beautiful, but her big, dark eyes, her tilted nose, her generous mouth and her delicate shapely hands made her very attractive. She always looked cool, even when the morning was hot. Her plump body was as fragrant as Aphrodite's as she rose from the foam.

It was some time before I noticed Thumbi always appeared with the tea-tray at the exact moment that Runi entered my gate, and he always found something to occupy him on the verandah while she was talking to me. He was a good lad, short, stocky, and

powerful, dark as a Dravidian, but quite agreeable looking. I had found him very sensitive, obstinate, and inclined to be quick-tempered with the other servants, but always attentive and loyal to me. He could speak English fairly well, having been educated in a mission school.

I OFTEN wished I had been a sculptor to perpetuate in marble—black marble—the grace and poise of Runi's figure. She wore large rings of rolled gold studded with small imitation stones in her ears and an assortment of gaily colored bead necklaces, which, with her bright, abbreviated sari, gave her a decided gipsy appearance. Sometimes, as I smoked my last cigar before turning into bed, I would think of Runi as a fragment of night, that had materialised at dawn, with the charm and freshness of the morning, and as evanescent as the mist.

I remember it was when Thumbi was away on a few days' leave, she informed me she was going to be married, but would call as usual after the ceremony was over. I was immediately conscious of a measure of disappointment and some annoyance at the news. Delicious as her muffins were, I felt I could not enjoy them so much after she was married. I did not like the thought she would leave the arms of a man to prepare those muffins. It upset my conception of her as Aphrodite. Her virginal charm and freshness had contributed in no small degree to the pleasure and zest with which I ate her appetising muffins, making "chota hazari" the most enjoyable meal of the day.

The morning before her wedding she turned up as usual and, although I was not feeling exactly amiable, her smile disarmed me, and in generous mood I mentally forgave her. She looked very happy, and her eyes were bright and glistening. I went into my bedroom for some coppers and, obeying a sudden impulse, stuffed two ten rupee notes into an envelope and handed them to her.

"A little wedding present," I explained.

I watched Runi through the verandah bamboo blind as she walked away, and saw her open the envelope and, wild-eyed with astonishment, examine the contents. Hastily she returned to the verandah.

"I cannot take such a great sum of money," she said, with tears in her eyes—"the sahib has surely made a mistake."

"No, Runi!" I exclaimed. "Buy yourself something with it."

Her beautiful downcast eyes were lifted to mine. "Men only give money to bad girls," she said, in a tense, low voice.



Complete Short Story

By T. Stuart GURR

Author of "Collits' Inn," etc.

Illustrated by WEP

"She informed me she was going to be married! I was immediately conscious of a measure of disappointment and some annoyance."

balanced individual to be cruel to those he cares for most.

A month later Thumbi was tried, and shortly after sentence had been passed upon him he was hanged. At the trial he gave no reason for killing his bride. "I just killed her!" he said, "and I don't wish to live now she is gone." The judge described the murder as particularly brutal, and Thumbi as one of the most callous murderers he had sent to the gallows.

A year passed. The murder was almost forgotten, but I still remembered Runi's attractive face and figure, and her winsome smile. I missed those morning visits more than I cared to admit to myself, and there was also the longing for the delicious muffins.

One day, Thumbi's father, a rather wizened and decrepit old man, well known in the district as a very fine cook, called to learn if I wanted a chef, as he had heard I was discharging the man I had. I was needing a better cook but I could not bear the thought of having anyone on the premises so closely associated with the tragedy I was striving to blot out of my mind.

I let the old chap down as lightly as I could, explaining I had decided not to discharge my present cook. Just as he was leaving, I mentioned I was curious to learn why Thumbi had committed the crime.

The old man looked at me reproachfully. "Thumbi found twenty rupees in notes tucked in Runi's sari."

"Wasn't he glad his wife had so much money?" I asked.

"But where did she get it from?" he replied. "She was very poor. She could not have saved it selling 'appas'."

"It must have been the money I gave her as a wedding present. Didn't she explain that?"

"She did!" he answered gravely. "But why should you give her money as a present?"

"Because she was a good girl!" I replied.

He shook his head. "No sahib ever gives money to a good girl. Thumbi thought so, and I think so, too!"

(Copyright).

murders in India, but Runi had been the bride of a few hours. I could only attribute the crime to a violent quarrel or insensate jealousy.

For days I could not get the scene of the murder out of my mind. Every time my garden gate clicked I started, expecting to see Runi with her basket coming up the path. I could not realise I would never see her again, or taste her warm delicious muffins.

I went down to the katcheri, and obtained permission to visit Thumbi in the cell, where he awaited his trial. Abhorrent as the murder was, I could not help feeling some interest in, and some sympathy for, the poor wretch who had slipped his neck into the hangman's noose.

I wanted to console with him, but I could not. The police inspector led me into the dim shadow of the courtyard, and I saw a recumbent figure slumped against a wall, with a spring that reminded me of a great ape, come to the bars of the cell. Thumbi's hair was dishevelled, and his eyes bloodshot. There were dark stains and splashes on his white trousers and tunic, and his bare feet were bruised and bleeding. He recognised me at once, and to my horror and surprise glared at me with so much hatred and ferocity that I quailed at his look.

"White pig!" he hissed. "Do you see these marks on my clothing? If ever I lay my hands on you they will be soaked in blood!"

Thinking he was delirious, I tried to soothe him, but I only succeeded in making him more insanely angry. The police inspector drew me away.

"Better leave him alone. He is behaving like a wild beast just now. After a few days he will calm down. The madness is still on him."

I gave Thumbi's attitude to me a good deal of thought. There was no doubt that he had been fond of me. He would not have married Runi had he not been in love with her. The explanation probably lay in the sadist mania which sometimes impels an un-

AN hour later I shouldered my way through the crowd and, with the consent of the police, entered the room where the murder had been committed. It was on the ground floor of a chawl, or tenement, in a back street of the native quarter. The whitewashed walls were splashed with blood, indicating a terrible struggle. On a mat spread on the earth floor, and covered with a cloth, lay the poor victim. Reverently I drew the sheet back from the face, and saw Runi calm and lovely in the repose of death. I had difficulty in restraining my tears. Out in the sunlight I thanked God who had always looked into my eyes with the trust and something of the affection of an innocent child.

Late that afternoon I learned the murderer had been arrested, and that he was no other than my servant, Thumbi, who had married Runi at the mission church the day before.

In India one does not discuss the domestic affairs of a servant, especially in relation to women. I had had no idea that Thumbi was in love with Runi, although now I understood why he always was present when Runi delivered her muffins. He was quite a likeable chap, and I could not conceive what impulse of madness had made him destroy his newly married wife. Adultery is the cause of many

Father's Wish



I WANT the boy to be more like his mother than like his dad, she is so far above me, and yet the girl in one way or another, I want the girl to have a little of me—To think of woman as man thinks of woman, As something sacred, something more than human.

I want the boy to have his mother's quiet, Unceasing patience in some hour of trial.

And yet the girl the courage to defy it, Some self-assertion, not all self-denial—A little of the spirit I would lend her With which men face the world, without surrender.

I want the boy to be more like his mother, And yet the girl like me, somehow or other.

—D.

THE FASHION PARADE BY JESSIE TAIT SKETCHED BY PETROV



SMART CLOTHES for Polo Wear

SPECTATORS at polo matches should be warmly and sportingly clad. The classic sports coat—double-breasted with big revers, a belt and patch pockets—allied with a warm sweater and skirt, pull-on felt hat, woollen scarf and sports shoes, is hard to beat either for comfort or smartness.

TWEEDS and rough woollens make coats, suits, and skirts. Sobriety of materials seems to be abandoned when it comes to sports coats. Large and small checks, definite and indefinite plaids, diagonal stripes, two and three-color rough tweeds—these are used in great abundance.

Fur is seldom seen on smart coats that watch polo. When it is employed it will either line a tweed coat, or form the conventional fur collar. The smartness will lie in the fabric, and in such details as pockets, belts and accessories. Sleeves are usually raglan, and have fairly deep armholes, so that there is plenty of room for thick woollens beneath. The only sleeve trimmings are welts and turn-back cuffs. Shoulders are natural.

Variety in Pockets

POCKETS are varied. Large square pockets are set on with loose wide folds finishing them. Others are set in at an angle, and button with wooden buttons. Sometimes there are two, sometimes four, and they may be any shape, or any size.

Belts are of all kinds of leather with big plain buckles matching the buttons. Many coats are double-breasted; others wrap over tightly, and are belted. Many gather fully across the centre front. The swagger coat, so popular last season, is seen now only for these sporting occasions.

Revers are normal size, or else very large. The collar should stand up behind. A new note is the "ruffled revers." This is achieved by shaped pieces of material joined around the neckline, twisting and folding until a

"pierrot ruche" effect is obtained. One model in grey, white, blue, and black plaid has what is called a rolling monk's collar. It is in reality a rectangle of fabric caught in big folds at the corners.

COLORS used for polo coats are usually browns or greys, variegated tweeds, navy and grey, or navy and white checks and plaids, brown and beige, brown and white, brown and yellow checks and plaids, dark greens, and tan woollens and innumerable combinations of bright colors with dark ones in plaid, check, and tweed designs.

Scarves are important accessories. Of bright-colored woollen or knitted fabric, they will add just that necessary touch to a well-tailored sports coat.

To wear beneath these coats are skirts and sweaters, wool frocks and knitted frocks, tweed and knitted suits.

FOR very cold weather nothing could be better than the checked suit and topcoat sketched on this page. Another warm outfit is a brown and white checked coat lined throughout with brown "bunny" fur, and a checked skirt and yellow jumper. Tweed suits made on plain tailored lines and worn with bright sweaters are good. They can be worn by themselves, and then the topcoat added when it gets colder. Suits often have contrasting jackets and skirts, the skirt being plaid, the jacket plain, or vice-versa.

You could wear a brown jacket, a plaid or mixed skirt, and a plain sweater blouse in another color. A rough tweed skirt in bottle-green, brown, and beige would look well with a bottle-green jacket, yellow sweater, and a topcoat of the tweed.

Knitted clothes are admirable to wear

under sports coats—especially the two-piece knitted dress. Knitted suits are good, too, with a contrasting sweater.

Dresses of wool jersey or sheer wool, to be sporting, are usually checked, plaid or striped—if a plain color is used, the dress should have sporting belt, buttons, pockets or scarf.

Knitted jumpers and wool skirts beneath sports coats still hold their own for spectator sports wear. The skirt may be plaid or checked like the coat, and the sweater in some brilliant shade, or the skirt of some rough woollen matching one of the colors in the coat. Matching sweaters and skirts have contrasting coats.

Attractive Ensembles

FOLLOWING are some attractive ensembles both smart and suitable for polo wear:

A coat of camel's hair in a new diagonal weave and tan in color, the sleeves are raglan, the style double-breasted, with big revers. The four buttons and belt are dark tan leather. There are two large patch pockets below the belt, a scarf of leaf-green Kashmir tied high at the throat. Beneath is a rough tweed skirt in leaf-green, tan, and dark brown, with two inverted pleats down the back, a leaf-green sweater. A pull-on hat of tan felt, a tan leather bag, tan oxfords, and punched chamol gloves complete this outfit.

A lacy blue and grey tweed coat has a matching skirt, wool jersey blouse of navy blue, and navy hat, gloves, sports shoes, and fabric gloves.

A rough grey tweed coat tops a knitted two-piece dress of brown wool; a foulard scarf, brown dotted with white, brown hat, shoes and bag are the accessories.

Plaid tweed in green, brown, black and beige makes a loose swagger coat. The dress beneath is brown jersey with tweed pockets and scarf; the accessories brown.

A hand-woven Irish tweed in brown and white check, sprinkled with various-colored flecks, makes a tailored suit and top coat—the sweater matches one of the flecks.

BOTTLE-GREEN hairy angora makes the skirt and three-quarter length swagger coat at the extreme left. Blouse and coat are lined with pale-green angora with a dark check. Flat nutria tops the next coat of beige tweed, and a wide leather belt accentuates its slimness. Next is a smart grey tailor in herringbone tweed. Its wool jersey blouse is the new mulberry shade. The three-piece ensemble next has skirt and Ascot scarf in plaid of beige, brown, and yellow. The sweater beneath is yellow and the jacket of brown tweed. Navy and beige check tweed makes the next tailored ensemble, which comprises a tailored suit fastening with metal clips and a full-length tailored coat.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

MAINBOCHER designs an all-occasions model. It is a three-piece outfit with a long-sleeved bolero of a pinkish brown tweed that unexpectedly reveals a sleeveless coat-dress of the same; this in turn covers a simple short-sleeved frock of pink crepe.

HAIRY surfaces will be seen in new cotton materials. A smart little spring suit in dark brown flax flecked with white mercerized cotton threads, is worn with a crocheted blouse of the same cotton.

WOOD violet, bright coral, and golden yellow are the colors of the new spring tweeds. They make coats and suits. A wood violet coat is seen over a pale green dress, and a coral red suit under a leaf-green coat.

IN Paris recently, some novel bridal ideas were seen. One bride used smoky turquoise blue dull satin for her wedding dress; another wore, instead of the usual high-necked style, a dress right off the shoulders. There were long, tight sleeves, but they stopped seven inches above the elbow, and the décolleté ran straight across. Two narrow straps tying at the back of the neck held the dress up.

SOME unusual fabric and color combinations seen recently are: Lacquer red buttons used on a pale pink evening gown; flame velvet scarf with a grey flannel coat; beaver fur on a bright blue suede coat; a lemon yellow frock under a dull black coat, and mink in bands treated as if it were ribbon on an evening wrap of dark smoky green.

FOXES to the Fore!



• **BAGATELLE** is an afternoon ensemble comprising a brown woollen coat with an exquisite collar of "blue" foxes, and a frock in an unusual design in brown and white printed crepe-de-chine. The four paws of the foxes depend gaily at the back. Maria Guy supplied the piquant, small straw hat.

• **PATRICIA** (at right) depicts a severe tailleur in a rich, deep, navy toning, relieved by touches of gold. A gold chain adds a cachet to the brief little coat, and on the white silk blouse tiny gold buttons and a small black velvet bow are the finishing touches. The capé, so negligently held, is of silver fox.



• **YVONNE** is a demure model, but its simplicity is that of extreme sophistication. Absolute perfection of line is achieved in this swette gown of steel grey. The bow of navy, with white spots, assumes amazing proportions, while the bracelets and belt are made in steel combined with navy suede.

• **NEGRESO** (in circle) is the little chosen by Lelong for this ensemble for the cocktail hour. The material is black bagheera, and the fur is again a silver fox. Old gold tissue lame is the medium for a very effective blouse, and Maria Guy chose a hat of youthful severity to offset it.

Lucien Lelong decrees From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

THE champagne supper, with orchestral accompaniment, which Monsieur Lelong gives twice a year so that the press and the cream of Paris society may view the latest creations under most glamorous circumstances, was postponed this year on account of the riots. Telegrams were sent out to the several hundred guests that, owing to the sad condition of Paris, the gala display could not take place. So, when things had calmed down a bit, and it was safer around the Champs Elysees, I ventured round to the famous salon, and found the frocks quite worth risking my life to see.

Lucien Lelong shows several ideas which get right away from those in other collections. For one thing, there was no dogmatic rule of the fullness concentrated towards the back, and, in several cases, the drapery and importance of a skirt centred in front. This was especially remarkable when a fanlike pleating was inserted in an evening skirt. From just below the hips this pleating, starting very narrowly, spread out to quite a fullness at the hem.

In fact, M. Lelong seems to have taken fan-like effects as his

symbol this season, as it appears by means of narrow pleating or ray-like embroidery on numerous models. Ray pleating is another way of giving the same idea.

Lelong joins with the other great French designers in accentuating the dip towards the back. His necklines are all higher at the front, and cut out a little at the nape of the neck to show that pretty feminine curve. Skirts of evening gowns dip to form a slight train, and, on day frocks, the belts take a diagonal movement slightly lower at back.

The jacket suits, which are always a very important feature in the Lelong collection, are most interesting. The jackets fit snugly over the hips in some cases, or in others are short, and flare out in basque effect, but always longer at back than in front. As a rule, however, the hip line is kept very closely moulded for all occasions.

To get back to my favorite "trotteur suits," pockets are used extensively, and decorate both skirts and jackets. One model I found most interesting had a jacket which fastened down the centre, and also had a row of buttons on each side, as in a wide

Evening gowns cling closely to the body, widening very low down with a few pleats all round, ending in a long train. Often flounces, placed low in the front, run up in a triangle at the back as far as the waist.

double-breasted style, so that in all there were three rows of buttons.

Foxes twisted round sleeves to make luxury wraps for formal occasions, and these wraps were usually built of Lelong's new material, bagheera, which has a thick velvety surface—a half-breed between a velour and a velvet. You may have either a silk or a wool bagheera, and be equally richly clad.

Rosalba is used a great deal for evening gowns. Cowl effects on afternoon frocks, and huge bows on the bodices of day dresses. There are some very effective afternoon or luncheon blouses which are dressy enough for small dinner parties or bridge. One in powder blue taffetas, embroidered in a ray design on sleeves and bodice in strasse has a three-quarter length black taffetas coat, with skirt in a heavier silk and wool texture.

Black, ever a favorite in Paris, holds first place with navy and deep blues as competing shades.



Women

Who Make Ideal Wives

They're not "always ailing" or easily upset—or easily tired. They usually have the sunny nature that comes of physical health. And the surest way of maintaining unruffled, sunny health is to avoid the effects of constipation.

There are many natural ways of keeping the system regular. All are far better for you than drugs or pills. But the simplest and pleasantest way is—just eat two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily—a delicious cereal food.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN exercises the intestines, tones them up and purifies the blood. It is so effective that it usually corrects most types of constipation. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

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PERMANENT WAVE AT AMAZING PRICE OF

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"THE BIG STORE"

Who wants to **WIN** £50?
PICK-ME-UP
WORD COMPETITION

You have just as much chance as anyone else to win one of the following 67 prizes:

1st Prize, £50; 2nd, £10; 3rd, £5
(CASH) (CASH) (CASH)

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24 orders on your grocer for 10/- worth of P.M.U. goods. 40 orders on your grocer for 5/- worth of P.M.U. goods.

The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who has complied with the conditions and whose list, in the opinion of the judges, contains the greatest number of words allowable under the rules of the competition. The rest of the prizes will be awarded to competitors in order of merit.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- 1.—No entrance fee is required but a label from a tin of Pick-Me-Up Soup must accompany each entry.
- 2.—In making up a word no letter which is not included in "PICK-ME-UP SAUCE" may be used, and no letter may be used more times than it appears in the words "PICK-ME-UP SAUCE."
- 3.—Only such recognized English words as appear in a Standard Dictionary (omitting proper names) will be counted.
- 4.—The name and address of sender must be placed at the top of all lists and also the total number of words in figures placed alongside, on the top right hand corner of the first page.
- 5.—Words must be neatly written or typed (on one side of the paper only) under the heading of each initial letter—thus first write words beginning with "P" then words beginning with "I" and so on.
- 6.—This Competition positively closes on Saturday the 17th July, 1934 and no entries will be received after this date. All entries must be posted to—
PICK-ME-UP CONDIMENT CO. LTD., 60 ALICE STREET, NEWTOWN, SYDNEY with the word "Competition" on the outside of the envelope.
- 7.—The Competition will be judged by: Mrs. Constance Robertson, Editor, "Woman's Budget"; Mr. W. T. Albert, Advertising Manager, "Woman's Mirror"; Mr. W. J. P. Downer, Advertising Manager, "Women's Weekly"; Mr. W. O. Richards, Managing Director, The Weston Company Limited, whose decision will be final and conclusive.
- 8.—List of Prize Winners will be published in the "Sun" on August 1, 1934.



PICK-ME-UP CONCENTRATED SOUPS
Tomato, Pea, Vegetable, Mullagatawny, Chicken.
MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ALL GROCERS

"Are you saving any money since you started your budget system?"

"Sure. By the time we have balanced it up every evening it's too late to go anywhere."

She: Did you like the play?
He: No; I hate tragedy.
She: But that was comedy.
He: Yes—murdered.

She (sweet and dainty): What kind of a driver is he?

Her (dainty and sweet): Oh, that kind of idiot that requires two hands to drive with.

He (sitting beside his adored one): And who was the fathead who said you couldn't drive?

She: The corner.

Are YOU Done, GENTLEMEN?

AN EXCITING
TEN-MINUTE STORY

By
**SIDNEY
DENHAM**



O, I'm sorry I can't come out with you," Pearl's voice over the telephone was, as always, charming. Pearl could make her refusal to a tea dance sound like a kiss. When Bernard talked to Pearl he disregarded the actual words and was fascinated by the lure of her tones, which promised much—but not more, the young man felt, than she could give. That is why he sighed wistfully into the telephone when Pearl told him that she could not go out with him. "But I have something you can do for me, Bernard," she continued sweetly, confident that performing a service for her would be the height of bliss to Bernard Felton.

"I shall be very pleased, of course, Pearl."

"There's a teakwood box I've fallen in love with. It's being put up at the auction at the Mart this afternoon, and I can't get there to buy it. Lot twenty-seven it is, Bernard, and I so much want it."

"Of course, I'll go," replied Bernard, a little doubtfully.

"It'll go very cheap," Pearl reassured him. "Things are never dear at these country town auctions unless the dealers are after them, and I can't see why a dealer should want this box. I just happened to see it when I looked in at the Mart on view day out of curiosity. I think it will be only a few shillings, perhaps a pound, but, of course, I'll . . ."

"That's all right, Pearl, I shall be delighted." What joy to be able to give Pearl something she really wanted, to feel she was in your debt. Perhaps

your old furniture or superfluous antiques for sale at the weekly auctions. Bernard elbowed his way into the Mart. He found a seat near the front, glanced at his catalogue, saw Lot 27 described as "teakwood box, choicely carved, from India," and sat down to wait.

Very soon the dealers trickled noisily in, the auctioneer entered with the clerk, mounted the rostrum, and Lot 1 was announced. The more valuable lots, such as pictures, jade, and the silver were at the end of the catalogue. The first lots were "iron bedstead, no mattress," "two pudding basins, frying and miscellaneous kitchen utensils."

The dealers for the most part were bored and talked loudly to each other, taking little notice of the rise and fall of the gavel. Bernard had attended very few auctions, and still found them fascinating. He smiled when he saw a neighbor carry off "good water jug (slightly chipped) and basin, towel horse, and soap dish" for half a crown. The prices were low. Only a mahogany bedstead, complete with mattress went for more than a pound.

"Lot 27," called the auctioneer, his face already red with his efforts. "Teakwood box, choicely carved. Part of Sir Henry's collection from India. What am I bid?"

There was silence for a minute. Bernard did not quite know where to begin. If he said half a crown they might laugh at him. If he said a pound he might be paying too much, and although he was willing to spend

a pound, indeed, many pounds, on Pearl, he did not want to spend them on something that might be acquired more cheaply. The auctioneer caught his eye.

"No bids? Well, shall we start at two pounds? Of course, that would be giving it away." He held up the teakwood box. It was about 18 inches long, by nine wide, carved with strange gods. He opened the lid to show the velvet lining. "Make a lovely jewel case for a lady. Will some gentleman offer me two pounds?"

Bernard was about to say, "I'll bid you two pounds!" when another man, half a dozen seats away, chimed in with it.

Bernard looked at the man. He was young, like himself, well dressed, with a white rose in his buttonhole, and an anxious look in his eyes. A dealer, Bernard decided. He nodded at the auctioneer. "Two pounds ten I am bid by the gentleman," the auctioneer said, his eyes lighting up as he saw business improving. Bernard was rather startled to hear that his bid had been taken as a raise of ten shillings, but, before he could say anything the other man had nodded also. "Three pounds," called the auctioneer. "Three pounds, any advance?"

Bernard nodded. After all, he thought, in for a penny in for a pound. He must get that box for Pearl. She would, he felt sure, reward him. True, during the brief days of their friendship she had promised much and given little—or nothing. But with this box under his arm Bernard felt he would be safe. "Four pounds," remarked the auctioneer looking at Bernard. He nodded. "Four pounds ten."

No one else had made a bid. The two young men had it all their own way. The bidding stood at ten pounds before Bernard quite realised what was happening. "Ten pounds I am bid by the gentleman with the buttonhole," remarked the auctioneer. He looked interrogatively at Bernard.

Please turn to Page 25



THIS black satin frock, trimmed with silver fox capelets, is favored by Judith Allen, Paramount player, for afternoon wear.

she would give him a reward, the reward Bernard had dreamed of every night for two weeks, ever since Pearl came to stay at the Countryside Hotel, in fact.

"Whatever you do, don't let it slip out of your hands for the sake of a few shillings," insisted Pearl, from the other end of the line. "I've set my heart on it, and I should cry if you didn't bring it to me."

"All right, Pearl. I won't fail you. I'll go straight round and bring it to you after tea. Will you be in?"

"I shall be in, Bernard. I'll ask them to send you straight up to my room. . . . I want to examine the box all alone." There was a hint of mystery in Pearl's voice.

Bernard put down the receiver, glanced at his watch and, realising that the auction would be starting in half an hour, started off for the Mart.

The Mart was a large hall in the centre of the town at which auctions were held. Not only the people from the neighborhood, but dealers from London attended the auctions on the lookout for bargains. It was quite "the thing" if you lived nearby, to put up



WHEN the hill of life is topped at length, and age faces the unknown, how reassuring to be greeted with the warm hand-clasp of financial security!

A little modest effort in the days when youth and manhood yield their sustenance, will ensure an old age free from the hardships, the anxieties and the perils of poverty.

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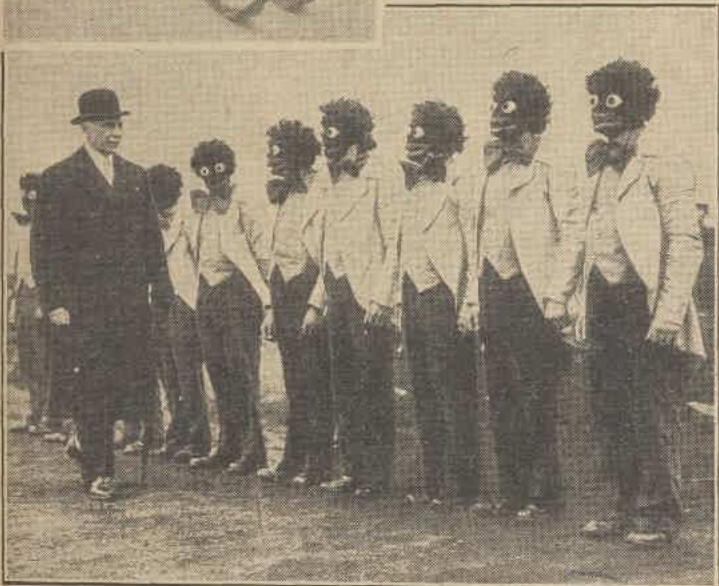
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There is Snow on the Mountains Now...



LEFT: An Australian winter sports girl out for a ski. Above: How they toboggan in Europe. Ellnor Holm, Olympic champion swimmer, shows that her swimming suit is as useful in winter as in summer. Bathers for winter sports have not yet become popular here. Right: The last glide home after an exhilarating afternoon on the skis.



DO YOU SEE what we see? A parade of Golliwogs being inspected by the Earl of Athlone, in England, and, to judge by the Earl's face, he sees nothing strange. Actually the Golliwogs are members of the 7th Hussars, of which regiment the Earl is Colonel-in-Chief. The Hussars are rehearsing for their part in the Royal tournament at Hounslow.



ANOTHER STRANGE PARADE. In America they are putting sex appeal into military training. Here we find girl cadet officers of the Ogontz School, holding their biennial review and inspection of Bordentown Military Institute Cadets. Photo shows Captain Mary Phillips inspecting rifle of Cadet James Clark.



A WINDMILL among the Narcissus, and there you have a scene from Holland, one of the most picturesque countries in the world. This photo, showing a field covered with blooms, is from Haarlem. No wonder people call Holland the "garden of Europe." In spite of its old-world atmosphere, Holland is in many ways one of the most up-to-date countries in the world.



MISS PARIS does her duty. Every year the French people have a beauty competition, the winner of which becomes Miss Paris, who enjoys equal powers to a Queen. Her tasks are many, and here we see her feeding unemployed.



ABOVE: Nila Cram Cook, former disciple of Mahatma Gandhi, made her first public appearance in native dress at the Washington Irving School Auditorium recently. She gave a lecture on the part music plays in India. Miss Cook is shown with the Esraj, an Indian instrument like a violin.



LEFT: Piero Sansalvadore, the Italian artist earning fame in London, whose picture of the view from The Australian Women's Weekly London offices was published on this page last week. He works in airman's kit because he prefers to paint rain scenes.

SCHOOLGIRL to Star . . . in TWO YEARS

It is only a little over two years since Thelma Scott left school. She has not yet left her teens behind, and to-day she is playing the lead for J. C. Williamson opposite George Thirlwell, the imported English actor, in "Ten Minute Alibi."

Thelma is an "old" girl of Melbourne P.L.C., and the only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. E. Scott, of Thornbury, Melbourne. She had no preliminary training for the stage, and no family traditions that would lead her to the footlights.

"EVER since I can remember, I have wanted to be an actress," she says, "though, as a matter of fact, I also dearly love to pry into the insides of engines and to know what makes the wheels go round."

The latter predilection she ascribes to the fact that her father, Mr. E. B. E. Scott, is an engineer. However, Thelma was not destined to find herself garbed in the overalls of the practical engineer. As she grew up she became insistent about her stage career. As an only child, she explains with a reminiscent smile, she was, perhaps, taken out more than the average infant, and she grew to love the theatre and the plays themselves.

On leaving school a quiet home life or the opportunity to assist her mother, who was for seven years honorary secretary of the Thornbury branch of the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, failed to deflect her thoughts from the stage.

On the subject of a theatrical career she spoke loudly and often, until her father said at last, "Take her to see Mr. Wenman (manager for J. C. Williamson, in Melbourne). She will go in one door and out the other, and that will be that."

Thelma, however, has a slim and dainty figure, a mop of curly black hair,

sparkling black eyes and perfect teeth, all of which are assets to an aspiring actress.

MR. WENMAN took her forthwith to Gregan McMahon, who gave her the lead in "The Play's the Thing" to understudy. The show went on a fortnight later, and during those two weeks the girl who was to have played the lead dropped out, and Thelma found herself on the opening night in the leading role.

The role is a very sophisticated one. Thelma's curls were shorn to an Eton crop and she wore bell-bottomed pyjamas. And "Miss Seventeen," after two weeks' intensive rehearsals with Gregan McMahon, filled the role with conspicuous success.

But when, following this initial appearance, the part of Tessa in the "Constant Nymph" was offered her, she exclaimed, "Oh, I couldn't! I'm too old!"

However, Thelma Scott is gloriously young to-day, and completely unspoiled, despite her amazing achievements. She



Miss Thelma Scott.

has played the lead in many shows since her first with Gregan McMahon, including some films with P. T. Thring and Pat Hanna.

Of her film work, she says she finds it a thrill to be able to say she "is making a picture," but then, too, she loves a "real, live audience."

The future she regards very level-headedly. While J. C. Williamson have work for her to do she will remain in Australia. But, as one talks to this slender, vivacious Australian brunette, one realises that the future holds for her possibilities that are very bright and that in the fullness of time she may make her way to London, to return to us later a famous star.

CASH PRIZES for Letters About These FROCKS

A fascinating and unique competition is announced here for women readers who are interested in smart clothes.

On July 7, at St. James Theatre, that great star, Norma Shearer, one of the world's best-dressed women, will be seen in her latest film, "Riptide," in which she wears dozens of extremely beautiful creations by America's fashion experts.

THIS week The Australian Women's Weekly publishes four photos of these frocks, and during the next two weeks further sets will be published.

Cash prizes of £5/5/-, £3/3/-, and £1/1/- are offered by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the best 50-word letter sent to The Australian Women's Weekly stating which dress best suits Norma Shearer, and why. Each letter must have attached a clipping of the dress described in the entry. Wait until you have seen them all before making your choice.

There will be 25 consolation prizes of two free seats to "Riptide."

Country people who win consolation prizes will be sent the cash equivalent. Results will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly on July 7. The decision of the Editor will be final.

READ this advice of Norma Shearer on how to dress well. It will help you to win a prize.

See that clothes are wearable, fashioned along lines that allow freedom of movement.

HEIGHT 5 FT. 1 1/2 IN
WEIGHT 108 LBS
BUST 34 IN.
HIPS 36 IN.
WAIST 26 IN.
THIGH 22 IN.
CALF 13 IN.



Exercise restraint in formal afternoon gowns. Choose clothes that have grace rather than "pep," charm rather than an exotic quality. Take a definite stand for simplicity around the neckline. Keep feet well shod, but never fussily shod. Recognise that sports clothes, in their colorful and infinite variety, fit most of the daytime hours, but do not exaggerate the sports motif to the exclusion of all others. Indulge feeling for display more in material and line than in trimmings and accessories. Have fewer costumes perfectly harmonised than many which, though they may express both chic and charm, do not fit the personality.

HORT HOLBROOK says: I have allowed Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?***

Ladies! Learn! HAIRDRESSING & BEAUTY CULTURE

AT THE PREMIER SCHOOL OF HAIRDRESSING
Prospective pupils of both sexes or their parents are cordially invited to visit the beautiful, new, modern premises of THE PREMIER SCHOOL OF HAIRDRESSING, 7th Floor, "The Block," 428 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. Experts Teach Every Branch of Hairwork and Beauty Culture. Phone: MAB100. . . . Send for Prospectus

POLO Carnival at COBBITTY

By PELHAM.

Crowds of people line the polo ground at Cobbitty. It is the opening match of the Australian Polo Club's carnival.

Just before the bell, Doug Munro trots up the sideline on his grey, Ronnie, with implicit instructions to his fair lady as to which stick he will require in case of a break.

THE shout from umpire Rex Smart, "Come on, you coves! Are you going to start to-day?" Assamanders, in blue with the lucky white elephant as a pocket device,

are to play Tinagroo, in red and green squares and who, hailing from Scone, wear the Thistle as their emblem.

The bell rang, with a sonorous straightaway. Assamanders were pressing hard, and Jim MacLeod, from a pass

by Bob Skene, nearly scored with a nearside forehead.

Immediately afterwards Alec Finlay was crossed and, pulling up hard, took a harmless fall, and Henderson, Tinagroo's back, scored from the penalty. In the second chukker Assamanders' distinctly superior tactics gained their own reward.

Two goals in succession coming from Bob Skene after passes from Curtis and Doug Munro; while Jim MacLeod rode his back hard, leaving a clear goal for his No. 2, Bill Mackay, coming on to the ground for the third chukker, looked like providing a local rodeo before a crowded gallery. The chestnut he was riding gave several pigroofs, but with disappointing results.

Alec Finlay was within an ace of adding to Tinagroo's total, but Doug Munro, whose ponies served him well, saved with a terrific backhand, which Curtis Skene passed to Bob and on to Jim MacLeod.

Munro, who started with his backhand at his own goal mouth, had the last hit to score. Henderson, for Tinagroo, was

Saturday's Exciting Match

POLO will be played at Cobbitty on both Thursday and Friday of this week, but the most exciting match of the season will be on Saturday, when the final of the Cobbitty Cup will be played between the Assamanders, captained by Curtis Skene, and the four Ashton brothers.

riding hard and with great dash, and hitting all his shots cleanly with great power; on one occasion he hit the post with his third hit after a full-length gallop. And thus the game swayed, with Assamanders always ahead.

IN the final chukker another great backhand by Doug Munro gave a foretaste of good things to come.

Bob Skene, securing, raced down the wing and centred with a good shot behind his pony's tail, MacLeod hitting a behind. Henderson came up from his hit-in, but was ridden off by Curtis who again gave Bob Skene possession.

A good centre followed, and Doug Munro, coming up fast, tapped through. Soon after Bob Skene scored twice, and at full-time the scores truly reflected the trend of play. Assamanders, led by that able general Curtis Skene, won by 12 goals to 4.

THE bell for the second game, Goulburn, the four famous Ashton brothers, 5

The New Maeder
Non-Electric

PERMANENT WAVE



tion the fear of electricity, the discomfort of being strung up to a machine—instead, absolute comfort, complete freedom, and a more lasting wave.

Maeder Machines enclose deep, lustreous, and lasting waves, and the lightest of curls—for hair of every shade and texture—including white, bleached, dyed, coarse, or fine—the result will always be perfection. It cannot harm the most delicate hair.

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Curly Ends . . . 21/-

EUGENE—
Single . . . 25/-
Curly Ends . . . 30/-

McDONALD—
Single . . . 35/-
Curly Ends . . . £2/2/-

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Under expert attention by the new Amperage Electrolysis.
FACIAL HAIRS, per treatment, 5/-; Course, 21/-.
MOLES, WARTS, cured, 18/6.

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WITH REVOLVING STAGE.

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THE THRILLER WITH AN UNUSUAL PLOT.
"TEN MINUTE ALIBI"

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by . . . L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



She: Why does the horn keep blowing?

He: So that you won't hear the brakes.



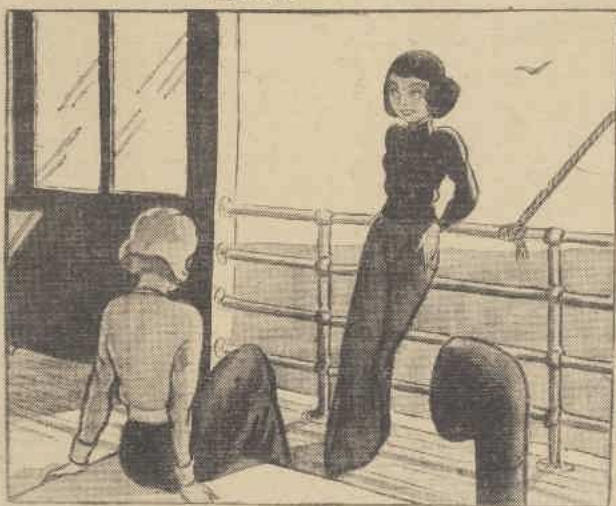
FAMILIAR STRANGER: I bet you used to have an occasional spot when you were young, Grandpa?
IRATE GENTLEMAN: I may have, but the bottled variety of old age wasn't the only kind I had any respect for!



THE PASSENGER: Heavens! What's happened?
THE PILOT (ex-ship's officer): Calm yourself, Madam; there's land ahead!



"And now Miss Honeybubble will tell us how to attain the body beautiful!"



"WHAT is this ticket in your pocket, dear?"
"ONLY a pawn ticket!"
"WHY didn't you get two, so that we could both go?"



CURLPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rob Curlpet on Baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlpet is antiseptic, too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube, 2/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlpet Laboratory, Box 3817 T., G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlpet to you by return mail.

CURLPET

MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women have formed their scraggy, undeveloped and baby breasts and thrust into the firm, round, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth, as Miss A.L. (age 31), of Kilara, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 27 1/2 inches, and now, after four weeks, just pin a postal note for 10/- to a piece of paper with your name and address and send it to W. JAMES ROGERS LTD., Dept. 3, 355 George Street, Sydney, and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped with full instructions for use."



300 LOSE JOBS Greyheads Go

In one city alone, it is estimated that 300 every year lose jobs because of grey hair, in more ways for younger folk.

Thousands are getting back the natural colour of their hair and keeping their jobs and their youth by using Raydene.

One man whose hair turned snow white overnight, through the pain of an accident, restored the natural colour of his hair in three weeks with Raydene.

Raydene is the new anti-septic, containing no dye, paint or powder, so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers, or your linen. Raydene begins with the hair-roots, invigorating them and cleansing the scalp of dandruff and impurities that cause baldness, and restores the natural colour to every strand of hair quickly and surely in a few short weeks. You can wash your hair in the usual way, because its colour is permanent and will not wash off or change in shade, and the process cannot be detected by your friends.

If you are grey get a 2/6 box of Raydene (Coloured). All Chemists sell Raydene, or you can get it post free from Raydene, Dept. 3, Box 3817 T., G.P.O., Sydney.

ADENOIDS OPERATIONS AVOIDED.

Every child is born with two tonsils behind the nose as well as those guarding the throat. Orbits and impurities cause those nasal tonsils to swell, greatly blocking up the breathing passage and this mass of inflamed tissue is called adenoids.

Adenoids cause constant coughs and colds, sore throats, headaches, ear troubles, asthma, loss of appetite and make the child backward at school.

If your children suffer from adenoids get a flask of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox from your chemist and put 5 drops of Kanatox into the nostrils each bedtime so as to dissolve the adenoids, disinfest the breathing passages and avoid a painful operation later on. Large flasks of Kanatox (one week's treatment) are 10/-, sample flask 2/6 at your chemist, or post free Kanatox Laboratories, Dept. 3, Box 3817 T., G.P.O., Sydney.



DOCTOR BRODIE'S KANATOX

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MARRIED DAUGHTER: I do wish you'd learn not to drop your aspirates, father! You never hear Claude doing it!

SELF-MADE MAN: Maybe—pity 'e isn't as careful with 'is vowels! 'E's got I.O.U.'s laying about all over the place!

"ISN'T it dreadful? The vicar's son has decided to become a jockey!"

"Well, he'll bring more to repentance that way than he would as a minister."

"JUST think, children," said the missionary, "in Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday school. Now, what should we all strive to save money for?"

"To go to Africa!" said the chorus of cheery voices.

ARE you a canvasser, debt-collector, or friend of the boss?" asked the office-boy.

"All three," smiled the caller.

"Then, sir, the boss is in conference, is out of town, and will you please step into his room."

FAMILY PHYSICIAN (fed-up with lengthy discussion between two specialists): Well, it's satisfactory to feel that all this will be cleared up at the post mortem!

GEORGE (ardently): Every morning my first thought is of you, darling.

Jessie: But James says that, too.

George: I get up a couple of hours earlier than he does.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follow:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART

If you suffer in this way, act quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time, unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids continually after meals. Menhoids, being a most powerful natural antiseptic medicine, in convenient form, which neutralizes and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal. For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids is sufficient for this purpose.



Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for Menhoids sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys and make you feel young and vigorous. If you suffer from any of these

symptoms go to your chemist to-day, and get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids and take one Menhoid at meal time. You can get large flasks of Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 4/6, or smaller flasks for 2/6 from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

FREE DIET CHART

In every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just get a postal note to this paper, with

your name and address along the margin, and send it to MENHOID LABORATORIES, Dept. 3, Box 3817 T., G.P.O., Sydney; your Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids will reach you by return mail, complete with the Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.

OATINE POWDER BASE

The Re-Creative Cream

Restores the bloom of Youth in a few seconds, without the aid of powder. Don't wait any longer. Buy a tube of Oatine Powder Base to-day. Ask for Natrulle or Rachelle — whichever suits you. At all Chemists and Stores.

1/3 Per Tube.



Use OATINE CREAM to cleanse and feed the skin. Tube 1/-, Jars 2/6 and 4/6.

KOSCIUSKO THRILLS...

HEAVY snow has fallen at Mount Kosciusko in the past few days, and even round the Hotel Kosciusko there is several inches of snow, increasing towards the summit.

The hotel is filled with a happy crowd of tourists, and snow sports—ski-ing and tobogganing—are in full swing. Conditions are sure to improve now that the winter has set in earnest.

Now is the time to visit Kosciusko at special concessions made available by The Australian Women's Weekly and Station 2UW, in conjunction with the Government Tourist Bureau.

The second of the winter touring parties left Sydney on Friday evening, and is now at Kosciusko, but there is still time to book for either of the remaining tours.

The next party leaves Sydney on June 15, and you should book at once with the Government Tourist Bureau to avoid disappointment. The total cost of the tour extending over 10 days is £10/10/-, which includes reserved railway transit, accommodation at the Hotel Kosciusko, three days at the Chalet, all meals on the journey, free use of all sporting equipment, and free tuition in ski-ing. Certificates of proficiency in ski-ing will be awarded to those who wish to qualify for them.

On June 22 a grand winter tour will commence. The cost of this trip has been slightly increased to £12/12/- for the ten days, but patrons will have the privilege of extending their stay to a total of 16 days for an extra £5/18/-, making the total cost of sixteen days amongst the snow £18/10/-.

For full particulars of the tours listen-in to station 2UW any morning at 9 o'clock, or write to Miss Kay Russell, at the station.

MUSIC of the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Hamilton Harty's Sydney Triumph

AS in Melbourne, almost unprecedented scenes of enthusiasm were enacted when Sir Hamilton Harty gave his first concert in Sydney. Over a week of intensive rehearsal under the baton of the famous visitor had brought the augmented A.B.C. Orchestra to such a degree of competency that it was able to handle brilliantly a programme of difficult works. The tricky "Bartered Bride" overture of Smetana was the opening number; then came a noble performance of the Brahms No. 1 Symphony which was a highlight of the Melbourne season. After the interval the huge audience was intrigued and excited by the Polka and Fugue from "Schwanda, the Bagpipe Player," the most successful opera of recent years and written by the Czech, Jaro Weinberger. It was in turn piquant and hasty music with a strong flavor of the folk song in its themes. Sir Hamilton had the orchestra playing with rare devil and precision in this most difficult score.

Relief from the closing turbulence of "Schwanda" was provided in the plaintive pages of "The Walk to the Paradise Gardens" from Delius' "Village Romeo and Juliet." One felt that Harty had a special affection for the subtle inflections of this music. He certainly secured an exquisite performance.

By this time the big crowd was in a fever of enthusiasm, and it only required such neat trifles as Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Flight of the Bumble Bee" to set it clamoring for repetitions.

As the final listing we heard again Sir Hamilton Harty's own symphonic poem, "With the Wild Geese," a richly scored and emotional work based on poems by Lawless concerning the Irish exiles who fought with France in 1891 and were dubbed "The Wild Geese."

Lindsay Biggins

WHAT a brilliant career is to the credit of the young Melbourne pianist, Lindsay Biggins, who will be

heard in the national programme on June 18. As a boy he won many scholarships, and the public of Melbourne, intrigued by the promise of the young student, strongly supported the concert given him by the University Symphony Orchestra. He left for the Leipzig Conservatorium, where he studied under Max Pauer. Returning to Australia in 1929 he toured with Harold Williams prior to taking the appointment of chief study teacher and lecturer to the University Conservatorium of Music. By the way, he gives a talk each week from 3AR, the series being titled "For the Musical Student."

Coming Recitals

THAT clever boy pianist Jack Freeman is to give a piano recital in the Assembly Hall on June 26.

Another keyboard programme is to be submitted by Muriel Esdall at the Conservatorium on July 5, the assisting artist being Elsa Corry (soprano).

A third piano concert at the Conservatorium, on June 28, will bring forward in his first public appearance the German musician Helmuth Hoffmann.

Tauber Not Coming

THERE have been rumors that a Melbourne entrepreneur had arranged for a tour of Australia next year by the famous Viennese tenor, Richard Tauber. I am in a position to state definitely that Tauber cannot possibly come to Australia (although he had expressed a hope that he may do some day) before 1936. He is fully engaged for this year and the best part of next, and at present is in London making his first big English film, "Blossom Time" at Eclair. The British Broadcasting Corporation recently starred Tauber in two performances of Lehár's "Frederica." Last month, Tauber appeared before the King and Queen at the Albert Hall at a concert in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund.

Australian Orchestral Music Second to None

SIR HAMILTON HARTY has shown, and has said, that in all essentials the Australian orchestral musician is second to none in the world. With continuous practice under inspired leadership, our musicians can undoubtedly be welded into a permanent orchestra capable of rendering worthily the world's greatest music. It will be a thousand pities if steps are not taken immediately to realise the long-cherished dream of a National Symphony Orchestra in Australia.

The difficulties of maintaining such an orchestra have been simplified by the entry of the Broadcasting Commission into the organisation of public entertainment. Added to the resources, both musical and financial, of existing organisations, the commission's revenue can back a really ambitious effort. If the visit of Sir Hamilton Harty is to have any lasting benefit, the Broadcasting Commission must not be content to rest on its laurels, as it has done in the case of the National Military Band moulded into shape by Captain H. E. Atkins, and since disbanded.

IN England music-lovers look to the British Broadcasting Corporation, with its princely income to form a permanent opera company—so far, in vain. In Australia the eyes of music-lovers are on the commission.

Cheap sneers about the capabilities of Australian musicians have been heard all too often in the past. Without frequent rehearsal and a team sense which comes only with the knowledge of permanency, an Australian symphony orchestra cannot hope to attain the exalted heights enjoyed by such world-famed orchestras as the Berlin Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Philadelphia, Chicago, and the rest. But a letter received from Sir Hamilton Harty following his Melbourne season should show critics that, in the opinion of at least one acknowledged authority, the Australian musician is competent individually to take his place in any great orchestra overseas.

SIR HAMILTON HARTY wrote: "It has been a delight—any musician would feel it to be so—to perform for an audience which was at once so kindly and so discriminating. It would be manifestly unfair to expect the same technical finish from Australian orchestral musicians who have not the same opportunities of playing continuously together, as one demands from the leading orchestras of Europe and America, orchestras which for many years have had the advantage of almost daily practice together, but in all essentials the Australian orchestral musician is second to

none in the world. These remarks are drawn from me because certain misunderstandings may have been caused by the fact that, in commenting on Australian orchestral music I have touched on the fact that the individual players have

Movie Ball Costume



MISS JESSIE MALONE, of Bondi and Mudgee, wearing the costume of a slave girl, which she will feature in the Paramount Cleopatra Set at the forthcoming Movie Ball, at the Palais Royal on June 26.

had to reach this remarkable standard without the advantages enjoyed by other nations. In any case, I have the greatest admiration and respect for the Melbourne musicians who, without these advantages, have the innate musical qualities and the pluck and sportsmanship to reach such a fine standard of achievement. I am deeply grateful to them, and sincerely appreciate their musical gifts."



A MEDICAL SPECIALIST prescribes for Colds & Chills

The remedy is safe, pleasant and certain, and it is used by 3 out of every 4 doctors in England. It gets right down to the root cause of winter chills, colds, influenza, and is a useful palliative in rheumatism and neuritis.

The modern gas fire prevents these winter ailments by supplying mellow, sunlike warmth—warmth that is gentle to the skin, warms the blood and invigorates the system... by keeping the air in circulation and maintaining a perfect system of ventilation (thus preventing the atmosphere from becoming stale, dry and unhealthy)... by blotting out cold corners and making the room snug and cosy—even during the coldest weather.

This prescription is offered to you free. We will supply the "ingredient"—in a size, style and color to suit your personal taste, for as little as 10/- deposit and 5/- a month. Don't go through another winter without a modern gas fire. Come and see some of the "1934" models and you will understand right away why doctors recommend them.

If you are unable to call, please write for descriptive printed matter. The gas company offers you a friendly service and helpful advice on all matters relating to cooking and heating.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY
Share and Demeritum Agents
P.O. Box 100, Sydney

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house pipes are suitable

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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So they Say

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

BE SATISFIED

THE other day a beautiful Alsatian dog, with his front paws just reaching the top of a paling fence, was straining impatiently at his leash, and making frantic endeavors to peer through the barred wire which surmounted his enclosure.

He seemed to me symbolical of a great many of us. Do we not, as he did, try to peer into the future, and strain at the fetters which bind us to the everyday things of life?

And could we not learn, as he will eventually, that it is futile, and the only happiness to be gained here is by accepting things philosophically and being contented with our lot?

£1 for this letter to R. A. Hoars, 4 Home Rd., Newport, W.15, Vic.

PUNISHMENT

SEVERAL times I have spoken to children who have, shyly, not answered. One does not expect any answers, so it is very embarrassing when nine times out of ten the mothers turn and speak severely to the child for lack of manners. Once a mother thrashed a child who did not say "Good evening" when a friend and I called at her home. We felt very uncomfortable indeed.

If mothers would only leave their children alone, these small courtesies would soon be learned by the example set, far more so than by undue punishment. What do others think?

K. G. Porter, Karaweena, Jimbour, Qld.

NOT TRUE JUSTICE

IT is my opinion that our method of determining the guilt or innocence of a man charged with a crime is not true justice. His fate is in the hands of a group of people who are picked at random for their task, irrespective of intelligence and ability to reason clearly and correctly. The average jurymen is bewildered by, and unable to comprehend, the legal phrases used at court. He allows himself to become prejudiced by the newspapers, and is easily swayed by a clever lawyer. Would it not be more just if the jury consisted of a number of specially appointed intelligent men and women with a good knowledge of law and a special training which such an important position requires? I would be interested to hear what other readers think about this subject.

E. Healey, 129 Raleigh St., Thornbury, N.17, Vic.

STEPMOTHER

HAS anyone stopped to think that that much labelled person, the "step-mother," is often an unrecognized heroine. For any woman to take on the first wife's children, mother them, and work for them, with sometimes nothing but abuse and mostly keeping quiet for her husband's sake, is nothing short of heroic. There are cases, of course, where there is love and respect, but it is high time, especially in these enlightened days, that the step-children should take as broad a view on this subject as they do on any other.

M. Philpot, Croydon, Vic.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS

CHILDREN in boarding schools would not feel so homesick, if, upon arrival, or during subsequent weeks, they could sit down and write to their parents without fear of censorship.

To the best of my knowledge, no boarding school or convent will permit this. It is an unwritten rule that no child may write or receive a letter without it being read by those in authority, and, although this supervision may be necessary in the case of casual friendships, every parent naturally resents it.

There are many domestic intimacies between parents and children in their teens which may not be meant for the teacher's eyes.

Surely an organisation beyond reproach has nothing to fear from confidences made by a pupil to its parent (on the contrary, it should encourage this feeling) and mothers and fathers who pay all the expenses should be entitled to write, unhampered by censorship, to their own children? What do other parents think?

Mrs. Martin, Campanella, Mt. Wilson, Blue Mountains

To Forgive Does Not Always Mean to Forget

MISS E. EVANS asks (26/5/34) if it is possible to feel sincere forgiveness without forgetfulness. Doesn't it depend upon the type of person we are, and on what we have to forgive? If it is something that has hurt a great deal, and has been very hard to forgive, I don't think it could ever be really forgotten. More credit is due to the person who finds it difficult to forgive and overcomes it, than to the person who forgives easily and forgets. Usually, they don't feel very deeply, and can afford to be magnanimous.

Miss B. Doyle, 250 Arden Street, Coogee, N.S.W.

Hand-in-Hand

MY opinion is that with true and sincere forgiveness comes the desire to forget the unkind word or action, so that forgiveness and forgetfulness go hand in hand.

I have heard women say they never forgive. These women, to my way of thinking, are deserving of everyone's pity, because most of us know that "To err is human, to forgive divine," so that those who can and do forgive and forget are the happiest.

Miss A. Hoare, Kennedy St., W. Ipswich, Qld.

Something Past

I THINK that when a healthy normal-minded woman forgives she pushes the grievance into the limbo of the lost—"out of sight and out of mind"—and grabs with both hands any joys that the present day brings forth.

To dwell constantly on sorrows and injuries, even to a strong-minded person would result in tragedy.

Mrs. M. Ponton, 18 Fern St., Buranda, Sth. Brisbane, Qld.

Resentment Lingers

IN very rare cases only, and then only with exceptionally sweet and placid natures, is it possible to forgive while not forgetting. Sometimes a word, a look, or an allusion will recall a grievance; sometimes we are able to laugh over it, yet deep down in our heart a feeling of resentment lingers.

No, unless one can really forget, erase the incident from one's mind as if it had never been, one can never truly forgive.

Mrs. E. Challenger, Garden St., Hawthorn, E.3, Vic.

Screen Oddities

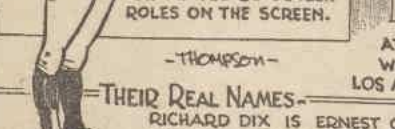
By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



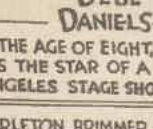
ESTELLE TAYLOR
BEGAN HER PICTURE CAREER BY DOUBLING FOR DOROTHY DALTON IN STUNT THRILLERS.



HALLIWELL HOBBS
HAS PLAYED 80 BUTLER ROLES ON THE SCREEN.



BEBE DANIELS
AT THE AGE OF EIGHT, WAS THE STAR OF A LOS ANGELES STAGE SHOW.



RICHARD DIX
IS ERNEST CARLETON BRIMMER

-THOMPSON-

THEIR REAL NAMES—
LORETTA YOUNG IS GRETCHEN YOUNG.

Toy Guns—and Their Effect On Young Minds!

I AM loath to enter upon any discussion that savors of hate, but I cannot let Miss Stellar's (sonnet?) 2/6/34, pass without comment. I was a kid once, and I remember that every associate of mine worthy of association delighted in the thrill of a gun, a cowboy's trousers, and a pal to play the corpse in the old game of Cowboys and Indians.

We laugh now, my pals and I, over

FASHION PARADES

I OFTEN wonder why drapery houses and dress firms do not think it worth while to hold fashion parades occasionally at 7 o'clock or so in the evening, so that women who are engaged in shops or offices all day may attend.

Mrs. Lucie Buckingham, 11 Moira Av., West Ryde, N.S.W.

those happy days. We do not give our kiddies books on logic. We play with them sometimes, and become the corpse.

Les Bailey, 219 St. John's Rd., Forest Lodge, N.S.W.

Keep Them Away

I AM of the same opinion as Miss Stellar (2/6/34), re firearms for children. Recently, when walking along George Street West a young boy of about 10 years ran out from the doorway of an empty shop, and brandishing a toy gun, shouted, "Hands up, or I fire!" This, of course, gave me quite a shock. Mothers would do well to keep such toys away from their children.

Mrs. J. L. Power, 203 Flood St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Not Harmful

I DO not agree with the views expressed under the heading, "Disarm Nursery," on the "So They Say" page of June 3. Undoubtedly, real firearms should never be left within the reach of children, but surely it is taking things too seriously to believe that a child joyfully brandishing a toy has any potential leanings toward murder or bloodshed.

Any sensible boy can be taught that a gun, whether loaded or unloaded, should never, either jokingly or carelessly, be pointed at anybody.

Mrs. H. Elliott, Benburb, 189 Storey St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

Cosmetic Classes and the Art of Make-Up

IN reply to Miss R. Neill's letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 5/5/34) it would be a useful thing to have classes on cosmetics.

But if one studies the papers one will notice that in most papers there is a page about cosmetics, and how to use them.

It is really one's own personal taste as to how much they apply. If the result gives them that cheap look, it is really their own look out.

M. Clausen, 2 Elder Rd., Birkenhead, S.A.

Moderation

A GIRL'S "make-up" is an integral part of herself, it is as sure an indication of her character and social standing as her clothes and whole deportment. It belongs to that class of thing which she senses rather than is taught, so in this matter intuition, not tuition, should be her guide.

Make-up, like manners, should not be part of the regular school curriculum. Both these subjects should be carefully attended to in the home, since the example in that sphere will outweigh all precepts from any other source. A well-bred girl will not go out looking like a painted doll. She will be as moderate in applying the lipstick and rouge as she will in avoiding violent colors in her clothes.

Miss Betty Lipscomb, Manning House, The University of Sydney.

Excellent Idea

THE suggestion made by the well-known public man mentioned in Miss Neill's letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 5/5/34), that classes in make-up should be established in schools is an excellent one. Indeed, elderly women could attend such classes with advantage to themselves, and to their beholders, for what is more pitiable than an ageing face with a mouth looking like a scarlet gash, and cheeks like a red, red rose. Even a beautiful face can be spoiled by the wrong kind of make-up. The whole expression can be changed, hardened, coarsened. As a writer recently stated, "The art is of no use unless it lifts at least ten years from a woman." Therefore, let there be schools of make-up.

J. G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn E3.

Unevenly Applied

I CANNOT understand why many girls and women go out with powder applied unevenly, eye cosmetic dashed on carelessly, and great patches of rouge and lipstick on cheeks and lips. Surely they know make-up is intended to assist nature—not deface it. Powder, cream, lipstick, rouge, and other beauty aids, when sensibly applied, can give a charming effect, but with careless, or too liberal an application, ruins all the original charm. An artist, painting a picture, gives the utmost care and consideration to the subject. Make-up is just as serious an art, and deserves as much attention to details.

Miss Eileen Arundel, 154 Beattie St., Rozelle, N.S.W.

Absurd

IN my humble opinion I think it would be absurd to waste valuable school time in instructing children how to put that schoolgirl complexion on the outside.

Why not paint their cheeks from the inside by instructing them in correct diet and exercise, thus making them athletic rather than cosmetic.

I think readers will agree with the writer that there is nothing so wonderful as the young fresh rose of girlhood, going out into the world, free from the use of harmful cosmetics. However, if make-up is desired, it should be done under the guidance of the mothers, who should be the best judge of such matters.

Adolescence revolutionises the young one's outlook, so why add extravagance and artificiality?

Margaret Cranston, Box 3088 N.N., G.P.O., Sydney.

Unnecessary

COSMETIC classes would be useless—there will always be some girls using more rouge, etc., than others, even though they were taught in the same school. Most girls follow their mother's teaching, so make-up could be learned far more successfully in the home than at school. I should think.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Academy St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

LEFT-HANDED CHILDREN

HOW many parents realise the danger attached to trying to break a left-handed child from the habit of using its left hand? Medical observations show that of 41 left-handed children who were compelled to use the right hand 24 became stammerers. Of 200 stammerers in another case, 52 per cent. were originally left-handed, and had been made to become right-handed. I have a left-handed boy who is just as deft with his left hand in such subjects as shorthand, etc., as a right-handed boy. All teachers should be forbidden to try to convert a left-handed child into a right-handed one.

Mrs. G. D. Dumas, 143 Payneham Rd., St. Peters, S.A.

NATURE'S MUSIC

DOES running water affect anyone else as it does me? Our home is on the bank of a creek which boasts the clearest and purest water in the district. Apart from the value of the water for house and stock purposes, this creek has proved a Godsend to me as a nerve tonic. Often when I have had a heavy or trying day, and my nerves

ETIQUETTE



DON'T stand in the centre of a foot-path to talk. Move with your friend to one side for conversation.

were so much upset that sleep was impossible, I have sat on a boulder in the water and watched and listened to the water. Its gentle murmurings as it rippled over the stones, or fell in tiny cascades over the shelves of rock have been like sweetest music to me, soothing the nerves, and filling my whole being with peace, content, and sweet restfulness. I think nature is too wonderful for words.

Mrs. A. Brownsey, Silent Grove, Mackay, Qld.

GOOD MANNERS

YOU cannot have a really kind heart if you do not possess good manners. To know that you would tenderly nurse a broken leg is no comfort to your neighbors when you sit by them like a wet blanket, or as if they were nonexistent, or when you shake hands stiffly and coldly as if it were a penance, or hurriedly as if there were someone pleasanter just beyond. Good breeding needs a good heart, quick wits, and a sympathetic imagination, none of which are things to be undervalued.

Mrs. F. E. Whittingham, Box 139 P.O., Stanthorpe, Sth. Qld.

TRAIN POLITICIANS

DOCTORS, ministers, chemists, dentists, engineers, etc., not only have to spend several years learning as much as possible about their chosen callings, but they must also pass searching examinations before they are allowed to practice. No course of training, however, is demanded of our politicians. Election time arrives, and we have to vote for men to represent us in Parliament—men who will govern us—make our laws, and bring our State and country before the eyes of the world by the way they conduct their term of office.

How many of the candidates have fitted themselves in any way to qualify for this exalted and dignified position? Surely some standard of intellectual ability should be required of those who seek the highest honor in our Public service.

Mrs. I. B. Catling, School House, Killarney, N.S.W.

CAREER Upsets MARRIAGE



(Above): ELISSA LANDI, with Ronald Colman, in "The Masquerader," as the erstwhile neglected wife who thinks herself in love once more with her husband.

Elissa Landi's Broken Romance

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THE cabled news that Elissa Landi has started divorce proceedings against her husband makes rather sad reading. It looks as if, in her case at least, it were impossible to reconcile marriage and a career. Yet she protests that she still loves her husband. The insurmountable difficulty apparently is that she is tied to Hollywood, where she has taken up residence while working for various film companies, and her husband will not leave London and come to live with her.

WELL, perhaps if their two paths must diverge and they, neither of them, feel that they can give up what they are doing for the sake of the other, it is better that they should make a break. All the same, it seems a pity.

Sometimes, on hearing of these divorces in the film colony at Los Angeles, one is just mildly amused. The divorce is so obviously terminating what could never have been more than a temporary alliance. Film stars like Jean Harlow, for instance, married and divorced three times before she was 24, may be triers for the matrimonial stakes. But one could hardly expect them to stay the course.

Then look at Gloria Swanson, who has now left her fourth husband, Michael Farmer. This fourth husband of Miss Swanson's, like her first, Wallace Beery, was also acting in films. In fact, he appeared with her in her last picture, "Perfect Understanding," so they had a community of interest which might have kept them together.

The truth seems to be that isolation from the outside world is partly responsible. Many film actors and actresses in that circumscribed colony, passing their time with a number of other people who think and talk about films and one another from morning till night, become far too introspective. They have very limited resources to while away their leisure periods, and not enough variety of occupation on which to expend the abounding physical energy they so often possess, along with perfect health, as one of their qualifications for stardom.

Since they live their private lives in

the midst of excited gossip under the glare of the spotlights, it is not surprising when they show the signs of what we may call "ingrowing egotism." One wonders sometimes, too, whether these rather hasty marriages and divorces have their uses as publicity.

But Miss Landi's case, one would have thought, was different. To begin with, she is a person with a background, possessing more than the usual culture and some gifts apart from her work. Born of an Italian father and Austrian mother, she is courtesan in her own right, and is said to be descended, though how it is not explained, from that brilliant and beautiful Empress of Austria who was assassinated.

Various Accomplishments

NATURALLY from that mixture of ancestry she inherits a gift for languages, and she is versed in the literature and culture of several European countries. Coming when she was young to England, and associating there with people of standing, she speaks English perfectly, too, and is well acquainted with English literature. She has herself written three or four novels which have had a fair success, and she is something of a musician besides. She has an agreeable mezzo soprano singing voice, and in "The Masquerader" she plays a portion of one of her own musical compositions.

Again, as far as her acting career goes, she has shown herself frequently as a person out of the ordinary. After her novitiate with the Oxford Players, she was introduced to London audiences in a play by C. K. Munro called "Storm," in which she played the name part. This

(At left): A recent portrait of Elissa Landi, showing how widely apart her sparkling green eyes are set.

was followed by Daisy Fisher's play, "Lavender Ladies." In both of these comedies—the first dealing with the semi-invalid and "retired" population of a spa, and the second taking its title from a Cranford-ish pair of elderly spinsters—she made the effect she was intended to convey of a visitant from another world, a world of glamour and immeasurably wider experience. Her striking beauty, with its suggestion of latent power, made her seem remote and untouched.

In the films for which she acted in England and in which Hollywood has since starred her, she has never achieved quite the same effect. But she has usually been interesting, even in the comparative failures due to miscasting.

Film Career

OF the films in which she has most recently been seen in Australia, "By Candlelight," "Man of Two Worlds," and "The Masquerader," the last certainly suits her best. And it is said that she was really keen to play the part of John Chilcote's wife. This character gives her the opportunity to appear as the woman of breeding and the gracious hostess that she can be so naturally. In "By Candlelight" she plays with humor and intelligence, but with a certain amount of self-consciousness, her part of coquettish lady's maid. And in "Man of Two Worlds" she is likewise rather self-conscious as an object of reverential adoration.

It is a little curious that in this last film her voice over the wireless is supposed to increase the spell cast by her photograph on the young savage who had not yet seen her. Actually her voice, though pleasant enough, is by no means her greatest asset, being rather monotonous and limited in its tones.

Ah, well. However one may criticise some of her pictures—and she herself apparently feels that she has not yet made her big success—it is generally felt that she is an interesting and unusual person. And one does not like to see people of her kind making matrimonial shipwreck.

The husband's point of view should be considered, too. Mr. John Lawrence is an English barrister. He is supposed to resent the idea of merging his identity in that of his wife and being called "Mr. Elissa Landi." If he lives with her in Hollywood, whether that is really so or not, if he has professional ambitions he cannot afford to leave London, even if he has not yet achieved much of a practice. In fact, if he is still a more or less briefless barrister, all the more reason for his being constantly at hand.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★ GALLANT LADY

Ann Harding, Clive Brook, Otto Kruger. (20th Century, United Artists.)

WOULD the woman whom Ann Harding represents in this film be likely to become an unmarried mother through the sudden death of her airman-lover? This is not war time, you see. Well, it is possible, of course. And the fact that she has to give up the child to unknown people through poverty shortly after his birth, and when she meets him again as a jolly little five-year-old, has to suppress her relationship, gives Miss Harding opportunities for fine emotional acting.

No surprise will be felt that besides the airman, three men fall deeply in love with the heroine during the course of the film, for she is a charming and beautiful person. Perhaps the ardent Italian Count with such an attractive singing voice (Tullio Carminati), never had much chance. But Clive Brook, in the part of a doctor who has gone down and then recovers, as a veterinary surgeon, his self-respect, would be considered to carry better odds until the last furlong than the man who had adopted the child (Otto Kruger). Janet Beecher, a recruit from stage to screen, is a breezily staunch friend to Miss Harding, and opens up to her the career of interior decorator, which seems much favored nowadays. And the other characters in this well-produced film are good.—Regent.

★★ ROMAN SCANDALS

Eddie Cantor, Gloria Stuart, David Manners. (United Artists.)

DREAMS of the historic past are an entertaining pastime. The less you know about the period the more you can let your fancy roam. Here Eddie Cantor, as a grocer's boy in West Rome, Oklahoma, who doeses in the museum of antiquities, offers the fruits of his hectic imagination. Projected suddenly into the Rome of the Caesars (which Caesar we cannot tell, but he is apparently called Valerius), he is put up for sale in the slave market along with a number of girls clad only in their flowing locks. This market is conducted like a cross between a public festival and a fan dance. Later he is tortured in a dungeon, then becomes food taster to the Emperor (Edward Arnold)—a chancy job—and finally assists the flaxen-haired Princess Sylvia of Britain (Gloria Stuart) to escape with her patrician lover (David Manners), who is named, curiously enough, Josephus.

Veree Teasdale, as an Empress answering to the masculine cognomen of Agrippa, appears in the somewhat unusual costume of a skirt and a few beads. But historical accuracy, as we have indicated, is nowhere slavishly adhered to in this hilarious gambol through the past. One of its wilder passages is Cantor's invasion of the women's quarters of the palace in the guise of an Ethiopian slave. But the scream of the whole piece is the chariot race, which ends up by flinging Cantor back into the present. This is a gorgeously comic sequence, and it more than makes up for the indifferent music of the incidental songs.—State.

★★ BOLERO

George Raft, Carole Lombard. (Paramount.)

DANCING is suitably the theme of this film, which is surcharged with the music of Maurice Ravel's "Bolero." We fancy that this purpose of the story, intended for the purpose of the story, but certainly no music could have been discovered more appropriate than this example of pulsating, savage rhythm. Nor has George Raft done anything better than his portrayal here of the young American workman of Belgian extraction, who concentrates his whole will on becoming a dancer of repute in European capitals. His poker face and lithe athleticism and his general tauntiness are in keeping with the physical type and mental cast required for the character.

Carole Lombard, too, long limbed, clear headed, and with a touch of cool reserve, is just the partner with whom such a man would succeed. The scenes of the war, which interrupt the fulfilment of the plan for a first-rate night club in Montmartre, are somewhat perfunctory. And the kind of night club seems rather post-war. But the climax of the reopening night is very ably done, and during the earlier part of the film there is an exquisite fan dance performed by Sally Rand.—Prince Edward.

★ THE NINTH GUEST

Genevieve Tobin, Donald Cook, Hardie Albright. (Columbia.)

MURDER of itself is not so interesting as some playwrights appear to suppose. Without adequate motive and plausibility the crime which unseated Hamlet's reason can become almost commonplace and foolish. Here eight guests have been collected in a palatial flat to dine with death, so their unseen and unknown host informs them, and

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.
★★ Two stars—good films.
★ One star—average films.
No stars . . . no good.

one after the other they mostly oblige him by coming to a violent end. But does the heart leap into the mouth on watching them? Not quite all the way. There are too many coincidences, and the guests are too passive for most of the time. Then the various shameful secrets that are exposed as the night wears on—for the murderer applies this refined mental torture also—seem rather flimsy pretexts for putting people to death. And the comic relief introduced by a hired footman who trips over his own feet is discordant. This film is saved by its settings, and by its competent acting.—Capitol.

★ ON SECRET SERVICE

Greta Nissen, Carl Diehl, Lester Matthews. (B.I.P.)

THE success of "I Was a Spy" has started a new vogue for films on the war-time secret service theme. This one has captured the proper atmosphere of strain and secrecy, and represents the opposing spies in quite credible surroundings. The military and other details seem to be fairly correct, too, as far as one can judge. Greta Nissen, as the marchesa, is gowned in post-war fashions, but she has the haunted look that spies must often wear when they are not composing their faces into a mask. The cruel choice between patriotism and love finds her weak, and to be weak in those circumstances is to be weak in the eyes of the audience. Her Austrian lover, Von Humbert, is played by Carl Diehl with knowledge and restraint. Supporting characters, notably Esme Percy, as a veiled newspaper correspondent, are also well portrayed. The scenes of fighting amid the jagged peaks of the Dolomites, and the glimpses of Rome, and, in fact, the settings and photography generally, are all good. And the producers of the film are to be commended for not shirking the bitter conclusion.

★ THE THUNDERING HERD

Randolph Scott, Judith Allen, Noah Beery. (Paramount.)

OUT of the number of good "westerns" we have seen lately this is the best so far. The story is placed in the period when buffalo hunters still ranged the plains, and Red Indians, resentful of the slaughter of the herds on which they largely depended, were a menace to the marauding white men. Randolph Scott, hero of several films of this class, is here a young hunter whose matrimonial designs are discouraged by the two older men who have taken him into partnership, and definitely barred by the brutal stepfather (Noah Beery) of his sweetheart (Judith Allen), who shows herself able to swing a leg over a horse in very pretty style.

The title of this adaptation of Zane Grey's book is most apt. When the stampeding buffaloes crash past, they remind one of that famous line of Virgil about the hoofs of the rushing horses shaking the plain with their noise. After the heroine has escaped from the sinister Beery and his equally sinister wife, and has been rescued by the hero from being trampled by a maddened herd, there is an exciting finale, showing Indians in their war plumage circling round a travelling caravan, and the melee before they are beaten off.

★ CRIME ON THE HILL

Nigel Playfair, Lewis Casson, Sally Blane. (B.I.P.)

LEWIS CASSON, who recently toured Australia with his wife, Dame Sybil Thorndike, gives a sound performance as a gentle village clergyman in this picture. Sir Nigel Playfair is also interesting as the doctor, but he does not quite sustain the drama of the close. That is largely the fault of an unconvincing story. In this screen adaptation the original angle murder has been increased to three. Characteristic English country scenes are introduced, and the village incidents and settings, including a charity bazaar in the grounds of the hall, the taproom of the inn, and the Coroner's inquest held in the large room off it are realistically presented. Judy Kelly and other players familiar to Australian audiences do well in minor parts, but it is not explained why the squire's niece, or ward (Sally Blane) is an American girl!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, June 16, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One.

A Home of Treasures Gathered in Australia

Except when the boat-race, in which all the Finlay family are most interested, is run, and when Mrs. Finlay gives one of her "swimming-suits and tennis togs" parties, it is delightfully quiet at Fiona, St. George's Crescent, Drummoyne, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Finlay.

OUTSIDE, spacious grounds descend to the river side. Inside, around a nucleus of antiques and numerous other pieces brought, as heirlooms, from Harcourt Hall, Dublin, by the late Mrs. Sinclair Finlay in the old colonial days, are gathered, as a result of Mrs. Finlay's enthusiasm, many rare and beautiful objects.

The large drawing-room, with fireplace at each end, shows to advantage a firescreen embroidered in needlework on satin with one Jennie Barton's initials and coat of arms, finished with little birds and prim little flowers. The girl who worked it was Mrs. Finlay's grandmother, who went to school at Springfield, at that time a fashionable school at King's Cross, but long since superseded by modern buildings.

A large Ming vase, nearby, was once so admired by the artist, Miss Madden, that she used it as a model in a picture which was presented to the Duchess of York. It is perforated at the top, and was possibly used for incense. Chinese figures are modelled on it in high relief.

A divan which belonged to Elizabeth Bay House is covered with brocade. In the accompanying picture Mrs. Finlay is seated upon this, and holds in her hand a painted mother-of-pearl fan with petit point lace, which was a gift of the Duke of Abercorn to the late Mrs. Sinclair Finlay, on her presentation at The Castle, Dublin. The coral coronet she is wearing belongs to an old set, which includes earrings as well.

THE study, from its carpet and chairs of teak to its wall decorations, is in Chinese style. A large red lacquer panel covered with groups of small figures once formed part of a royal marriage bed. Originally, it had an oval of cane inset, but now it is filled with a mirror—for Mrs. Finlay believes in making use of the things she acquires.

Another panel belongs to a set of four known to collectors as the "Four Seasons." On a black lacquer ground is superimposed a white jade vase with a coral chrysanthemum that simulates the real flower amazingly. Another rather squat jade jar holds a maple leaf wrought from colored jades.

Utility is added to the study by a modern bookcase of lacquer in-

laid with ivory, which once belonged to an Emperor's yacht.

Most of the furniture is Early Georgian. In the dining-room, on the Georgian buffet, stands a large Waterford claret jug, one of a choice collection. One of the most valuable and interesting pieces in the collection is an old pewter alms tray, which dates from Queen Anne's reign.

Young Mervyn Finlay, the son of the house, and his sister Barbara have already augmented the collection of cups with their school trophies. These silver rewards of athletic prowess bring up to date a collection of silver from the period of George II.

On festive occasions when Mrs.

Finlay has a tennis party for her son and daughter, she brings out the old alms tray laden with sandwiches—but the other silver is far too precious to risk.

Mr. and Mrs. Finlay have travelled extensively, and the many treasures in their home would naturally lead one to believe that most of these "pieces" have been collected abroad. As a matter of fact, every one of them, except the family heirlooms, has been acquired in Australia. Evidently, patient search and cultivated taste make it possible to furnish a room in any desired style without leaving this country.



AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Mrs. Mervyn Finlay, taken in her home at Fiona, Drummoyne. The divan on which Mrs. Finlay is seated originally belonged to Elizabeth Bay House. The lovely old fan she holds is of painted mother-of-pearl and petit point lace.

—Women's Weekly photo.

CLEVER IDEAS

A LITTLE vinegar added to the water in which striped silks are rinsed will prevent them fading.—Valmai Westaway, Meridan Plains, Landsborough, Qld.

WHEN BREAD is too new to make into crumbs, shake a very little flour or ground rice on to a piece of the bread. This will enable you to crumble it easily.—"Dulcie."

TO KEEP bright copper kettles and firetrons. Rub them with a flannel wrung out of hot water, then dipped in powdered borax. Rinse and polish with a dry duster.—"Dulcie," Mildura, Vic.

WHEN PRESSING bias binding, start by using a cool-iron and press rather slightly so that if a crease does occur it can be easily removed. It is best to remove tackings before pressing, as this gives the crossway piece greater freedom to bed itself in evenly. When the edge is creased in the right position a hotter iron can be used.—"Clara."

IF BEDS are to be stored for any length of time, it is a good plan to give the wire mattress a coat of aluminium paint. This not only improves the appearance, but helps to keep it free from rust.—L.S., Bendigo, Vic.

BADLY TARNISHED or rusted brass of any kind, such as curtain-rings and pins, can be cleaned by soaking in ammonia and then boiling in water in which haricot beans have been cooked. Brass lacquer or tiled hearths will look as brilliant as new if cleaned with floor-polish. Floor-polish is also excellent for keeping geysers untarnished.—Y.U.M., Adelaide.

I SAVE all pieces of string from parcels knot them together, and wind in a ball. When I have sufficient I use a pair of No. 9 knitting-needles, cast on 40 stitches, and knit plain and purl for 15 inches. They make excellent disinfectants, the knots helping to clean more thoroughly.—E. Gates, 223 Liverpool St., Enfield, N.S.W.

Hand-Embroidered Loveliness For Your Table!

Dinner cloths, featuring Buratto lace and hand-woven stripes in colorful beauty from the famous Florentine needleworkers, also exquisite embroidered specimens from the hands of Madeira experts.

EVERY woman knows that the effect of the loveliest frock is lost if undergarments are ill-fitting and bulky; that the beauty of the finest furniture is null and void if the floors are shabby; that a table set with the most exquisite china, glass and flowers is marred if the cloth is cheap and "shoddy." As in dress, so in the home—foundation's the thing.

THESE thoughts, I might add, ran through my mind when examining yesterday some of the most skilful work of human hands it has been my privilege to see. The fineness of the work, the beauty of the designs, the faultlessness, and the prices, taking everything into consideration, even unto duty and freight, amazed me.

Florentine women are renowned for the quality and the fineness of their work, and no wonder. They start early in life, and if you were to walk through the villages outside Florence you would see, side by side with old, gnarled women, dark-haired maidens, weaving, stitching, with a surprising quickness and accuracy.

Perhaps they might as they work lift limpid eyes and glance with momentary curiosity upon you as you passed, but the hands never falter, never cease.

Tourists—Europeans and Americans—literally snap up these treasures.

Americans are perhaps outstanding in their love of luxurious table arrangements. And since they pick up such exquisite decorative linen at prices less than one-tenth those obtaining in leading U.S.A. stores, they make the most of their visit. Of course, American as well as European buyers are constant visitors to Florence.

PETROV, our artist, made a sketch of the glorious cloth showing hand-woven stripes in sun-yellow, flame, sage-green, and black. This specific cloth measures 63 x 80 inches. The capacious serviettes match.

There is a wide variety of combined colors in these from which to choose, and at reduced prices.

The creamy-colored, embroidered cut-work cloth, which is being displayed in the photograph, comes from Madeira.

This wondrous specimen of handwork art measures 54 x 72 inches, and is accompanied by serviettes—miniature replicas of loveliness.

The linen used is so fine and soft, and yet so heavy, that one is instantly assured of the fact that this set would wear for ever and ever.

Colorful embroidery decorates others from Madeira.

ON the table in this same picture you can glimpse the Florentine dinner-cloth with its hand-made Buratto lace edge.

Tiny hand-embroidered flowers in the same blue that looms above workers nearly all the year round in this glorious spot strewn this lace, and also decorate the entire cloth 12 inches from the edge.

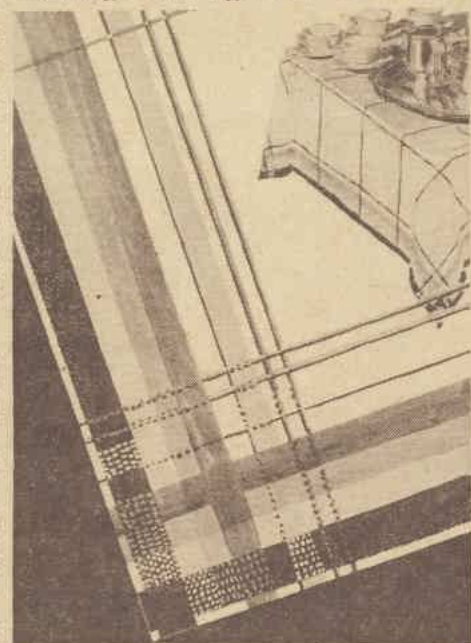
Six beautiful table napkins, carrying a conventional motif in blue in one corner, go with this 63 x 80 inch cloth, cut in price for your benefit.

Incidentally, I noticed supper cloths



ALL THE WAY from Madeira, this glorious specimen of women's handicraft. These dinner sets come from Snows.

—Women's Weekly photo.



THE HUMAN hand, guided by an artistic brain, has produced this lovely dinner cloth now on display at Snows. The stitchery is colorful—and forceful.

priced as low as 7/11, and dinner cloths from 28/11 among this collection of Florentine and Madeira needlecraft—Eve Gye.

UNITED Associations CONFERENCE

THE UNITED ASSOCIATIONS will open their two-day conference at Hordern Bros. on Monday, June 18. The morning session will commence at 10 o'clock. Mrs. J. A. Lyons will open the conference. Papers will be read on "Baby Health Centres and Ante-Natal Clinics," by Dr. Grace Cuthbert; "Kindergartens," by Miss Kathleen Chase; and "Day Nurseries," by Lady MacCallum.

The afternoon session will commence with "A Place in Hospitals for Preventive Medicine," by Dr. Harvey Sutton; "Planning for Leisure," by Miss Alleen Fitzpatrick. On Tuesday, June 19, the session will commence with "District Nursing," by Dr. Millard; "Bush Nursing," Dr. Millard, and Sister Morrice, R.R.C. M.B.E.; "Hospital Almoners," by Miss K. Ogilvy; "Hospital Extension," by Dr. Colvin, chairman of the Hospitals Commission, and the final paper will be given on "Hospital Contribution Scheme" by Mr. J. W. Henery, director Metropolitan Hospitals' Contribution Scheme.

A Famous Australian Miniaturist

Mrs. Ada Whiting Pays a Visit to Sydney

ONE of Australia's most notable artists, the famous miniaturist, Mrs. Ada Whiting, is at present on a visit to Sydney.

For the past forty years, Mrs. Whiting has been painting miniatures of Australia's best-known people, but so retiring is this gifted little lady that she managed to slip, unheralded, into our midst.

TWO of Mrs. Whiting's miniatures have just been accepted by the Paris Salon, and one by the Royal Scottish Academy at Edinburgh. Three examples of her exquisite work adorn the National Art Gallery of Sydney. Two of her miniatures were accepted (in 1900) by the Royal Academy, London. These are the only examples of her work she has sent to Europe for exhibition.

Unlike most artists, Mrs. Whiting has never gone out of Australia to study, though she has had many tempting offers of introduction to the world of



Left: MRS. ADA WHITING and (above) a hitherto unpublished picture of Dame Nellie Melba, photographed from a miniature painted by Mrs. Whiting when Melba was at the height of her fame. Dame Nellie is wearing the famous diamond tiara which was not to be found among her possessions at her death. The mystery of its disappearance has not yet been solved.

The photo of Mrs. Whiting is a Raymond Sawyer Home Study.

MRS. WHITING is the daughter of the late Mr. George Cherry, an English artist who settled in this country. Mr. Cherry himself was a miniaturist of note, and some very fine example of his work are now in the possession of his son, Mr. Rodney Cherry, of Warrawee, with whom Mrs. Whiting is now staying. One of Mr. Cherry's daughters has also been fortunate in inheriting a goodly share of the family talent and makes a hobby of landscape painting.

Mrs. Whiting's first commission for Vice-Royalty was executed for Lady Helen Brassey, and since then she has painted miniatures of many well-known people all over Australia.

The Countess of Linlithgow (then Lady Hopetoun), Princess Henry of Pleiss, Lady Davidson and her daughters Diana and Daphne, are among the notables for whom Mrs. Whiting has painted miniatures.



London and Paris. Dame Nellie Melba, for whom she painted many miniatures, was a keen admirer of her work and was among the influential people who have pressed Mrs. Whiting to go abroad and have offered her many introductions which would have meant an influential connection in her work.

Dame Nellie had many portraits of her friends and relatives perpetuated on ivory by Mrs. Whiting. She herself was a connoisseur of miniatures, and, recognizing the rare quality of Mrs. Whiting's work, she again and again commissioned her to do miniatures for her. At her request, Mrs. Whiting painted a miniature of Beverly Nichols, to be sent to his mother as a present from him—but at his employer's expense.

FOR Those Who SING

SOME interesting observations on singers and music were given by Dr. Cyril Jenkins, the well-known adjudicator, in a broadcast recently.

"A song is words plus music," he said. "Singing is the making of words beautiful. Remember that style is a matter of perfection of detail. The best-dressed woman, like the best singer, is not the 'loudest'."

"The elegance and beauty of the Australian woman by far surpasses her style in singing."

"Be as expressive as you like, but never allow your feelings to degenerate into sentimentality. Temperament is not a substitute for nuance. Nuance is an antidote for monotony. Artistic gradation of tone-color, of tone-quality, delights the ear, just as the artistic gradation of visual color delights the eye. A performer without a sense of rhythm is as helpless as a painter who is color-blind."

"Singing is hopeless without imagination. Do not give the impression that you are either too happy to care about sorrow, or too full of grief to understand happiness. Some singers give you the impression that they are never even moved or surprised. It is not because they have tasted all the joys and sorrows of the world, and are incapable of feeling because they have felt so much; but it is because they are puny and are incapable of feeling deeply."

"Art begins where technique ends. Remember the song begins with the very first note sounded on the piano-forte."

"Imagination is the golden key that unlocks the casket of art and reveals the treasures within; but without imagination, sympathy, insight—call it what you will—and the power of interpretation, nothing is possible."

"How music is to be played so as to have that rare and final beauty, neither I nor any other man knows, but we know that quality when we hear it."



Leopard



Skunk



Seal

Forresters

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BLUE COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN

For Blue Rooms...

are Now the Vogue

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

BLUE in all its variations of tone is predicted as one of spring's favorite fashion colors. As a fashionable furnishing color, however, blue has not been "in" for a long time. Now, it really is.

At furnishing fabric displays in the very near future, you will be able to choose from lovely blues, running from the palest pastel cloudy shades into soft sky, and even nautical blue.

I AM glad, and so will many others, that blue has come back into its own again.

It is so restful—there is nothing harsh or jarring about the softer blues, nothing tiring to the mind or trying to the eye.

The strong, cold blues, better described as hard blues, are not favored, although navy or nautical blue will be featured for chair covers and will look clear and strikingly smart against all white or stone-colored walls.

Blue, copper, and naturals make the loveliest of the new color combinations.

Copper in fabric can be toned down into the softest, most delightful complement to the right blue.

The other day I had occasion to visit the new home of an enthusiastic young home lover and was particularly interested in her bedroom.

Here, against walls of palest blue was draped satin of a coppery hue. I noticed the fabric, of a heavy furnishing quality, had a slightly ruffled surface.

The bedspread was made of this same material, and the carpet was carried out in a deeper blue, but it harmonised perfectly with the blue of the walls. The ceiling, incidentally, was distempered ice blue.

The furniture, of simple, modern design with a highly-polished finish, seemed to reflect the lights and shadows and take on additional richness.

Buff and French Blue

I HAVE had reproduced for you (see picture top of page) a most delightful room—one which is brimful of ideas. This is carried out in buff and French blue.

The walls and woodwork are painted buff with the quaint hinges on the cupboard blue.

Heavy cream repp was chosen for curtains and upholstery of lounge, with the unusual criss-cross effect on pleated valance and lounge in the French blue.

Note the lamp-shade with its fascinating trimming of the linen edged with blue.

The blue rug with buff fringe makes

"natural" toned gauze curtains on to the lounge upholstered in blue check fabric.

The quaint circular cushions show closely-pleated frill, and the starched linen shade of the table-lamp is set off by the color note introduced by the blue bow.

The same effect has been used in the treatment of these natural-toned curtains as in the previously described room—that is, the criss-cross effect on the heavier side drapes.



THE COLOR scheme for the charming room above is in French blue and buff. The walls and woodwork in the latter shade, and the quaint hinges on the cupboard, blue. Note the novel criss-cross design on curtains and lounge.

LEFT: This cosy corner shows another delightful scheme wherein nautical blue is introduced. The circular cushions and their organdie frill and the starched linen lampshade show originality.



LEFT: Blue patterned china is exquisite. This teaset features ice-blue daisies with gold centres on an azure blue ground.

quaintly patterned china featuring various blues has just been opened up in many of our stores. So, although you may not be able to secure a pattern similar to the one pictured here, you will be able to find many equally as sweet.

Softly-colored Bathrooms

I KNOW of a bathroom where pale blue and royal blue form a background for pale blue oiled-silk curtains edged with royal blue frills in this fascinating material.

Even the mat and the bathrobe hanging on the door, are in the same two shades.

Such uniformity spells attraction. Introduce one alien color, however, and the result is muddle.—E.E.G.



of this an altogether unusual and charming room, one, too, that any home lover clever with the needle could emulate to perfection.

Blue and Natural Check

HERE, in the second picture, is visioned a cosy corner with the sun streaming through diaphanous theatrical

The valance is scalloped and banded with the same soft blue.

As pretty a picture as you could wish for is the daisy blue teaset showing here.

The daisies are tinted ice blue with golden centres on an azure blue ground. This set was brought back recently from London by a young bride.

I noticed, however, that some ex-

COLORFUL SURROUNDINGS at LITTLE COST

What Can Be Done with the Dye-Pot

A change of color in the rooms of your house is invigorating. It has the effect on your mind that a change of location has on your health.

TO change the appearance of your household draperies need not mean a big expenditure on new curtains, table-runners, cushion-covers, and other articles. A few shillings spent on good dyes will work wonders.

Curtains can be taken down, dyed to entirely different tints, and hung again on the same day.

Even the carpets are readily rejuvenated by painting the correct shades of dye on the faded patches with a brush.

The saving on new clothes is considerable. Do not be content with the occasional dyeing of a slip to match a special frock or a dress that has been worn too often to please you. You can use dyes to keep a new look in all your dresses. If you make a practice of dyeing your clothes, you can make two or three frocks look like an endless succession of new ones by changing their color and trimmings.

The children's dresses, as well as the boys' shirts, ranger suits, and other gar-

ments can all be rejuvenated by home dyeing.

In all cases, however, it is essential to use the best dyes you can buy. Cheap dyes are bothersome, messy to use, and rarely give satisfactory results, but dye-making has reached such a high point of perfection nowadays that good dyes enable the average woman to secure results quite as good as those of the professional dyer.

Most manufacturers of dyes provide a booklet explaining the beautiful possibilities in blending different colors, as well as the dozens of things which can be done with dyes in any home, at a cost you would hardly notice. There is a lot of pleasure in home dyeing if you use good dyes, have a sense of color, and if you are a genuine home lover.

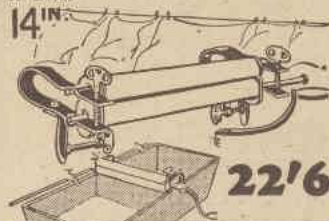
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"N. & K." Wringer, sturdily constructed with 14in. rubber rollers and firm gripping clamps. Why not make a Lay-by? Usually 26/9. **SALE PRICE** .. 22/6

KAPOK BEDDING

Less 15 per cent. (2/- in £1) Why not purchase all your Bedding requirements now while this generous Sale offer of 15 per cent. discount prevails? All Nock & Kirby's bedding is hand made and filled with best quality kapok.



With corrugated case and Aluminium cup. Usually sold at 2/6. **DURING THE SALE HALF PRICE, 1/3**

1½ or 2-pint size. **SALE PRICE, 2/3**

NOCK & KIRBY LTD
417-421 also 188-194 GEORGE ST.



"N. & K." Heavy Nickel Plated Electric Iron, complete with plug and flex. Guaranteed 12 months. Has convenient tip-up heel rest and thumb rest. Usually 17/6. **SALE PRICE** .. 12/6

IRONING BOARD 2/9



42 Piece Canteen Cutlery, comprising James Dixon's Nickel Silver Forks and Spoons, and stainless Dessert and Table Knives, packed in Jacobean Cabinet. **SALE PRICE** .. 55/-



Two Fold White Pine Clothes Horse. Each fold 3ft. wide x 4ft. 3in. high. Indispensable during the winter months. Usually 6/6. **SALE PRICE** .. 5/11

TOWEL AIRERS 7½d



Set of five Highly Polished Aluminium Saucepans, with oxidised handle. Approx. capacity, 1½ to 6 pints. Usually 13/9. **SALE PRICE** .. 11/6

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

EXCLUSIVELY Yours!

This lovely three-toned bag to accentuate the smartness of your winter costume... Work it in fawn, brown, and orange; blue, black, and grey; or blue, green, and brown. The diagram and directions will be your expert guide.



THIS BAG can be as smart as you like to make it, and will wear as long as the nicest suit you possess. The diagram (illustrated below) will guide you in the making, which you will find fascinatingly easy.

YOU will find this new method of counting the meshes and stitches a most easy and fascinating way in which to make a three-toned bag—designed for readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The colors chosen here are brown, fawn, and orange; others most suitable are blue, black, and grey, or blue, green, and brown.

The bag is designed to be made into an envelope purse (6½ x 10½) as illustrated, or, if desired, a shopping bag with zipper fastener or mount top.

Materials Required.—1 yd. coarse canvas, 1 yd. stiffening, 1 yd. silk lining, 2 skeins brown, 2 skeins fawn, and 2 skeins orange wool.

Directions.—The design is made of diamond-shaped motifs fitting snugly into each other. This gives a particularly striking effect since the conventional design is brought out with the different colored wools.

The number of diamonds worked into the design depends, of course, on the type of canvas used. In the bag illustrated, coarse canvas with a large mesh was used and exactly three and a half diamonds are fitted in across canvas.

If fine canvas is used, the design will comprise four or more diamonds.

The diamond outline is first worked across canvas in fawn.

(See diagram.) It is advisable to commence at lower left-hand side, and work upwards.

The stitch covers seven meshes of the canvas. The pattern is worked continually in sets of six stitches with five meshes difference in each set, and three sets of six to each half side of diamond, as illustration will show.

After the outline in fawn wool is completed, the procedure is one of filling in with brown and fawn wool until a small diamond space remains at bottom. This will be filled in with orange and brown wool.

■ BROWN ■ FAWN ■ ORANGE



NURSERY TRANSFER



TRANSFERS measuring 10 x 10 inches for decorative embroidery on cot, pram covers, wee tots' clothes, etc. Price 4d. post free.

Needlework Hint

TO make neat buttonholes in a soft fluffy material, mark out the size, and, before cutting, make a firm foundation by outlining with several rows of machine stitching. Then cut through and buttonhole in the ordinary way.

Needleworkers!

A convenient spot in which to keep, or slip a piece of needlework, crochet, or knitting intact when interruptions occur, should be welcome to all.

A PERMANENT work-table takes up so much room, besides, it is not always in demand, but you can convert an ordinary occasional table into a work receptacle quite simply.

Simply make a bag from a circular piece of cretonne. The size depends on the measurements and space between the legs of your particular table.

Run a gathering elastic through a slot, and at four equal spots sew a large draw-hook.

Inside the legs of the table (as shown) screw in four small rings. These will not be noticeable, and you can attach your work-bag to them whenever you need it.



Diagrams show how an ordinary table can be converted into a very handy work receptacle.

Macrame Continues to be Popular!

Crochet this smart, capacious handbag... You will find it easy with these simple, expert directions.

MATERIALS required: Five balls black macrame twine, a No. 3 Boyce crochet-hook, one 11-inch zipper fastener, 4-yard spartree for interlining, 4-yard fancy material for lining, and a black cone-shaped clasp.

Measurements: Length, 11½ inches; depth, 6½ inches. The strips let in the sides measure 2 inches in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

FRONT PIECE

Commence with 56 ch., turn. Row 1: Miss 2, 1 d.c. into next, * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 d.c. into next, repeat from * to end of row, turn.

Row 2: 1 d.c. into ch. loop, * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 d.c. into next. Repeat from * to end of row. These two rows form the stitch which is used throughout the entire bag.

When 32 rows have been worked, end off.

BACK PIECE (with flap)

Commence the same as for front. Continue until 38 rows have been worked. Turn.

Row 39: Work to the last ch., turn.

Row 40: Miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next, * 1 ch., miss 1, 1 d.c. into next; continue from * to the last ch., turn.

Row 41: Miss 1 ch., then 1 d.c. into next, * miss 1, 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next. Repeat from * to the last ch., turn.

Continue working in this manner, decreasing once at the end of each row until there are only 6 d.c. stitches in row; end off. This completes the flap.

SIDE STRIPS (both alike)

Make 17 ch., turn.

Next row: Miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next.

Continue working on these stitches until 32 rows have been worked. End off.

The strip used for the bottom of the bag is worked in the same manner for 54 rows; end off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces well with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join one short strip each end of the long strip. Next join in the strips to the front and back



JUST A rough sketch of this very smart bag.

* 1 ch., miss 1, 1 d.c. into next. Repeat from * to end of row, turn.

Continue working on these stitches until 32 rows have been worked. End off.

The strip used for the bottom of the bag is worked in the same manner for 54 rows; end off.

Press all pieces well with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join one short strip each end of the long strip. Next join in the strips to the front and back

pieces, taking care to keep each row even. All joinings are made by working a row of d.c. all round, catching the two edges together.

Continue the row of d.c. around the flap to first point; make 12 ch. Join to other point and continue round.

TO LINE

Cut two pieces of spartree 11in. x 6in. Tack each piece in around the edge and about three times across to give it a firm finish. Now sew in the zipper fastener, also clasp, into position.

The fancy lining is cut as follows:—One piece 23in. x 15in. and two pieces 11in. x 6in. Turnings must be allowed on all these pieces. Before machining up make two pockets, one large and one small one, and stitch on. A good idea is to make the hem at the top of each pocket wide enough to thread a piece of elastic through, gathering it slightly. When stitching the pockets on, make a small inverted pleat at the bottom to allow for fullness. Machine up sides and stitch into bag. A better finish is given when the lining is caught down the sides—it prevents it from pulling out.

Make neat end of zipper by making a strip worked on five ch. for 3 inches; fold over and sew on, tucking in raw edges of zipper. Thread a few strands of twine through the loop at the other end of zip, and plait to make a tassel.

Now make a small purse, using the same stitch as used in the bag, and finish off with a patent fastener.

WAY'S Great Winter SALE

WORTHY SAVINGS ON WARM WINTER GOWNS



Handsome Dressing Gown of Hand Quilted Satin, elaborately hand embroidered in gorgeous tonings. Handkerchief pocket and silk girdle. Lined contrast brocade. Colors: Black, Rose, Saxe, Cardinal, or Violet. Usually 47/6. **Way's Sale Price ... 37/11**

Value you will appreciate! A **Dressing Gown of All-Wool "Physician" Flannel**—quality that ensures years of good service. Wrap-over style with stole collar, sleeves and pocket embossed in shades to tone. Colors: Red or Saxe. Woman's size. Usually 25/6. **Way's Sale Price ... 23/6**
Out-size, usually 27/11. **Sale Price ... 25/11**

Warm and serviceable **Dressing Gown of Fancy Moleton.** Roomy, wrap-over style that ties at side. Stole collar, cuffs and pocket. Design gives prominence to shades of Saxe, Brown, Grey, Fawn or Black. Woman's size. Usually 15/11. **Way's Sale Price ... 14/11**
Out-size, usually 17/6. **Sale Price ... 16/6**

Smart Tailored Dressing Gown of Super Quality All-Wool Flannel. A gown distinctly in the "quality" class. Roll collar, sleeves, and pocket finished silk cord. Girdle at waist. Colors: Saxe, Red, Fawn. Sizes: S.W. and W. Usually 35/-. **Way's Sale Price ... 29/11**

Zanana Cloth Dressing Gown, silk plaid over cosy fleecy lining. Long stole collar trimmed with bossed spray. Pocket and belt. Colors: Red, Saxe, Powder blue, Rose or Apricot. Sizes: S.W. and W. Usually 37/6. **Way's Sale Price ... 29/11**
Out-size, usually 39/6. **Sale Price ... 31/11**

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- 3 Common type of heavy sole construction magnified showing two or three thicknesses of leather used. The result as stiff as a board and no extra wear.
- 4 Note the double row of stitching at the edge of the cap and round the goosh to ensure longer service.
- 5 Lined with brown wallaby, the toughest light-weight leather known.
- 6 Distinction you have only associated with hand-made footwear in this extended broad square toe last with full wide welts!

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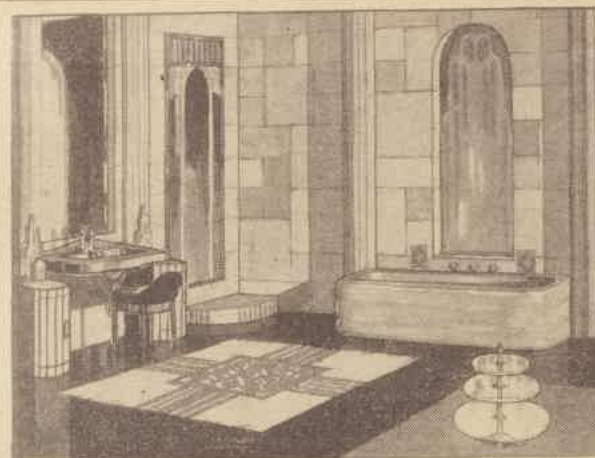


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And at NEWCASTLE.



THIS BATHROOM is Grace Bros.' conception of an ideal bathroom, and carried out in the following color scheme would provide a homeowner with definite "pride of possession." Ming green fixtures, with walls of grey and mauve and cream, with deeper notes of the colors repeated in the floor covering. The floor itself is tiled in mauve, almost deepening into purple, and the glass table of three circular tiers may be in green or mauve.

Bathrooms Up-to-Date

.... The day of the "poky" dead-white bathroom is done... An airy, spacious room, softly colorful and harmoniously furnished, now takes its place.

For many years the habit has prevailed of thinking of the bathroom in its utilitarian aspects to the exclusion of its possibilities as a beautiful and integral part of the home. In fact, it is only in the last 2 or 3 years that the bathroom has come to be considered as an interior.

THE architect, the interior decorator, and the individual home-owner are now giving more thought and attention to bathrooms than ever before.

Manufacturers, realising this, are co-operating by producing fixtures of undeniable beauty and charm.

Gone are the makeshift rooms of a few years back, the poky, cupboard-like rooms with their ugly fittings. Gone, too, or at least going, the more recent all-white bathrooms with their cold, hard look. And in their place are airy, spacious rooms with gleaming fixtures in softly blended colors and an intimate charm hitherto unknown.

Modern, the bathroom must be, for it has no precedent in the lives and customs of people of other lands. There are no period styles in bathrooms to copy; that fact becomes obvious when one realises that the individual bath is little more than a century old, although public baths date back to ancient times.

Bathrooms are a development of the last 30 years, so we cannot easily adapt the work of others. Instead, we must originate the architecture, the equipment, and the decorative treatment ourselves. And what a fascinating task!

ORIGINALITY in bathroom architecture has more or less been stifled by the casual and undistinguished beginning of the room itself. Its importance as a factor in health and comfort was accepted generally, but little thought was given to the beautifying of this necessary addition to the home. With its utility solely in mind, the home-owner decided to install a bathroom in

his home, and so he converted another room, a large closet or an anteroom, into a bathroom, and this ignoble beginning left its mark upon all bathrooms.

Yet the bathroom is so essential to the well-being of the whole family that from the very inception of the plans for the home it should be a part of that home, and should be given especial attention by both the architect and the builder. It should be planned and built as a bathroom—no room has more need for light, air, and sunshine.

This simple fact is quite often overlooked, and the bathroom given one or two small windows. More windows, more light, more air and sunshine for this room, where the greatest use of water is made and where the unhealthfulness of dampness must be guarded against.

LOOK at the bathroom sketched above, with its full-length window flooding the bath with the early-morning sunlight.

A charming room this, simple and colorful, with its Ming green bath and toilet fixtures.

The window is of stained glass with a conventionalised fountain motif.

The use of the rectangular shapes of different sizes in the wall avoids the monotony which sometimes results when a geometrical pattern is repeated in the same size. The cabinets on either side of the hand-basin have been designed to fit in with the simplicity of the architecture of the room, and the glass door to the shower-room with the grille-work at the top to provide necessary ventilation, is a new note.

DREAM HOMES...

Here at Last!

Even a house built to expand — three rooms this week, six the next!

Beauty, allied to every conceivable labor-saving device, is the keynote of this magical assemblage at the Ideal Home Exhibition, writes our special Home Maker correspondent from London.

ELECTRICITY, steel, concrete, and mechanical conjuring tricks whirled and glinted yesterday, the opening day, reducing the difficulties of home-making to an illusion.

Nothing, for example, could be more decorative, and at the same time more utilitarian, than "Staybrite City."

Here is enshrined a spectacle of shimmering elegance, carried out in the new non-corrosive Sheffield steel, at a cost of £50,000.

These bugbears, tarnish and rust, have been vanquished by this process.

And, for the benefit of the statistically-minded, it may be mentioned that sixteen tons of steel sheets, 6500ft. of steel tubing, and 13,500ft. of steel strip have been used to fashion this gleaming new world.

To walk, next, into the Village of Tomorrow is to be wafted into a region of scientific design.

Boldly sweeping windows catch every gleam of sunshine from morning to evening, while on the flat, asphalted roofs sun-bathing can be indulged in with absolute privacy.

Inside these homes are smoothly-purring sliding partitions, tiled fireplaces, and graceful staircases.

Houses built of concrete, with flat roofs, balconies jutting out on every floor, roof gardens, solariums, roof nur-



EVERY WOMAN ponders on her dream home.

series, and sun parlors, have bedrooms fitted with mirror-faced wardrobes which are lighted automatically by electricity as the door is opened.

There is even a house built to expand. It can have three rooms this week, and six the next without putting its tenant to much trouble or expense.

Windows Everywhere

I HAVE seen houses with curved windows, running round two, sometimes three, sides of the building; others with windows stretching in panels right round the rooms; living in them must be like living out of doors.

The smartest houses have circular front doors lit from above, and baths flood-lit from above.

The architect who thought of putting the nursery on the roof is a genius. "Noise does not descend," he explained when I congratulated him.

Nearly all the new houses have sun porches on the roof.

Doors of built-in cupboards, built-in bookcases, and radio and gramophone recesses are almost standard, too.

Full-length wall mirrors are set on dark landings. And there are glass fireplaces that require no black-leading.

Luxury—Plus!

NURSERIES have glass paintings of dream castles on the walls, and the splashback of their washbasins hides cineprojection cameras. Glass chandeliers in luxurious bathrooms change into showers, and the water pours down in glistening streams.

Telephones on expanding arms are fixed beside baths. Busy people will no longer have to leap out of their baths at the sound of the telephone bell and leave a trail of wet footprints and splashes on the way.

You can hear light and see sound, and watch an egg boil by radio!

DON'T FORGET...

The Trustee Officers' Ball is to be held at David Jones' on Wednesday, June 20, at 9 p.m. Proceeds are in aid of the Alexandra Hospital for Children. Tickets are 3-6 each. Ring 16571 for particulars.

The grand annual ball of the Royal Motor Yacht Club of N.S.W. will be held at the Blackland Galleries on July 7. There will be specialties, ballets, and other "wonderful acts."

To provide warm garments for the mothers and babies in hospital now that winter is here the Linen Auxiliary of the Women's Hospital, Crown St., is appealing for cream or white handkerchiefs. Donations in money or material, if sent to Mrs. E. T. Bourne, hon. sec., Linen Auxiliary, Women's Hospital, will be duly acknowledged.

The annual Chocolate and Blue Ball, held by the Sydney High School Old Boys' Club, will take place this year on July 13 at the Blackland Galleries.

A dance has been arranged for June 30 at the Royal Life-Saving Society's club rooms, in Hamilton St., as a send-off to the secretary of the New Zealand Women's Association, Younger Mrs. Myrtle Lee, who is to be married in July.

On June 18 the Dance Teachers' Association of N.S.W. will give a performance at the Conservatorium in aid of the Crippled Children's Association.

The annual dance of Milton (Avondale) Old Girls will take place on June 29 at the Pink-wick Club.

The forty-first annual Masonic Ball in aid of the funds of the Freemasons' Benevolent Institution will be held at the Sydney Town Hall on August 2.

The Glitz Realm Outfit will hold a fête in the garden of Mrs. Calman's home, at Roseville, on Saturday, June 16. Lady David will open the fête at 2.30 p.m.

Many fine artists will give their services at "A Night of Russian Music" which will be held at Sydney Town Hall on June 30.

The United Service Institution of New South Wales will hold the United Services' Ball at the Paddington Town Hall on June 28. Men dress in uniform or undress blue, evening dress with miniatures.

The sixteenth annual dance of The King's School Old Boys' Union will be held at the Blackland Galleries on July 26. Hon. executive officers are Messrs. W. S. Friend, B. R. O'Connor, G. B. Sutherland, and R. L. Bond. Mrs. Alan Grant is president of the women's committee.

June 18 is the date of the Rejuvenation Dance, which is being held by the Sans Souci-Ramsgate U.A.F. Younger Set in St. George's Hall, Ramsgate, to assist the funds of St. George District Hospital.

St. John Ambulance classes for men and women in first aid are now being arranged by Mrs. Thorpe, of 17 Allison Rd., Randwick, to commence at the ambulance rooms, Technical College, Darlinghurst, on June 30, and thereafter every Wednesday for six weeks.



HIGHLIGHTS for READERS

Women's Weekly
Sessions, 9.45 to 10
and 2 to 3 daily.

Conducted by Linda P. Littlejohn

Do Men and Women Differ Mentally and Spiritually?

THERE have been a host of books on this subject and a variety of theories put forward. Some ascribe a difference solely to social influences—that the men had always to go forth to battle, or business, and the women to stay at home, help in the house, and look after the children.

If civilisation of the future led to the mingling of men and women on equal terms, gave them the same education, same trade, and professional openings, and demanded that they wore the same dress, would this tend to make men and women really at bedrock more alike? Other theories try to prove that woman is passive, man active; woman receptive, man inventive; woman emotional, man rational; women interested in their young and their kind, and men in themselves.

The great advance in psychology has enabled tests to be made as to the relative powers of men, women, girls, and boys.

Fifty years ago the test showed the average man to be twice as strong as the average woman, but the athletic life now led by young women has considerably diminished this—investigations also have already shown that in touch women are nearly twice as sensitive as men, and as regards pain women endure this more patiently than men.

There are so many sides to this interesting question; the comparisons of memory, intelligence, emotions, and moral qualities. Mrs. Linda Littlejohn will place all these angles of viewpoint before her listeners on Friday at 11.15 a.m., so remember to tune in to 2UW.

An entirely different subject will be programmed for Wednesday, 20th, at 4 p.m., when Mrs. Littlejohn's topic will be a visit to some famous French castles.

The Rosemary Club

THE ROSEMARY CLUB was formed with the object of bringing lonely 2UW listeners together, whatever their sphere in life. Hundreds of women



MYRA DEMPSEY, the popular announcer in the 2UW women's session, smiles cheerily in anticipation of her holidays in July. Dorothea Vautier will be at the microphone during her absence.

have already linked up with this club, and, under the cheerful guidance of Myra Dempsey, they work for some well-known charity. Every Tuesday morning Myra Dempsey talks of the activities of this club. Miss Dempsey may be heard from 2UW each morning between 9.15 and 10.30, one special quarter of an hour—9.45-10.0 a.m.—being devoted to special matters of interest allied to The Australian Women's Weekly.

A Miniature Musicale

FURTHER attractive features during the week are the miniature musicale every Monday at 8 p.m., at which Amy Ostinga, Vernon Sillars, and Clifford Arnold may be heard. Then on Wednesday, 20th, a special programme is listed from 9 p.m. till 10 p.m., when, among other items, Delysia, the famous French artist, who will shortly visit

Australia, will sing some of her most popular numbers, including "Please Do It Again."

Conversation

ON Thursday, 21st, Dorothea Vautier talks on "The Art of Conversation." Conversation is an adventure, the outcome of which cannot be foreseen—but very few conversations are worth while, the majority of them consisting of desultory remarks. Indeed, the question might well be asked: Is the art of conversation becoming obsolete altogether? Is this age of mechanical invention destroying our ability to think clearly and talk intelligently?

Tschaikowsky

THE peace and quiet of Sunday permits of time to enjoy some good music, and it is for this that 2UW caters with its Sunday programme.

Next Sunday at 3 p.m. the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra will be heard in Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, Op. 36 (Tschaikowsky). This work is so much more interesting if listened to with a knowledge of what the composer had in his mind in the writing. He tells us that the first movement expresses "Fate, that thwarts our aspirations to happiness... a power that poisons the soul. Nothing remains but to resign ourselves to it." The second emphasises "The melancholy that envelops us as we sit alone at night." The third, when "We are neither joyous nor sad, and we give free reign to fantasy." The fourth, "If you cannot find happiness within yourself, go among the people... they know how to give themselves up to joy."

"Carmen" and "Aida"

AT 4 p.m. there will be two operatic cameos, "Carmen" and "Aida," and at 5 p.m. the interesting "Water Music" suite (Handel) played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. Legend relates that Handel, as Director of Music to the Elector of Hanover, obtained leave to visit England, but was warned to remain only a short period. His visit lasted, however, two years, and meantime the Elector of Hanover was proclaimed King George I of England. When the King arrived in England he was somewhat cross with Handel for having disobeyed his instructions, and Handel was in deep disgrace. However, he wrote the "Water Music" for a special water journey the King was to make, and so delighted was he with it that Handel was restored to favor and made Director of Music and granted a pension of £200 a year.

An Interesting Trio

ALTHOUGH 2.0 to 3.0 p.m. in the afternoon is called The Women's Weekly Session, yet men are frequently invited to speak during that hour by Dorothea Vautier, and this week will find three male guest speakers.

On Monday Mr. Speight continues his travel talks at 2.40; Wednesday, at 2.10 p.m., the well-known barrister who is now known as Mr. X will give his third talk on "Divorce."

This series of legal pitfalls is proving extraordinarily interesting.

The third man speaker for the week will be Mr. E. S. Campbell on Friday at 2.40 p.m., when he will tell "How the League of Nations Cares for the Worker." This talk should be informative, for few realise that the Australian Government sends each year three delegates to the conference at Geneva in July, one to represent the employers, one the employees, and one the Government.

Paul Robeson

TUESDAY, June 19, at the 2-3 session, Dorothea Vautier will speak on "The Negro and his Song"—with vocal recordings by Paul Robeson. The religious songs of the negro have commonly been accepted as characteristic music of the race. The name "spirituals," given them long ago, is still current, and many songs still retain their former qualities.

The publication of the old "spirituals" and the appearance of the Jubilee Singers brought out the emotional beauty and simplicity of expression which won for the negro a definite place in the hearts of those who had not hitherto known him, and whatever may be the relative place they hold in the life, history, and nature of the negro, there can scarcely be any doubt as to the nature of their appeal.



A CORNER of the living-room of Mr. and Mrs. Stamp-Taylor, Neutral Bay, showing a very fine tapestry wall-panel worked in petit-point by Mr. Stamp-Taylor. This fascinating form of needlework appeals to many men. Lord Huntingfield, the present Governor of Victoria, worked a petit-point picture of his family seat, and it was exhibited at a recent London exhibition, when the Earl of Harwood, the husband of Princess Mary, was also an exhibitor.

—Women's Weekly photo.

NOVEL RADIATOR

TO double the warmth from an oil stove, procure one of those wire hanging baskets, as used for plants. Fill with pieces of asbestos (obtainable from any ironmonger), and place on top of the stove. The asbestos soon heats and retains its heat for some time. If arranged carefully the asbestos will also support a kettle.

Drummoyne Wedding

THE wedding at St. Bede's Anglican Church, Drummoyne, last Saturday, of Mr. Reginald Sydenham Nott, son of Mr. Reginald Nott, acting-manager of the New Zealand Press Association, and Mrs. Nott, of Cremorne, with Miss Edna Dowling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Dowling of Attunga Victoria Rd., Drummoyne, created considerable local interest, and a large crowd gathered outside the church and filled the edifice. The service was fully choral, with a peal of bells.

The bride, a graceful brunette, was exquisitely gowned in white ivory satin, and wore a veil which had been lent by Mrs. Brady of Dulwich Hill. Her five bridesmaids were extremely dainty in white tulle frocks, velvet coats, Dutch caps, and red velvet shoes. Mrs. Dowling wore a mulberry coat-frock with grey fur trimmings, and matching hat, while Mrs. Nott wore a well-cut tweed costume and dark brown hat. Mrs. Dowling and Mrs. Nott received about 170 guests at the breakfast at the Drummoyne Masonic Hall, the occasion also marking the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Dowling. Best man was Mr. Reg. Werner, of Hurstville.

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To	£9/19/6	£12/19/6	£14/19/6	£17/15/-	£21/19/6	£27/10/-

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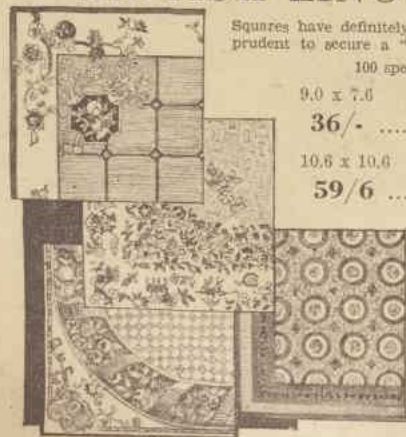
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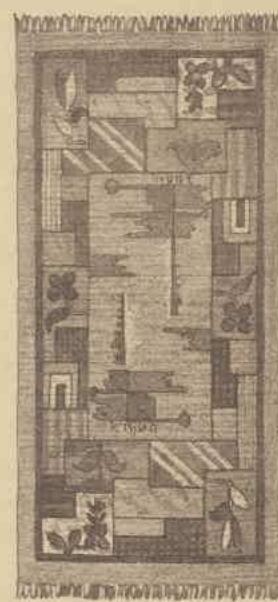
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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



MISS PATRICIA BARRY, one of the pretty girls in the Gold Set arranged by Mrs. Harold Vale for the Extra Chukker Ball to be held at David Jones' on June 28. Proceeds are devoted to the Keera House funds of the Country Women's Association.

—Sends (Grace Bros.) photo.



MY DEAR JULIET.—Let us now praise famous men, has been the theme song of this week, for the names of Sir Hamilton Hart and the cricketers are on everybody's lips.

Some of the girls, I hear, are already throwing "Test parties," which last for the duration of the nightly broadcast. Myself, I'm one of those freaks who, as your gibe goes, scarcely know a duck from a century, so I'll leave all talk of cricketers to my betters, and pass on to Saturday's orchestral concert of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, when Sir Hamilton Hart was guest conductor.

It's years since I've seen so brilliant an audience assembled for a concert in the Town Hall. Music speaks all languages, and cuts across all social strata, so it was not surprising that several nationalities were represented in the vast audience.

Chairman of the A.B.C., Mr. Charles Lloyd Jones and his wife entertained the official party, which included the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Philip Street, and Lady Street, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Street, General and Mrs. A. T. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Archdale Parkhill, and their daughter, Brenda.

Laetha Finneberg, the charming Irish prima-donna, who is taking part in other concerts of the season, was in the audience, looking most attractive in a lovely black model gown, edged in white fur, and worn with a white feather coque cape.

Other well-known women present included Lady Bavin, Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Miss Nora Hill, Miss Mary Fairfax, Miss Gwen Selva, Miss Eva Wunderlich, Dame Mary Cook, Lady Waley, Miss Violet Roche, Madame R. Kuraz, Dr. Grace Boelke, and Mrs. F. J. Davy.

Whoever else felt the cold, it was not Sir Hamilton Hart. Conducting, as he understands it, cuts out all necessity for a gym, and, in the intervals, when the rest of us suddenly became aware of the fourteen different varieties of draughts in the Town Hall, he was mopping his brow. No wonder he keeps the schoolboy figure!

YOU would not believe that two small human hands could contain such a vocabulary as his have at command. He can say more to his orchestra with one clenched fist and one little wave than you or I could coax out of the dictionary. Every item on the programme aroused immense enthusiasm, and when Sir Hamilton Hart came forward at the end to receive a laurel wreath presented to him he was accorded an overwhelming ovation.

MISS THELMA BAIN, of the Sydney Board of Health, has been transferred to Newcastle and is departing during this week. She was given a big farewell tea at David Jones' on Friday afternoon during which she received an attractive pair of book-ends and a shoulder spray. Mesdames R. Hawkins and F. Herbert acted as hostesses for the many well-wishers.

AS both Mrs. Monty Severn, her sister-in-law, and Mrs. Norman Lowe, who knew her in London and found her most charming, are making bids to entertain Lady Campbell Williams, who arrives on Monday on the Hobson's Bay from England, Lady Williams will probably stay with each in turn during her visit to Sydney.

Lady Williams is not a bridge player. But as she is such a witty conversationalist that she invariably collects a whole party around her, including the men, she will not be hard to entertain.

MISS CHERITON has chosen some of her daintiest girls to take part in the "Dairying" part of the Extra Chukker Ball next Thursday evening, for milkmaids should be small. They include Molly Walder, the smallest, as leader, and, attached to her by streamers of ribbons, Rosalind MacArthur Onslow, Nancy Lewis, Lorna and Betty Bradford, Jean Kennedy and Enid Board. They will wear the traditional milkmaids' costumes and carry little spoons.

Miss Cheriton looked like a queen in her bower on Saturday, by the way. It was her birthday, and her friends had banked her rooms with flowers. When "Doone" opened this term a second house had to be added to accommodate the increased number of pupils.

IN spite of the perfect sunny weather on Saturday, the nip of winter was powerfully enough felt by racegoers to decide them not to neglect their furs or winter frocks. These winter toilettes were very smart. Silver fox furs formed the trimming of Lady McKelvey's navy coat, and added their lustre to Mrs. Doug. Levy's black one. Mrs. James Burns also wore fox furs with a black cloth coat. Outstanding among the younger set were Rachel Joy Morton, in black coat and hat, and Claudia Beasley, in wine colored top coat and matching hat.

MRS. NAT. SEAMONDS, of Bellevue Hill, entertained about twenty friends at a bridge tea at David Jones' on Friday afternoon. Bowls of pink roses adorned the table. Among those invited were Mesdames Hubert O'Connell, B. Solomon, I. Jenkins, and L. Helme.

MRS. WILLIAM ARNOTT'S daughter, Mrs. Cecil Christmas, of Brisbane, is spending a holiday in Sydney during her husband's absence in New Zealand. She has left her lovely little girl, Cecily, at boarding school in Arncliffe. Mrs. Christmas is staying with her sister, Mrs. Frank Jennings.

I MET Mrs. Arkell Smith, of Point Piper, with her daughters, Janet and Margaret, the other day, looking very fit after a trip to Brisbane to join in the wedding festivities of Miss Margery Pace to Mr. Rupert Gray. The Smiths did not come straight back, but visited a station at Longreach first, where they led an outdoor life for a bit. During their stay in Brisbane they renewed their friendship with Lady Philp.

TEN candles on a birthday cake will be lit on Tuesday next to celebrate the Neutral Bay C.W.A.'s first decade. The party will be held at the president's home, that of Mrs. H. E. Pratten of Neutral Bay. Past presidents, Mesdames Mabelle Harris, W. B. Sawers and T. Fielding, will be present.

THE exquisite white wedding frock which Phyllis Ingham wore at her marriage to James Brown on Tuesday was a present from Mrs. Henry Barff, a Sydney woman who has just returned from a trip abroad, where she obtained the frock. Although the bride had been fitted in it before the wedding, it had been kept a close secret from her mother, who saw it then for the first time. The wedding was solemnised at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, and the reception

was at 11 Onslow Avenue. Flora and Beryl Ingham, the bridesmaids, were in pink. James Brown, the bridegroom, is a solicitor, but has recently gone into business with his bride's father, Mr. A. C. Ingham. Mr. Ingham has bought a property at Scone, where he likes to spend much of his time, and his son-in-law will be able to manage many of the business matters in town for him.

PERCY MARKS, the "Opal King", is always worth listening to. He was at a kiddies' party the other night, and after bearing a fond mother rebuking the children for making too much noise he remarked that some parents were rude, but others had learned to keep still when the youngsters were talking!

AS I hadn't been there since its heyday as "Pharaoh's," I was glad that

attractive in a leopard skin coat. Mr. Ashton, by the way, has just returned from a caravan tour of the North Coast, and the result of his wanderings on wheels will be shown at the Macquarie Galleries next week. Mrs. Ashton did not accompany her husband—she is not keen on caravanning, I hear.

THE telephone of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rouse's home will shortly be ringing continuously, for Mrs. W. S. Lucey (Marjorie Rouse) will arrive in Sydney from America next Monday, and Marjorie was one of Sydney's most popular girls.

BEFORE departing for her home in Melbourne on Monday, Miss M. E. Beath, who has been holidaying in Syd-

NE SMEE CROOK, who represented Australia at this year's International Ball, has now represented Australia for five consecutive years. Erna Crook, Sme's sister, helped her to entertain her large party. Red, white and blue streamers decorated the table, and many novelties also.

IN her address at the annual general meeting of the N.Z. Women's Association, Mrs. J. W. Prentice spoke of the growth of the Association since its inauguration four years ago. Mrs. Prentice was re-elected president.

THE polo at Cobbitty is becoming like the boartrace in its way—not only friends and acquaintances of the teams are onlookers, but more and more people who like a day's outing and are learning to appreciate the thrill of watching the game, are becoming polo fans.

On Saturday, crowds of cars again surrounded the ground. Mrs. James Ashton was a cheerful figure in sporting black and white plaids. Mrs. Venour Nathan looked striking in a green costume with brown accessories, and Mrs. Oscar Ireland looked very English in tweeds.

At the ball at night there were many lovely frocks.

Mrs. Venour Nathan was in white angel skin with white camellias at the corsage. Laurie and Peggy Reynolds, of Braidwood, chose red ottoman crepe and pink crinkle crepe respectively. Mrs. Roy Wheatley, president, favored burgundy flat crepe and matching velvet coat; and Mrs. Rupert Tucker, organising secretary, was in old gold velvet.

MR. AND MRS. V. B. MACINNES, of Dalley Av., Vaucluse, and formerly of Auckland, New Zealand, entertained about 70 of their friends at their home last week in honor of several New Zealand friends who were returning home. The grounds, including the fish ponds, were illuminated with colored lights, and the ballroom was gay with balloons. Fancy dress was worn, a prize being won by Mrs. H. S. W. MacArthur for a Robin Hood costume.

I DON'T know if you noticed the appointment this week of "Johnny" Wallock to the professorship of English Literature. "Johnny" started lecturing the year he graduated, and at first was terribly shy. Now, although his favorite place to look during lectures is still the ceiling, he has the women undergrads swooning with hero-worship in rows. Well, good-bye till next week.

Jane Lane



THIS IS Vera Campbell, daughter of Doctor John G. Campbell, of Whangarei, New Zealand. At present, Vera is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stamp-Taylor, of Neutral Bay. Vera's father, in his younger days, was a well-known footballer.

—Women's Weekly photo.

the rooms in Barrack St. were as gay as ever now that they were being used by the Imperial Service Club for the Annual Mess Ball of the first-21st Light-horse Regiment on Saturday.

As usual, the Air Force was, if not entirely missing, at least not conspicuously present, but the military and naval uniforms were as bright as ever.

Colonel Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, who wore pale blue trimmed with silver, entertained at the official table. Blue was also worn by Mrs. R. M. C. Gunn, and by Mrs. B. Miller, both of whom were in the new crepe frocks.

A very attractive frock was worn by Rhea Stewart, who is very fair. It was of mushroom satin. Others present were Col. MacArthur Onslow, Major Gunn, Dr. and Mrs. Keith Daley, Sydney Hedden, Dr. and Mrs. Russell Jones, Captain Norman Larkin, Miss Marjorie Simpson, in parma violet, and Captain and Mrs. Sheehan.

I WAS awfully pleased to see the large number of visitors Mrs. Grace Scott Ross, a Brisbane artist, who is now living at Vaucluse, had at the opening of her show of flower paintings at the Grosvenor Galleries last week. After studying during her girlhood with Godfrey Rivers, Mrs. Scott went to the celebrated Bushey school, where Marmaduke Flower succeeded to the command after Herkimer had passed away.

Afterwards, Mrs. Scott Ross travelled all over the continent. Among her admirers I noticed Mrs. Mackay Sim who had affixed a red label to a painting of daisies.

Miss Maud Ross's raspberry-toned celophane hat drew all eyes. She was escorted by the Afghanistan prince, who delights in picture shows. With his perfectly-cut European garments the prince wore an Oriental necktie. Mr. C. W. Barclay also accompanied him.

Mr. Will Ashton opened the exhibition. He pointed out that there were four women Royal Academicians nowadays, and that the latest was Dod Procter, whose work had been recently shown in Sydney. Mrs. Ashton looked most

Important

If you are interested in the fact that 95 per cent. of the population of Australia are suffering from one of the many forms of Auto-Intoxication (Self-poisoning), just send a stamped addressed envelope to the 2UE Matron Mack, c/o Station 2UE, Sydney, and by return mail you will receive some very vital information of interest to the whole family.

Listen in to— 2UE's Matron Mack

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USE TOOTH PASTE THAT ACTUALLY REMOVES
DINGY FILM AND TARNISH ... RESULTS WILL AMAZE YOU



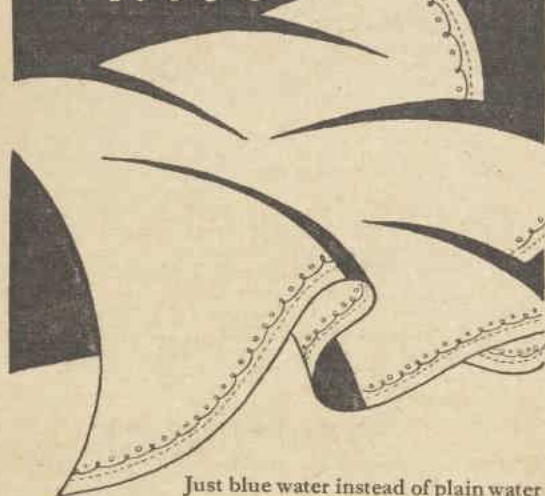
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Mother: But, my dear, his offer of love is a compliment to your beauty.
Daughter: Yes, but his offer of marriage is an insult to my intelligence.

Son: Pa, what is sympathy?
Father: Sympathy, my boy, is what you usually give to another when you don't want to lend him any money.

He: What makes you think she'll marry you?
Him: Well, she has married other men.

Father: I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son when you are my age.
Son: Not with such a straight face as you do, Father. You beat me there.

Mrs. Make-Trouble: Does your daughter know that the fellow she's going with is a bad egg?
Mrs. Easy-Go: Sure! That's why she's afraid to drop him.

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

on matters of everyday concern to women.

Things Best Left Unsaid

If you cannot say something REALLY NICE, say nothing!

Do not damn with faint praise, but let your heart have a chance!

LOTS of people do. Damn with faint praise, you know. They are to be met with everywhere.

Endeavoring to give the impression that they are praising, they are really doing their level best to minimise and destroy somebody or other under cover of a smile.

Very dangerous they are, these smooth-tongued smiling folk intent on blighting the reputations of their friends and acquaintances, and trusting to a smile to hide what they are doing.

"Country Hostess" expresses herself tellingly on this subject: "Our country town would be delightful if three women in particular would stop damning all the others with faint praise, such as, 'Mrs. B. is a splendid organiser, but what does happen to the funds?' Or, 'Mrs. C. is very charming, but don't you think she's rather free?' How would you advise one to cope with such types?"

AFTER I read that letter I looked round to see how much of that kind of thing I could discover. Between ourselves I didn't have to look very far.

One tram ride, one luncheon in a big store, one wait in the foyer of a city theatre, and I heard enough to make a very substantial case against all faint praisers, and the damage they do.

Wag, wag, wag went the tongues, and the smiles went wagging also. Bright smiles, sweet smiles, beautiful smiles, just the right sort of smiles to go with your praises of somebody else.

But suddenly I seemed to get past the smiles and gaze into visages that were all vinegar and malice as the tongues tapped out their faint praises, a few of which are hereby recorded as awful warnings to anyone who has a tendency that way.

"Yes, she's handsome, but don't you think she's getting rather coarse?"

"Yes, Mary's pretty, of course, but her poor husband. Oh, well, of course, I blame the mother!"

"Yes, she's very smart and up to date, and I believe in being up to date, but I draw the line at fastness—I mean wearing nothing at all underneath!"

"I admire her tremendously, of course, but I'm afraid I'm very very old-fashioned. I do like people to behave nicely in public!"

"Their dinners are simply wonderful, but don't you think they're rather Bohemian?"

"I think she's a perfectly charming woman, and a very good dresser, but don't you think it's rather odd that she never has her husband with her?"

"Her new book is very clever, but I wonder if she wrote it all herself!"

"I think they're simply lovely children, but don't you think it's a pity their mother never pulls them up with a round turn?"

On, and on, and on, until at last the thing was not what to hear, but what to avoid hearing.

EVIL communications corrupt good manners," we used to write in our copy books long ago, and that's the gist of the whole matter.

These two-handed compliments are a habit that people have fallen into. They do it without knowing, imitating each other's evil communications unconsciously.

I advise all women (not only the three sinners in the country town), and all men, too, for that matter, to watch their tongues, being especially careful when they think they are going to say something nice about someone. For that's the time to beware. That's the time when danger threatens. That's the time when the spiteful things rise to the surface and slip out under cover of the nice things you have just given voice to.

It is as if the milk of human kindness dried up in its own usage, and the effort to be complimentary used up the chemical constituents of goodwill, sweetness, admiration and sincerity, changing them into something slightly poisonous, wholly disagreeable, and very dangerous to the one from whom it emanates.

When you praise, PRAISE! Then full stop.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

An Awkward Moment

A FRIEND of mine saw the landlord coming for the rent, and as she was unable to pay it, she told her son of four to tell him that "Mum isn't at home."
The little fellow did as he was told, but the landlord then asked him when she would be home. The son then opened the door and sang out, "Mum, what will I say now?"—V.D.

Helping the Government

A DEAR old soul we knew rendered the W.A. Government a small service every week. She never travelled in a suburban train without a needle and strong thread in her bag. She looked for and usually found a carriage in which some damage to the upholstery had been done. One day, after she had neatly finished darning together a big rent, some people in the carriage asked her why she did it. Her answer was that she supposed her sons had helped to damage carriages in their school-days, and she might as well help the Government a trifle in her spare time.—R.S.

A Sagacious Horse

HERE is a remarkable illustration of the sagacity of the horse. In our paddock a horse and a goat have been grazing for about twelve months. Recently a number of young roughs have amused themselves by throwing stones at the goat, and some of the more cowardly beat it with a stick. Whenever the goat has been attacked in this way, the horse has always raised to its rescue, and a short time ago he seized one young rascal by the collar and flung him clean over the hedge into the road.—L.E.N.

HOT BOLBROOK says: For picking or table use Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar. It is a brew of excellent quality.***

EXCITING or humorous incidents noticed by you may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark the envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true and original. Payment will be remitted immediately after publication.

Recovered

A NORTH COAST (Q.) woman friend of mine placed her wristlet watch down on a tank-stand in the milking yard. She went to get it about an hour later, but could not find it anywhere. The watch had disappeared. This was about a year ago, but the mystery was solved just recently. A cow died rather unaccountably, and the veterinary surgeon who was called in had a post mortem and found in the animal's stomach a large number of ordinary nails, a few screws, a safety-pin, half a breakfast cup, including the handle, a staple, parts of umbrella ribs, and the missing wristlet watch. The watch-glass was not even broken, and a visit to the jeweller soon put it in working order.—"Cat."

Used Her Neighbor

MRS. SMITH, who lives a few doors away, called on us early one morning, and asked us would we be good enough to mind her baby while she went to the Post Office to telephone. Of course we took the child, and looked after it as best we could. One hour went by, then two, another half-hour, and we began to get anxious, for we had an engagement ourselves and wanted to leave. Perceiving the baby's brother coming home from school for lunch, we asked him to see if he could find his mother. He returned later and told us "she" was in bed reading.
And it was true. The mother had wanted a quiet morning, and had determined her own method of obtaining it.—"Dornaday."

Indigestion Sufferers



Here is New Hope

Indigestion seems to start so simply. Just a little fullness after meals, perhaps a little wind rising from the stomach and a sense of drowsiness and perhaps slight headaches.

But as the machinery of digestion breaks down we quickly see the result. Pain after meals, awful griping, distressing fullness, sour wind, sallow spotted complexion, biliousness, bad taste in the mouth. The acid griping pains get worse as your indigestion is neglected and soon you become to dread gastritis or ulceration of the stomach. Be warned.

A NEW-PRINCIPLE REMEDY GIVES QUICK RELIEF

We do most seriously urge those with even slight symptoms of indigestion to start at once with De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Even in the short time it has been available for the public, the testimony to this remedy comes from people who, in many cases, have tried everything to end their indigestion misery without success.

Read these few extracts from a host of letters and you will realise indigestion, no matter how serious, can be overcome.

Duodenal Ulcers.

I had been undergoing a treatment for duodenal ulcers, but without much relief. The pain kept on coming back. De Witt's Antacid Powder suited me from the first dose—I wouldn't be without it.—No. 31.

Acute Indigestion.

After trying everything for acute indigestion without benefit—I got complete relief—thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder. It is wonderful.—No. 22.

Dyspepsia Relieved.

Your Powder acted like a charm on my nervous dyspepsia. Doctor says he is astonished at my improvement.—No. 34.

De Witt's Antacid Powder is confidently recommended in all cases of

INDIGESTION SOUR ACID STOMACH
PALPITATION SPOTTY COMPLEXION
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We do repeat emphatically that you cannot afford to neglect indigestion. It may cause you awful agonies day and night and wreck your health.

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Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.

Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

Mrs. Rodney Julius, who has been ill, has left the housekeeping troubles of her Macquarie St. flat to be nursed up at Darling Point by her mother-in-law, Lady Julius?

Miss Nancy Consett Stephen, who was honored by the King, has been in charge of the convalescent department, Red Cross Society, and a member of the executive for twenty years?

Lady McKelvey, accompanied by Mrs. Cliff Kitchen, spent one whole afternoon last week sitting watching the skaters at the Glaciarium?

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carr, who have been staying at The Warren, have returned to their station home near Goulburn?

Mrs. F. W. Wheatley is nursing a sprained ankle?

Two Singers from Dublin

AT Sir Hamilton Harty's concert on Saturday, Laelia Finneberg, who was in the audience, renewed her acquaintance with Nora Hill.

Both singers studied under the same master in Dublin, and won similar prizes at the leading musical festivals of that city.

Hint for Travellers

DOROTHY HUTCHINGS and her brother, Ron, and the rest of the family, motored from Yerong Creek to Melbourne last week, to be present at the wedding of their cousin, Wilfred Hutchings, to Ruth Owen.

I hear they have a splendid plan for keeping out the cold on their long motor trips.

Having done the journey to Melbourne pretty frequently, they have developed quite a flair for timing their arrivals at the various towns along the route.

They make a point of reaching such railway centres as Seymour just after the through train has left, and the railway refreshment rooms are still open. They line up at the counter for their "sausages and mashed" or something equally well guaranteed to keep out the cold, and are on their way again without any undue waste of time.

Even if you haven't got much time to spare on eating, it's most gratifying to fill up on warm food so quickly when there's a long cold journey ahead.

Visiting Schoolgirls

DAME MEREL TALBOT, who is the honorary secretary of the committee which is working in conjunction with the Victoria League and the Overseas Settlement of British Women, says that the twenty-five English schoolgirls who have been selected to tour Australia have been chosen for character and personality. She emphasises that a tour of this kind will help strengthen the ties between the young people of both countries.

Several of the wives of ex-Governors of the various States of Australia helped considerably in making the selections. The girls will travel via the Panama Canal, and should be in Melbourne some time to take part in the Centenary celebrations. Miss Edith Thompson will act as manager during the tour.

The Austral Diet

A MELBOURNE friend tells me that Florence Austral is on a strict diet which limits her to wholemeal bread during the day and then an average dinner at night. She adds that, though it takes grit to diet so drastically, the effect is most satisfactory, and that Austral looks marvellous.

She and Amadio are being much feted in Melbourne, and hostesses vie with each other to secure such charming guests.

Might Have Been Worse

AFTER seeing his partner home from a dance on Thursday night, Jack Harkness, son of Mr. E. B. Harkness, had a nasty accident which might have been even worse. When coming up the wet and slippery Bradley's Head Rd., he swerved to avoid collision with another car, and crashed into the guttering outside Mrs. Norman Lowe's home so heavily that the whole house shook, and his car was turned right round.

Luckily his windscreen was of "shatterless" glass, so that he was not at all cut, but jumped out none the worse for wear except for a shaking.

In Parents' Flat

NOW that Sir Benjamin and Lady Fuller have left for Europe to find an opera for us, their two daughters—Mrs. Alf. Rainbow and Mrs. Darby—are living in their old stone home. The whole house, which is owned by the Fullers, is divided into three. Sir Benjamin and Lady Fuller used to have the ground flat, which was particularly large, with spacious rooms and high ceilings.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton have the middle flat, which is also quite large, and Mr. and Mrs. Rainbow have the "Attic"—a true misnomer, as this flat, too, is beautifully roomy. Its last inhabitants were the Murray Robsons.

Even though her new home is so large, Mrs. Darby, a recent bride, will not find it so hard to manage, as Lady Fuller's staff is being retained, and some of its members, notably "Nurse," have been with the Fullers for years.

of her wedding to Mr. "Vin" Schmelttschek, son of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Schmelttschek, of Towns Rd., Vaucluse, for June 21, at St. Michael's, Vaucluse. The bridesmaids will be her sister Betty and little niece, Valmai Sargent, and the best man her fiancé's brother, Felix.

Parties have already been arranged in Nancy's honor by Mrs. Laurel Bell, and Lorna Westbrook. Nancy and her brother and sister are at present in a flat in Point Piper, until July 1, when it is sub-let. At first, unfortunately, the young Sargents had the unhappy experience of selling their furniture and then being unable, for some time, to find a suitable tenant for their flat.

Met Friends Abroad

THE thrill of meeting a friend from your home town when you are far from it happened to Dolly, Betty, and Nancy Allard in Singapore recently, when they met June Hawkswood at the Burkit-Temal Golf Club. June's husband is hon. secretary there. Their little daughter is at school in Sydney, as her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bligh, live at Edgecliff.

Another happy meeting was when the girls met Guy Menzies, who introduced them to the dashing R.A.F. lads. He also introduced the famous war pilot, Prendergast. Others they were happy to meet included Dr. Ron Traill and Rudolf Friml, the composer of "Rose Marie," and they have the autograph of Mr. Latham, who travelled in the same ship.

In and Out of Society .: By WEP



Pre-Wedding Party

MR. AND MRS. A. M. LAMPORT gave a party on Wednesday night in honor of Joyce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. R. Thomas, who is to marry Mr. Lamport's brother Geoff, on June 21, at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay. Bridesmaids will be Betty O'Neill and V. Bremner, and Mrs. Thurston Trewheeler will be matron of honor. Groomsmen are to be Neville Conroy, C. Jones and Richard Manchee.

At the party on Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lamport, parents of the bridegroom, Miss Ruth Wilkinson, Joyce and Dutchie Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. O'Connor, Betty Jones, Josie Jones, Neville Conroy, and Clem and Bob Boydell.

Mrs. Muscio Popular

A BRISBANE friend writes that Mrs. Bernard Muscio has made numberless friends during her visit to that city. One of the big parties given in her honor was that arranged by Mrs. Henry Robertson and Mrs. Cumrae Stewart for her to visit the women's section of the Social Service League.

A Novelist Visitor

MRS. W. SIMON (Mary Atherton), the sparkling brunette novelist who is at present visiting us, was born on a sugar plantation in Manila, and has lived most of her life in Barcelona. Therefore it is no wonder that she has a big streak of adventure in her make-up.

After she has finished with some writing for which she is under contract, she intends to leave her flat in Gladwood Gardens, and do some crocodile shooting in the North. She also intends visiting Darwin for the Centenary air race.

Mrs. Simon is related to Sir Thomas Bodley, of library fame. Australians will be particularly interested, as her cousin, Major Ronald Bodley, married pretty Betty Lamb, of Sydney, who is now travelling with her husband in Siberia.

His New Appointment

AS he finds the climate wonderful, and the people there very congenial, Rev. Terence Naughton is very happy in his new appointment, that of Rector of St. James', Rylstone, even though it is a very big job, with eight outlying churches under his control. The church and rectory, both in stone, are charming buildings, too.

Mr. Naughton came to Sydney some weeks ago, but, as it was just a rush trip to receive treatment for his hand, which was hurt in a motor accident, he did not see any of his friends. He hopes, however, to see something of them when he comes to Sydney to officiate at the wedding of Rita Buckland to his old friend, Capt. Thompson. The wedding will take place at St. James', with Rev. Dr. Micklem assisting.

Did You Notice—

The sensation Mrs. T. H. Kelly's white wig made at the Musical Association's party to Sir Hamilton Harty?

An agitated auburn-haired lass disappearing under a photographer's cloth in Macleay St... Pat Holmes practising her chosen profession?

The Doone girls who turned up to meet Lorna Hoskins on her return in the Otranto from Colombo?

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And what a lunch! Simple, tasty, light—but with an abundance of nourishment that makes him work on "all eight" the whole of the afternoon. Order with a few crisp lettuce leaves!



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It is an absolute fact that you cannot contract severe influenza, colds, bronchitis, or any of the ills from which so many people suffer and die, if you take a daily spoonful of GENOVIS MEDICATED YEAST. Because this yeast is so highly vitaminized that it gives you the necessary resistance to disease which prevents germs from getting a proper hold. Protect your children from CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, MEASLES, AND OTHER CHILDREN'S DISEASES with half a teaspoonful of GENOVIS a day.

NOTE.—If you spread the yeast on a tray and bake in medium oven for five minutes you will kill and split the cells, releasing all the vitamins, and get greater medicinal value. The fermenting of yeast has no value whatever medicinally and, if baked, the yeast becomes more palatable and digestible. Live yeast does not digest.

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GENOVIS Baking Yeast will prove a boon to all those who bake their own bread. GENOVIS Medicinal Yeast is sold in 1 lb. tins, 1/2 lb. tins, 1/4 lb. tins, 1/8 lb. tins, and 1/16 lb. tins, and is obtainable from your local chemist, or direct from us. Please add postage 2d., 5d., 7d., and 1/2d. Baking Yeast 1/2 lb., 1/4 lb., 1/8 lb., and 1/16 lb. Chemists and Stores.

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Pictures Worth Framing. Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/-.

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS The Choosing of Baby's Pram

By ... Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the world-famous authority on Baby Welfare.

The first thing to be considered when choosing a pram for baby is its hood. The ordinary, unventilated leather pram-hood is most injurious, as there is no current of pure air passing over baby's head. The lack of a current is specially harmful in warm weather, when baby's breath stagnates round the mouth and nose, so that he is breathing his own breath over and over again, thus poisoning his system.

FORTUNATELY, leather hoods are not so much used in Australia as they used to be. In England, however, they are still much in use, and the Matron of the Truby King Hospital in London writes: "One sees babies lying in their front gardens, presumably to get the air, but buried right up to their chins, and with a leather hood on the pram which excludes every natural breeze and imprisons the used-up air which the baby is constantly exhaling."

With the hot sun beating on such leather hoods, the babies lie in an atmosphere in which their mothers would quickly faint.

The barbarous old custom of hanging a curtain or shawl over the front of the pram-hood is happily almost unseen nowadays. But WHEN will some women stop placing a handkerchief over baby's face before taking him out for a walk? Baby gets less fresh air under that handkerchief than if left at home in an airy room.

THE hood of a pram should be used only when it is raining or when there is a hurricane of wind, or to protect baby's head from the midday sun. It should be more often down than up.

The best kind of pram is a seagrass pram. Do not buy one that has the hood lined with American leather. The hood needs no lining, though there is no objection to the use of a green-toned chintz or shadow tissue.

If the hood is fitted to be either "up" or "down," with no "halfway" provision, fix a cord to the front which you can tie to the foot of the pram, and so adjust the hood to give shelter or shade without completely covering the baby's head.

Do not make a fetish of taking baby out in his pram. Babies, until they are about nine months of age, are really better sleeping quietly under the shelter of a verandah or tree. In this way they have the benefit of more restful sleep than when being jolted over uneven pavements or roads.

The pram should not serve the purpose of a cot, unless this is necessary on account of economy. There is always a certain amount of constraint and limitation of movement about a pram, and a proper cot or cradle is more cleanly and free from stuffiness.

The deep, fashionable, black English perambulators, which look like miniature hearses, are the worst as regards stuffiness, as their sides are not porous.

Choose a pram with a white exterior, to reflect the sun. Do not put baby into a go-cart, or push-cart, till he can sit up properly and use the foot-rest. No child should be allowed to fall asleep in a go-cart, as this means that he is in an awkward, constrained position, sometimes bent almost double over the strap, with his little feet dangling and catching cold.

Modern, porous seagrass prams can be bought from all large stores.



ANNE NORMAN, daughter of Mrs. W. N. Norman, of Sydney. Anne is 18 weeks old, and her mother writes: "I have closely followed the helpful articles in The Australian Women's Weekly, both before and after my baby was born, and it is to your wonderful system that I owe my thanks for having such a bouncy baby."

WAITED 50 YEARS ... for Her Lover!

By Air Mail

THE constancy of a woman now over 80 years of age, who has waited for 50 years for the return of her lover, was revealed in Stockholm recently. A broadcast message asked for any news concerning the whereabouts of a sea captain or any of his relatives. The inquiry was made in connection with a legacy.

Behind the wireless message is the sad story of a woman who waited. In 1880 she was betrothed to a sea captain, when she was 26 years of age.

Their friendship lasted until 1884, when the man left Sweden, and has since never been heard of.

His old sweetheart has waited patiently for his return, and is now ill and about to undergo an operation. But what worries her most is that her sea captain or his family might be in want.

She has, therefore, made a will in his favor, and directed that search should be made for him.

The long years of silence and separation are forgotten. All she can think of is whether her betrothed is in want.

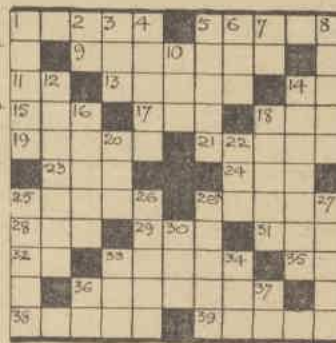
"We were so happy for four years," she says. "I cannot bear to think that he is suffering poverty."

"There is a little legacy coming to me, and I want him to have it when I am gone."

Our Weekly Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

- Mistake.
- Makes well again.
- Afflictions.
- Pureness.
- Intestines.
- Perennial pronoun.
- Promise to pay.
- Compass point.
- Kitchen utensil.
- Ashby.
- Smallest.
- Heavenly body.
- Destiny.
- Collection of maps.
- Musical instruments.
- Reverence.
- Alibi.
- Humblely.
- Forward.
- Closed carriage.
- Truce.
- Chlor.
- Man's name.
- Sturdy.



CLUES DOWN

- Fragile.
- Ourself.
- Degraded.
- Tendency.
- Mean dwelling.
- A sheep.
- In like manner.
- Armed.
- Med.
- Dampen.
- Flare.
- Down in the mouth.
- Many (compounded term).
- Water (Fr.).
- Coral island.
- Plane.
- 26A. Freight.
- None.
- Quaint.
- Wife.
- Trap.
- Preceded.
- Negative.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS.—Bears, sheep, endear, trails, et, sundry, 16, drum, put, save, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

DOWN.—Sturdy, entrain, ad, reason, ear, arm, 102, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

PROFITABLE IDEAS

Money From Home Enterprise

What a lot of interesting and fascinating ways there are of making money in one's own home, if one has sufficient enterprise to follow up an idea.

I MET a woman in a central coast town last week driving her own little Austin car, bought with her own earnings in her spare time at her own home.

She let me into her secret, and I didn't make any compact with her about not telling the world.

She had made, and was still making, a good income from the raising of Japanese silky bantams.

Her initial outlay three years ago had been 15/- for a pair and a half-one rooster and two hens.

She didn't even invest in a fowl run, but put up a small shelter, made of a couple of candle boxes on stilts in the back garden with a couple of roosts in them.

The queer little birds, with their feathered legs and tognos and curious mulberry combs scarcely cost anything at all to feed.

THEY were not at all destructive in the garden. In fact, they were an acquisition as they kept it free of snails and aphids.

The little hens sit very often, mostly after they have laid about 10 or 12 eggs.

They make excellent mothers, and, by the time their chickens are three months old they are laying again.

The chickens, quaint little creatures, were sold at £1/1/- per pair, and the "bantam farmeress" showed me orders which she had received from Tasmania and W.A.

The wee things are bought mostly for show purposes or pets, and are very hardy. They make pretty ornaments for anybody's garden, and are loved by children.

In their very early stages they are fed on a little rolled oats and canary seed, but very soon are able to eat a little wheat or a few scraps.

Very little food is needed as they eat all the insects about the place, and, for the most part, look after their own diet when not in captivity.

PARENTS SHOULD KNOW THIS

HOW TO SAVE MONEY BY MAKING FAMILY COUGH REMEDY

It is essential that all parents should know how to save money by making their own family cough remedy that will prove safe and effective for every member of the family, from the youngest baby up to the oldest adult. Here is the recipe, given by a leading chemist: Into a jug put four tablespoonfuls of sugar, three of either treacle or honey, two of vinegar, and a large breakfast cupful of warm water; stir until dissolved, and, when cold, pour into a large bottle. Then add a bottle of concentrated HEEZENZO (it costs 3/- at all leading chemists and stores) and you will have a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual remedies for chest and throat ailments, which, if purchased in single bottles, would cost up to £1. You will be astounded at the speedy way HEEZENZO soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza, and whooping cough. Make it a practice to always have HEEZENZO in your home.



PERMANENTLY WAVE YOUR OWN HAIR

with a "RAYWAVE" curling set (Price, 10/-). Waves last 6 to 8 months. Anyone can use. NO ELECTRICITY. Simple instructions. Failure impossible. 7/- per set. Postage 1/- extra. Spar Trading Co., 15 RAVENHILL PLACE, SYDNEY.

CATARH — I cured myself completely. Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Spitting, Stiffness. Will gladly tell sufferers. Write F. Robinson, Suite VII, Park Av., Auchenflower, Queensland.



£63,000

Including 4

£5,000's

2nd, 3rd, and TWO 4th
PRIZES!

BY WINNING hundreds of pounds again in last Friday's Lottery, Lucky Fred brought his great total of wins up to £63,000. His are the luckiest Syndicates ever launched and Lucky Fred is confident of winning the next prize of £5,000 for his shareholders within the next few days. By having a share with Lucky Fred, you know definitely that 1/6 can be worth £1000 cash in the Bank next week, so send for a share quickly!

Branch at 14 Barrack Street
Shares may be purchased at this address, and every ticket is bought from the Lottery Office by Lucky Fred himself.

SPECIAL OFFER
A FIFTH SHARE IN FOUR DIFFERENT TICKETS FOR 5/6.
This is a great idea and gives you four separate chances to win £1000. You have four lucky numbers to look for amongst the results instead of one.

COUPON
HOW TO SEND IN.
Simply cut out this Coupon and—
For a FIFTH SHARE send 1/6
For a FIFTH SHARE AND A LUCKY CHARM send 2/6
For FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES in DIFFERENT Tickets, send 5/6
Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-addressed envelope).
By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.
To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week!
You know the address.

LUCKY FRED, W.W.
Box 3908TT, G.P.O., Sydney

ARE YOU Done, GENTLEMEN?

Continued from Page 14

It was at this point that Bernard had an idea. In his judgment, and apparently in the judgment of the other dealers, this old teakwood box wasn't worth five pounds, much less ten. And yet this young man with the buttonhole kept on going up. Was he a dummy, put up by the auctioneer? Bernard decided not. He had not made a bid for any other lot. He wanted that box, wanted it as much if not more than Bernard. Why? Had some other girl taken a fancy to it. Obviously not.

That box was worth more than appeared on the surface. Perhaps there was a secret drawer—the lid looked very thick. A secret drawer packed with gold, or notes, or the chart of a treasure island? Bernard had heard of those kinds of boxes before. He nodded, determined to get that box if it cost him every penny he had in the bank.

What happened during the next ten minutes Bernard was not quite sure. He knew he kept nodding his head, that he felt very hot, and that he would murder that fellow with the buttonhole if he ever got the chance. A stillness had fallen over the room. Even the dealers were listening. Some of them were smiling up their sleeves—fifty pounds for a junk box like that!

"All right, let them laugh," Bernard muttered to himself. "I'll be my turn when I open that secret drawer." Suddenly he wondered whether Pearl had in some way got to know about the box. He decided that she had—after all she had said she wanted to open it alone. That was significant. Well, he felt he ought to be in half shares, now—after all, fifty pounds was fifty pounds to him. He nodded, and found the bidding was at fifty-five. The auctioneer was taking it up in five pounds now, and it had reached a hundred pounds in five minutes. The man with the buttonhole was ghastly pale. He nodded. "One hundred and five pounds I am bid," shouted the auctioneer, perspiration pouring from his face. "One hundred and five pounds."

He looked at Bernard, who did not move a muscle. He thought of that secret drawer. But one hundred and five pounds! He found himself wondering whether even Pearl's whims were worth one hundred and five pounds, and then he nodded, almost absent-mindedly. "One hundred and ten I am bid," called the auctioneer. "Are you done, gentlemen?" He raised his gavel. "Going, going, gone." The gavel came down, the clerk beckoned to Bernard, and even before he reached the desk Lot 28 was going up.

Bernard wrote a cheque thoughtfully, collected the box, borrowed a bit of paper in which to wrap it, and made his way out of the hall. The young man with the buttonhole had already disappeared.

Bernard felt tempted to take the box in his own room to examine it. He felt sure now about

that secret drawer, although, in a way, the other fellow having stopped bidding at one hundred and ten was not a good omen. If he had known there was a fortune in it, surely he would have gone higher! Bernard decided eventually that as Pearl had put him on to it, he ought to take it to her. But she wasn't going to open it alone. He would show her that he knew something.

He was thinking so hard that he almost passed the entrance to the Countryside Hotel, where Pearl had been staying. He turned into the gates, and saw a man walking up the drive just ahead of him. The man in front turned to look round and Bernard saw a white rose in his buttonhole. His rival in the auction room.

They reached the door almost at the same time. "Could I see Miss Pearl Lettice?" the man with the buttonhole asked. Bernard gasped.

"Er... I, too, was hoping to see Miss Lettice," he stammered as the man glanced at him. The man with the buttonhole gave him a glare.

"I am sorry, sir," said the maid, "but Miss Lettice has left."

"Left?" They spoke together.

"Yes, sir, she was going to Paris this afternoon. She did not leave any message."

The two men turned down the steps.

"Er... I say... I'm sorry about that."

Scheherazade

There are old lonely women everywhere
Spinning their sorrows by the dying fire,
Who even in their youth were never fair
Nor ever stirred the urgency of desire,
Yet still they play a shadowy charade,
One with another, woven of old dreams;
So old, so sweet, that they believe them true,
And nod, and smile, and spin in gold and blue
And silver, fantasies... till each one seems
To dance again with her own Scheherazade.

—D.J.

box but I wanted it badly," apologised Bernard.

"Well, all's fair in love and auctions," replied the man with the buttonhole. "Anyway, as she's left I suppose it doesn't matter."

"What do you mean?"

"Pearl told me to buy that box for her at any price. I just couldn't give above a hundred and five."

"What!" For a moment Bernard was speechless, as he realised the full significance of the statement. Pearl had told two young men to buy the box at any price. They were both bidders... and she had left for Paris! Hastily he tore off the paper. His hands passed all over the box. There was no secret drawer—the box was worth perhaps ten shillings.

The man with the buttonhole looked on interestedly. "Would it be rude," he said at last, "to ask what you are doing?"

"It wouldn't be rude to ask what either of us has done," exclaimed Bernard. "That girl had put us both on to bid."

The man with the buttonhole laughed. "She must have forgotten about you when she spoke to me," he said; "she was inclined to be like that!"

"Forgotten," murmured Bernard. "I don't think so." He started walking vigorously. "Where are you going?" asked the man with the buttonhole.

"Back to the Mart! And if you want to know the truth about Pearl, you'd better come, too. She's either very forgetful as you say, or a..."

The auction had just finished as they reached the Mart. They found the auctioneer's clerk tired and irritable.

"No, I can't tell you who sent Lot 27," he snapped in reply to Bernard's question. "Wait a minute." He turned over some papers. "Ah, yes, Miss Pearl Lettice. She came in half an hour ago to collect the money. Very satisfied with our work, she was."

"Satisfied!" Bernard gave a grim smile. "I should think she was!"

The man with the buttonhole was rocking with laughter. Bernard turned on him fiercely. "I don't see what the devil there is to laugh about," he said. "She had you on toast as much as me."

"Yes," smiled the man with the buttonhole, "but you were the highest bidder." He paused a minute. "What was the picturesque phrase the auctioneer used... Are you done, gentlemen? Very appropriate. But he should have used the singular number."

(Copyright)



You will be delighted with these new cereal biscuits. So quick to prepare. No cooking required. Just served from the packet with milk or cream... jam, fruit or honey. Ideal for luncheon, dessert or supper. Deliciously flavoured, they will tempt the most finicky appetite.

Buy a packet of Kellogg's Whole Wheat Biscuits to-day—they cost no more than ordinary cereal biscuits—and you can help your boy or girl win a bicycle, too! Four beautiful £14/10/- Malvern Star Bicycles are given away free every month. In each packet of Kellogg's Whole Wheat Biscuits is a leaflet giving full details of the easy way to win a splendid bicycle free.

Competition open to residents of N.S.W. and Victoria only.

Lucky Winners for May

More Kellogg's Whole Wheat Biscuits for me for breakfast and luncheon and tea. No fuss to prepare. They're always right there.

R. Byers, 256 Liverpool Rd., Enfield.
"It's the flavour we favour, you see."

Coeli Benson, 121 Corral St., Wollongong.

"No matter which meal it may be."

Kevin Riley, Waverley Rd., St. Waverley, Vic.

"I'll have one, I'll have two, I'll have three."

Dick English, Mt. Morrie, Victoria.

"The most nourishing meal there could be."

Don't miss Competition No. 3.



Kellogg's

WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS

Watch Nancy Grow



AGED 7 MONTHS

Isn't she a healthy-looking baby?

YOU'D never think that she was the child of a sufferer from pulmonary T.B., would you? Yet she is. The disadvantages of early weaning from an invalid mother have been overcome by fresh air and sunshine, milk and Robinson's "Patent" Barley.

The photograph was taken a few months after jelly made from Robinson's "Patent" Barley was added to Nancy's bottle of prepared milk. Her grandmother writes that "Robinson's Barley is a fine body builder". A glance at Nancy proves it.

What Robinson's "Patent" Barley did for Nancy Lee it can do for your baby, too. Generations of doctors and nurses have insisted on Robinson's because it is so dependable, so economical and so easy to prepare.

If you would like to know Nancy's full history, write to Colman-Keen (A/asia) Ltd., Box 2503 M.M., G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a 2d. stamp for postage and packing, for "The story of Nancy Lee," and a free sample of Robinson's "Patent" Barley.

ROBINSON'S Patent Barley

£250 Knitting Contest

Send Your Entry NOW—Closing Soon

Just two more weeks to the closing date, and entries are pouring in.

Entrants are again reminded that every entry must be accompanied by four successively dated coupons, and, though any competitor may enter as many sections as desired, each garment is eligible for entry in one section only.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize ... £30
2nd Prize ... £15
3rd Prize ... £5
10 Prizes of ... 10/-
20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £250.

This Section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. (Shades of marl wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme.) Knitting design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize ... £30
2nd Prize ... £15
3rd Prize ... £5
10 Prizes of ... 10/-
20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £250.

This Section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used, and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring, with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize ... £30
2nd Prize ... £15
3rd Prize ... £5
10 Prizes of ... 10/-
20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £250.

Points to Remember

By GERDA

ALWAYS use the needles and wool specified in the directions. You cannot expect to get the same results otherwise.

If you are not sure of your tension, knit a small piece, press it, and then count your stitches to see if they correspond with the tension stated.

Don't leave your knitting in the middle of a row; it will become stretched and out of shape. Finish the row and fold your work.

Don't just roll it up any old way. A little care will always repay you.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize ... £10
2nd Prize ... £5
3rd Prize ... £2
10 Prizes of ... 5/-
20 Prizes of ... 2/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £250.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.

Full-over or Cardigan for Children Between 8 and 14 Years of Age

1st Prize ... £20
2nd Prize ... £10
3rd Prize ... £5
10 Prizes of ... 10/-
20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £250.

These garments will be destined mainly for school wear, and entrants can create attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outlay of 5/-

1st Prize ... £15
2nd Prize ... £5
3rd Prize ... £2
10 Prizes of ... 5/-
20 Prizes of ... 2/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £250.

Best Outlay of approximately 5/-. The Judges will award the prizes in this Section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outlay, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment or garments will be eligible for entry in this Section. Sets of hosiery and sweaters, ladies' hosiery, men's socks and ties, bag-the-lights or dressing jackets, an endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising knitter for 5/-. The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this Section.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Singlet

1st Prize ... £15
2nd Prize ... £5
3rd Prize ... £2
10 Prizes of ... 5/-
20 Prizes of ... 2/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £250.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a special feature in this Section. Fine lace stitches, touches of hand embroidery, or applique can be used.

Conditions

1. A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition, and each entry must be accompanied by four coupons of successive dates.

2. The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on calico and sewn firmly to the garment.

3. Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.

4. Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely:—N.S.W.: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St., Sydney.

Queensland: Shell House, 301 Ann St., Brisbane.
South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.
Victoria: Age Chambers, 238 Collins St., Melbourne.

Entries close on June 30.

5. Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted. If an exhibit is to be returned by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover cost.

6. An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.

7. Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.

8. Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.

9. Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the competition. The judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

Entry Coupon on inside back cover.

FASCINATING but... Quite Inexpensive!

Here is a fascinating little cap that can be knitted from three skeins of four-ply wool.

Look up the scraps of wool left over from things you have knitted before. If there is not quite enough of one color, vary the colors and achieve a contrast with narrow stripes.

KNITTED in teazle wool and brushed or knitted in angora it would be perfectly adorable. The design has another advantage, too, in that while it looks very jaunty



From Our Knitting Book

FOR motoring, or with a colorful sports outfit for outdoor occasions, this little cap will prove amazingly useful as well as becoming.

THE design for the very smart lumber jacket above was sent us from overseas, one of the models chosen by the smartest women abroad.

Our model is knitted in a rich, dark navy and white, and the effect is very striking.

The softly falling bow at the neck adds a very feminine note to a garment that is otherwise essentially tailored.

The actual knitting is started from the underarm seam, a new method that has found favor overseas. This means, of course, that the rows of knitting are vertical, instead of horizontal, as is usual, and the effect is excellent.

Full directions for knitting this lumber jacket are published in The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book.

There are twenty exclusive designs in our knitting book. Secure a copy from your newsagent to-day for 6d., or write to this office enclosing 8d. in stamps to cover postage.



with closely cropped hair, it looks equally attractive nestled into a curly mop.

To make this jaunty cap you will need 3 skeins of 4-ply wool and a set of four No. 10 bone needles.

Cast on 120 sts., 40 on each of three needles. Knit into back joining into a round; now rib 4 plain 2 purl for 32 rounds. Continue this rib but in the following 1st, 10th, 11th and 20th purl stripes. P. 2 tog. m. 1. Work 2 rounds.

56th Round: P. 2 tog. m. 1 in the 2nd, 9th, 12th, 19th. P. stripes. Work 2 rounds.

59th Round: P. 2 tog. m. 1 in the 3rd, 8th, 13th, 18th. P. stripes. Work 2 rounds.

62nd Round: P. 2 tog. m. 1 in the 4th,

7th, 14th, 17th. P. stripes. Work 2 rounds.

65th Round: P. 2 tog. m. 1 in the 5th, 6th, 15th, 16th. P. stripes. Work 10 more rounds, then cast off.

Cut some of the wool into even lengths and plait or twist into a cord. Thread through holes. Make 2 tassels and sew one to each end; gather up and tie.

Why Doctors insist on a LIQUID LAXATIVE for children

If you have ever been a patient in any hospital you will know that laxatives are usually given in liquid form.

Doctors prefer a liquid laxative because the dose can be measured exactly to the patient's needs and its action is therefore under control.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learnt that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

Laxatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs should never be given to children. Give them a safe laxative, a gentle liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is recommended.

"California Syrup of Figs" does not cause bowel strain to the most delicate system, and this is of the utmost importance to expectant mothers and to every child.

All mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of the bowels with "California Syrup of Figs". It is a delicious-tasting laxative of sure and easy action. No synthetic chemicals; just a natural vegetable laxative. All children love the wholesome fruity flavour.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2/- times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 13011, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION. Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

Special claim forms for contributors are available on application.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication.

PATTERNS

Value on the pattern page.

HONEY HOLLIBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchovies. It makes delectable sandwiches and savories.***

WHY LET CONSTIPATION MAKE YOUR LIFE A MISERY?

Be done with dreary, tired days and restless nights! Say farewell to Constipation and the serious ills that follow in its train!

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Our Fashion Service and FREE PATTERN



FREE PATTERN

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated from
The Australian Women's Weekly—
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 238 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Wall St.
SYDNEY: Macdonnell House, 321 Pitt St.



WW 595

WW 596

SMART BLOUSE

WW595.—An effective blouse to wear with your new winter costume. Sleeves are cut in raglan style, fitted with tight cuffs. Material for 36-inch bust, 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

YOUTHFUL COAT

WW596.—A youthful little coat for day or evening wear. The wide revers are new and fascinating. Coat fits at the waist with darts. Material for 36-inch bust, 1 1/2 yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

USEFUL STYLE

WW597.—Becoming frock with a contrast front and bow to provide the fastening. Skirt has a separate panel continued to the side seam. Material for 36-inch bust, 2 1/2 yards, 54 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW 597

WW 598

WW 599

WINTER COSTUME

WW598.—A cozy winter costume in side fastening effect. Two-piece sleeves may be worn with or without the fur trimming. Skirt fashions inverted pleats. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 1/2 yards 54 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WITH VERY NEW SLEEVES

WW599.—A frock of distinction with new cut sleeves. Contrast trimming borders the round neck. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

STRIKING EVENING FROCK

WW600.—A striking design for an evening frock. The front trimming displays a flare below the bare shoulders. Skirt flare is fashioned with a train at the back. Material for 36-inch bust, 5 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SCHOOLGIRL'S "BEST" FROCK

WW601.—For a schoolgirl's "best" frock, extended at the neck with a contrast scarf. Sleeves are adorned with shaped trimming. Pattern for a girl 10-12 years. Material required, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

SHORT COAT EFFECT

WW602.—Very chic design in latest of winter fabrics cut to give a short coat effect. The light vest is completed with crossway trimming. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MATRON'S MODEL

WW603.—A distinguished model for a matron. Skirt has a panel back and front, and is cut with a slight flare. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 34 to 48 inches wide.

OUR FREE PATTERN

THIS week's free pattern is designed for the girl just leaving her teens. The neckline, with contrast trimming, is very smart. The second illustration portrays an entirely different style, but both frocks are made from the same pattern. The first is a party frock, and the second a sleeveless sports frock. The pattern is cut to fit a 32-inch bust measurement. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast 1/2 yard, 31 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.



WW 600



WW 601

WW 602

WW 603



How long will your Husband put up with this?

Cranky, fagged out, nervy, irritable... surely you must realise that always feeling off colour gradually wears a husband out... and after all it is fair to him! Yet you go on day by day when the remedy is just around the corner at your nearest Chemist or Store. There is definitely no excuse these days for such complaints as LASSITUDE, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, BAD BREATH, etc., if you take your regular dose of SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS.

SCHUMANN'S CLEANSSES AND PURIFIES

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts, which are made from the active ingredients of the Mineral Springs or Spas of Europe, thoroughly cleanse the system, flush the kidneys and strengthen and train the bowels for complete and normal functioning. You can always depend on Schumann's and you can always be well if you regularly take a half teaspoonful in a long glass of warm water. THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SCHUMANN'S

At all Chemists and Stores



Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

"Purifies but does not Purge"

EVERYBODY Lies

Continued from Page 7

I assured her that Ayr Strathmore must have found her lovely, and this was uplifting. But characteristically her comment was: "Egypt's queen! My nose needs powdering."

So she powdered it while her thoughts ran on.

"That was awfully crude," she confessed. "But what else could I do? I suppose he isn't half as thrilling as he looks, but I do crave to find out. I wonder if he thinks I'm too transparent. If he does I'll sit on him good and hard!"

From which it must be apparent to even the most casual that she expected to see Ayr again and that she suspected he might need discipline. She knew, of course, that she had given him a hint that any man of her acquaintance would be swift to perceive, and she was prepared, if he were so lacking in intuition as to remotely suggest she had done such a thing, to act the horrified and incredulous ingenue.

The one thing she never dreamt was that, so far from finding her transparent, he had been so dazzled by her that he did not even see her as she was. "She is very lovely," Ayr was assuring Rosemary's father, as they stood before the picture of the other Rosemary. "Your daughter is very much like her."

And he wondered why his host snorted.

Nevertheless, Merry's father quite approved of him—then.

"A fine young chap," he murmured

after Ayr had left and he stood rubbing his hands before the brisk fire that blazed in the library fireplace.

By that he meant that Ayr had been less argumentative than some of his predecessors, more inclined to listen than to talk, and unquestionably appreciative of the honor that had been done him here in Louisa Square.

That Merry had anything to do with this evident appreciation her father never dreamt. But as Ayr went across the Public Gardens at that very witching hour when day merges into night and the lights flash on against the darkening sky, his host and the house in Louisa Square were in his thoughts only as a background for Merry; it was she who held the centre of the stage.

"She," he thought, "is the real thing!"

The enthusiasm with which she had spoken of the beauty of the Esplanade at sunset seemed to him but one more evidence of her fineness of fibre. He told himself that he must see that which she found worthy of praise.

At sunset the next day he saw it. The sky, across the frozen river, was rose-flushed amber, softening to grey. The silhouette of the Cambridge shore, an ugly thing by day, had been merged to the unity and beauty of a Japanese print. As

the lights along the bridges pricked the dusk he discovered that there was poetry in him too.

Even the best of men being self-deceivers ever, it is possible that there was nowhere in his mind the thought that he might, by chance, encounter Merry.

Anyway he was surprised—almost as much as she so evidently was. "Why!" she exclaimed, in her lovely voice. "You did come to see my bridges after all. I never dreamt you would, really!"

No one—or at least no man—would have doubted her sincerity. But a woman might have marked that she wore her most becoming hat and was flushed her loveliest.

On the other hand, what less could be expected of a girl who is on her way to a tea where one more victim of her charm awaits her coming? For she was on her way to a tea and the victim would be there. He had phoned her at noon to tell her so.

"Let's walk up the Esplanade together," he had suggested.

"I'm not so sure I'll have time," she had said. "I'll see you there instead."

At the moment she almost believed this. Afterwards, when she found she did have the time, she decided there was, surely, no sense in being silly about it—whatever that may mean—and besides, the walk would do her good and save a taxi fare.

As she lived on but never within an allowance, that was important.

So they just happened to meet after all.

"Are you glad you came?" she demanded. "I always feel a horrible sense of responsibility when I praise a book, a play or a beautiful view."

"It is very beautiful and I'm glad I came," he reassured her, standing with his back to all the beauty.

"Then I'm glad too," she said. She glanced at her wrist watch. "But I'm on my way to tea and I must run. Which way are you going?"

The beauty they both admired was not so great that he could not bear to tear himself away from it, and so, presently, they came together to her destination.

"I hope," said she, as demurely and as prettily as her father could have wished, "that I haven't made you late for any other engagement?"

"I have none," said he, "save business engagements. I know very few people in Boston nowadays."

"Truly? Then why not come in and have tea too? Oh, you look perfectly all right!"—he had, indeed, his extreme all rightness to thank for his invitation—and it's wholly informal. Anybody is apt to bring an extra. I won't promise you won't be bored—but the tea is good!"

As he still hesitated, she added:

"I dare you to!"

No man could have resisted her as she said that, standing with her lovely

The Great and Small

Which are the great, and which the small,

In any legislative hall.

In any chair, on any throne?

They may be quickly seen and known.

The small man listens, filled with fear,

From his constituents to hear;

The great man seeks the truth to find

And lights the way for those behind.

The small man with a flock, I know, Would ask the flock which way to go. The great man, sifting every doubt, Would find the path and point it out. The small man, quite contented, would Serve public whims, not public good. The great—God gives the task to him To serve their good and not their whim.

—C.J.

To little men of little force

Servility's the wiser course.

The great man has the mind to move,

To find the facts, and then to prove.

The small (and here the difference is)

Makes other men's opinions his;

The great the truth decides, declares,

And then makes his opinions theirs.

—C.J.

face uplifted to his. So together they went up the long stone steps and again one of those seemingly impenetrable doors behind which old Boston society bulwarks itself swung wide to admit him.

THE tea was given

by the daughter of the house for the

younger set. The latter, male and female, filled the great drawing-room,

which was, according to modern architectural ideals, poorly proportioned.

By every token the room should have

lacked charm and yet in some way it

achieved it, and dignity as well.

This, again, seemed to him precisely

the setting in which Merry belonged.

There was no question but that she

was at home in it. If she had intended

to stand by him, through what de-

veloped into an ordeal, her evident

popularity was too much for her, she

was swept away.

The tea she left him supplied with

was doubtless good but his first sip

of it scorched him and after that he

held it rather helplessly. Though he

managed to remain enigmatic of eye,

he suffered acute discomfort and he

wished mightily that he had not come.

Even the glances cast his way marked

him, he believed, as an impostor and

intruder; he interpreted them as

critical and unfriendly.

One glance, not exactly casual,

certainly was. The others, cast

by feminine eyes, were quite the op-

posite, as Merry might have told him.

She, captured by a pretty blonde whose

evident interest had particularly dis-

concerted Ayr, was being questioned

about him.

"Who," demanded the little blonde,

"is your latest victim?"

"One of father's famous young

friends," replied Merry. "And he's

not my victim, latest or otherwise."

"I suppose you brought him here to

please your father? What does he

do?"

"Father?" asked Merry innocently.

"At the moment he's on his way to

Washington, where he plans to hold

an important conference with a cer-

tain Senator. At least he thinks it's

important. Whether the Senator will

agree remains to be seen."

"Think you're smart, don't you? I

suppose you've got him all staked out,

but I'm going to speak to him just

the same. You can talk to Sam and

do penance for your sins. Here he

comes—he's been glowering at you

ever since you came—and here I go!"

Ayr was utterly unprepared for her.

"You look lonesome," she suggested

coolly.

"Not at all," he replied ineptly.

"Am I to understand that I intrude?"

she asked plaintively.

"Not at all—"

"Gracious, but you are flattering.

And I'm supposed to be a vamp at

that! But that's unjust. I'm not

half as much a one as Merry is!"

"You mean—Miss Rindall?"

"Haven't you got to the first name

yet?"

"I only met Miss Rindall yester-

day."

"You only met me a few minutes

ago—but see how chummy we are

already. You don't mind my being here

a bit—although you do wish you could

remember my name."

THE technique she

used was apparent to him now and he

was not utterly inexperienced in it.

"Why bother?" he suggested. "A

rose by any other name—"

"You begin to improve!" Just for

that I'll tell you my name. It's Hetty

Green. Truly! It's supposed to be an

awful joke because I'm naturally gen-

erous. That's why I gave Sam Hill a

chance for a tete-a-tete. He's Merry's

latest, you know. I wish she'd number

them, so that I could keep count of

all her victims."

Please turn to Page 30

Those little Lines started below the surface in your UNDER SKIN

Dryness begins in the OUTER SKIN

Try this TWO-SKIN Treatment
It keeps both skins flawless

LONG before you can actually see the first tracings of those little lines you dread so much, they have begun to form in your Under Skin.

When you are very young, the oil glands in this Under Skin keep it firm, full. It fits the Outer Skin perfectly. But very soon the supply of oils fails. Then your Outer Skin becomes loosened from the Under Skin—the lines and creases you feared have formed!

How to Prevent Wrinkles—To help your Under Skin when the glands are failing, you must use a cream rich in oils, and deeply penetrating. That is just what Pond's Cold Cream is made for. It sinks so far into your skin that tired tissues are renewed—rejuvenated. Because it does go so deep it is no wonder that Pond's Cold Cream is such a marvelous cleanser. Every tiny speck of grime and grit is floated up and out of your pores. Your skin will feel gloriously freed of dirt and make-up.

To Correct Dryness—Your Outer Skin needs an entirely different care. In it are moisture cells. When these are dried out by exposure, dryness, coarse texture result. A very remarkable substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream not only pre-



Lady Mary Pakenham

cares for her enchanting Irish beauty the Pond's way—Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

vents this loss of moisture but actually restores it. Just one application will remove every trace of roughness, chapping. The pearly smoothness this cream imparts to your skin makes it a matchless powder base. Your make-up will last perfectly for hours!

Follow this Famous Two-Skin Method

1. Every night cleanse and firm your Under Skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off. Repeat, patting vigorously.

2. Next, smooth your Outer Skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave it on all night. It's greaseless so there is no danger of soiling the pillow.

3. Every morning, and during the day, another Cold Cream cleansing. Follow with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then make-up.

Your own skin will begin to grow lovelier, smoother almost immediately.

New Larger Jars 2/6 Tubes 1/6



TRIAL OFFER: Mail this coupon to-day with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Roché) ☐ Light Brunette ☐ Rose Cream (Natural) ☐ Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐ Rose

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Address

THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY

SMOOTH—GLOSSY
1 At its peak, the inner and the outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—flawless!

SOFT—SPONGY
2 Just past its prime, the inner tissue has softened and shrunken away from the outer skin, which loosens.

WRINKLED—DISCOLORED
3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

SOME WRINKLES on How to Keep Wrinkles At BAY!

.... and a week's routine of beauty care for the woman who has "no time"

HERE'S so much in system. I find myself—like many, many others who, perhaps, pound a typewriter all day, stand behind a counter, or take care of a family with a thousand needs—wasting envious thoughts for those leisured ones who have oceans of time to acquire a damask finish to the cheek and a soignée curve to the figure. But it is not a question of luxury—it is simply a matter of getting your beauty treatments down to a daily routine—and sticking to them!

IT pays to have method just as much in beauty care as it does in the office or home.

The first thing to do is to settle definitely in your mind just what you want to do each day, regardless of extra attention, such as nightly cleansing of face, anointing of hands, and brushing of hair—and teeth.

Now, I would suggest a seven-day routine for every neglected little part of the body—to keep the whole of you "on top."

This programme, of course, can be adjusted to your own individual time and requirements. I have suggested (keeping the business girl and woman in mind), week nights and Saturday and Sunday afternoons as being suitable for the odd half-hour of beauty care. The stay-at-homes can choose the afternoons if they so wish.

The First Day

LET'S begin with Sunday. Because it usually has the largest number of free hours in it for the business woman it is just the day to get busy with that hair shampoo—not every week unless the hair is particularly oily, but every other week.

You can make a foaming shampoo of any mild, but good, soap, flaking it up, and pouring boiling water over. Let it stand and it will form a jelly, which can be bottled for further use. Make a thorough job of it. Give the hair two shampoos and rinse at least three times.

The Second Day

ON Monday evening go over your wardrobe. There's always a host of little things to be done, and once a week is by no means too often to attend to them. Take out the pins you have put here



A NEW wrinkle for removing wrinkles and discolorations from elbows. Slice a lemon in half, scoop out the centres and bleach the elbows, as does Florina McKinney, an M.G.M. player.

: By Evelyn :



ASTRINGENT applied with a cotton pad helps to keep the pores of nose and cheeks fine in texture. At Top: Before your weekly manicure use oil in working on the nail cuticle for perfect softening.

The Third Day

TUESDAY'S little special need takes no longer than 20 minutes. It concerns the eyes.

Of course, if you find time to bathe them every night they will thank you all the more brightly for it. Simply bathe them with a good eye lotion or boracic (one teaspoon to one pint of boiling water). Smooth vanishing cream on the lids and under the eyes, rest for 15 minutes with the eyes closed. Have you ever noticed how rusty it is to look at blackness? Try it. Think of an unflattering sea of blackness, and look at it for 15 minutes.

The Fourth Day

WEDNESDAY brings us to the middle of the week—an excellent day in



Weekly Diet Hint

IN fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, milk, and eggs, the human being obtains most of the vitamins his body needs. Therefore a considerable quantity of these, excepting not more than two eggs, should be eaten each day. To supplement, cod-liver oil is excellent, especially for children and the aged, as it contains also Vitamin D, in which some foods are deficient.

with pumice stone any hard skin or callouses. Dry and massage with vaseline—every toe separately. Next morning sponge the feet with cool water, put a piece of adhesive plaster over each corn, dust with talc, and you'll be surprised at your light step.

The Fifth Day

GIVE this night over to neck, arms, and back. Give them a special rubbing in the bath. Remember your elbows, too (note illustration and lines).

Have you ever used a loofah? It's splendid for rubbing away gooseflesh, and making the skin of upper arms and back smooth; in fact, the whole body.

Then smooth nourishing cream into neck and arms, and as far down the back as possible, having in mind evening dress display.

The Sixth and Seventh Day

MASSAGE a good hair tonic into the scalp, to keep it healthy and your hair will look its loveliest. Attend to eyebrows and underarms.

And so we come to Saturday, the final day. What about a facial? I have given you prescriptions in previous issues for this and for self-massage. Be thorough this day. Apply an egg mask, or a mud pack, and you'll feel marvellously fresh for that party.

If your skin is oily, try an astringent mask?

Place a large piece of absorbent cotton so that it completely covers the face, leaving holes for nose and mouth. Then soak the cotton in astringent, renewing several times.

Leave on for five or ten minutes...

So there is your week's beauty routine. Just try it for a week, and a fresh, trim appearance will reward you for your trouble.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME



PATIENT: Do teeth really play an important part in preserving health, or is all the talk one hears merely a veiled and indirect method of inciting people to buy the many dental preparations on the market? What causes decay in teeth?

THE preservation of the teeth is an important factor in keeping the body well and fit. Some of us have better teeth than others. But the best of teeth will soon become decayed if neglected.

What causes decay primarily is food particles lodged in the spaces between the teeth. That is why the teeth should

be brushed regularly after every meal, not crosswise only, but up and down as well, so that such food particles may be removed.

When food remains between the teeth it decomposes. Such putrefaction not only gives the breath an offensive odor, but it also produces acids which act on the enamel of the teeth and break them down.

It is the enamel of the teeth which protects them. Once the surface is broken or destroyed, germs, which are always in the mouth to greater or lesser degree, complete the decay of the teeth themselves.

A TOOTH may be divided into five portions. First there is the crown of the tooth—the tooth proper as we so it—which is covered by the enamel and projects above the gums. Next is the root of the tooth, consisting of one or more pegs which are fastened in the cavities of the jaw.

BY A DOCTOR

Underneath the enamel of the tooth is the dentine. This is the substance of the tooth, and it extends down into the roots. The part of the dentine which is underneath the level of the gums is known as the cement. Within the dentine, in the centre of the tooth, is the so-called pulp cavity.

We should be most careful about preserving the enamel. Therefore no metal object should be allowed near the teeth, likewise gritty tooth powders and pastes which scratch the enamel and impair its vitality and usefulness. Hard sweets or nuts, or cotton threads, should never be bitten, as they crack the enamel.

Be careful about keeping the teeth as free from tartar as possible. Tartar induces decomposition. It consists of carbonate of lime mixed with bacteria and other substances from the food.

No matter how well we care for the teeth, a visit to the dentist at least every six months is necessary.

Even if none of the teeth show signs of beginning decay, the tartar which has accumulated despite frequent brushing, should be scraped off, and the enamel cleansed and polished, so that food and germs cannot so readily stick fast.



MISS DOROTHY STANWARD

The Beautiful Theatrical Star, now appearing in "Du Barry," at the King's Theatre, Melbourne, is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax, the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

"Beauty is Merely a Matter of Knowing HOW" —By NANETTE

"A CLEAR COMPLEXION." This first essential to beauty can be readily obtained by those whose skin now is rough and marred by blemishes. Mercolized Wax absorbs and thus removes all skin impurities, powder and perspiration from the pores, particles of dead skin, etc. The shallow unsatisfactory skin lifts right away in tiny, almost invisible particles, revealing the fresh, fine-textured skin beneath in all its natural beauty. No matter how bad your skin is, persevere with the use of this wonderful wax and in a very short while the difference in your appearance will delight you and astonish your friends.

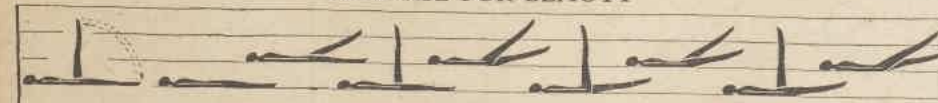
Get this truly wonderful restorer from your chemist to-day.

"BEST AND SIMPLEST SHAMPOO." If your hair is not as lovely, as attractive as it should be, you probably are using wrong methods of shampoo. A few stallax granules in a little hot water is the most satisfactory of all shampoos; it is very different from shampoos which are merely high-scented foam. Stallax is a real cleansing agent. It leaves the scalp perfectly clean and healthy; imparts a shining loveliness to any head of hair.

"UNRULY HAIR." I know of but one way by which your hair may be kept smooth and keep its well cared for appearance throughout the day. Hollywood Hair Dressing is the best means yet discovered for this purpose. Society women, stage stars use it. Men, particularly about their appearance, use Hollywood Hair Dressing. This new dressing stops dandruff, falling hair and certainly increases growth. "FAT IS UGLY." You know this and if you are one of those unfortunate women who are burdened with troublesome fat, why just take a few clynot berries and your weight will soon be reduced to more normal proportions in a perfectly harmless and safe way. They are really good.

THE NEW DEARBORN INDELIBLE LIPSTICKS. Brillbond, Mandarin, Tango, Vermil, Bruna, are the latest sensation in lip sticks. OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



HERE IS ANOTHER clever illustrated exercise showing the manner in which you can attain slender hips, and, in addition, strengthen back and leg muscles. Do this twenty times in bed before you arise, or lie flat on the floor, following each movement as shown above.

SORES REXONA heals

...when
everything
else fails

"Some time back while running to catch a train, I ran into one of the posts on the station. My leg broke out into a running sore. The leg was bad from just above the ankle nearly up to the knee, and ran all day for nine months. I tried all kinds of ointment but none were a success and I saw visions of losing my leg. I tried Rexona, and two tins of same completely stopped the running and my leg healed up."

—Mr. K. S. McVitty, Victoria.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for...

Scalds, blisters, bruises, sore feet, heat spots, chapped hands, aching muscles, itching and all skin complaints.

Rexona
the rapid healer
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DOGS, CATS
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Don't wish that your husband or son did not drink—ACT! Eucrasy is transforming drinkers into sober men every day. Users are daily testifying to its success. Why suffer the awful effects of drunkenness a moment longer? EUCRASY will sober the drinker and bring happiness to your home if you USE IT. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless, and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily.
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STOP THEM IN TIME
Take one powder or tablet at bedtime followed by hot drink. Repeat every four hours if necessary. During severe epidemics, 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.
All Chemists and Stores, or direct from Vincent's Chemical Company, Sydney.
VINCENT'S APC
GENUINE
POWDER & TABLETS
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Work While "VAREX" Heals Your Bad Leg
Sufferers from various ulcers and bad legs can be permanently cured by the Vares Treatment, which other measures have failed.
There is no "laying up," and the patient can keep on working throughout the treatment. Only one dressing a week required, and there is no pain.
Call at the Treatment Rooms, and see the Vares in charge or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.
HENRY HEALY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Vares Ltd., 424N George St., Sydney.

IN spite of himself Ayr glanced across the room to where a sleek-haired young man was engaging Merry's attention.
"They're quarrelling just now," explained Hetty. "She promised to meet him here, and then she turned up with you in tow. He's demanding an explanation."
"It's very simple. I happened to meet Miss Rindall on the Esplanade."
"Happened to meet her. I've been out two years—do you expect me to believe that?"
"I'm afraid I'm not out yet. Would you mind explaining what you mean?"
Before she could answer, Merry intervened. She knew Hetty—Hetty, who was not only an outrageous flirt, but outrageous in other ways—and so she had rid herself of Sam. Almost brutally, in fact.
"He's a friend of father's," she had explained. "Not that it's any of your business."
"I thought," Sam had retorted hotly, "that—"
"Then think again," she had suggested sweetly, and left him abruptly. One can only wonder why the nursing of the sick and wounded is entrusted to the fair but unmerciful sex.

"WHAT," Hetty demanded of her, as she joined them, "did you do to poor Sam? Has he gone out into the garden to eat worms?"
This Merry properly ignored, save for a swift accession of color.
"I came to see if you wanted some more tea," she told Ayr. "And you haven't even finished what I got for you!"
"That's because I've been so bright and entertaining," announced Hetty. "But"—she glanced at Ayr—"I shan't ask you to admit it because I'm afraid you'll say 'Not at all!'"
She had planned this as her exit line but an even better one occurred to her.
"I hope," she said very sweetly, "to see you again, Mr. Strathmore. Perhaps Merry will bring you to tea at my house some day. Or perhaps we'll

Bachelor's Philosophy
Scientists are wondering about the age of the earth, while an author wonders why it is referred to as "she."
... One question should answer the other.

EVERYBODY Lies

Continued from Page 28

Male and female created He them. Adam with his eyes imploring, Eve exquisitely thrilled with a new and heady sense of power. . . . Ayr with his head bared to the night, Merry with her furs slipping from her shoulders.
"Why—I'd love to," said she.
Father could hit the roof for all she cared.
They dined at the Engineers' Club.
"My word," the waitress who decorously served their wants remarked to a sister server, "but they've got it bad!"
And she was a connoisseur of symptoms, for it is most often across a field of white and silver that Cupid tilts and tournaments. He is the patron saint not only of lovers, but of restaurateurs.

The proof of this can be found wherever people dine out; at least one love story in the making is always in evidence.
"I," confessed Ayr, "think you are one girl in a million!"
"I," retorted Merry, "think you're awfully nice yourself!"
They did not—naturally—say it aloud. Neither then nor in the week that followed, during which both Merry's father and mother fortunately—or otherwise—remained away from home.

Friendship was their pose. They were such wonderfully good friends.
"It's a relief," Merry told herself, "to find one man who talks to you like a human being instead of trying to rush you with a lot of sublimated goo!"
Never before had she been so utterly devoid of coquetry, and so, when her conscience acted up, she would remind herself. As for Ayr, he was never the wee-est bit lover-like. All of which merely proved, of course, exactly the opposite of what she persuaded herself it proved. For a girl is never so dangerous as when a situation permits her to dispense with coquetry, and a man is never more

which means that his forbears, two generations removed, had all been Scotch. He subscribed, accordingly, to the American doctrine that all men are born free and equal in opportunity, and that a man is to be judged not by what his ancestors were, but by what he has made of himself.
Or rather, he had so subscribed until he met Merry.

To him, quite aside from her loveliness, she was the embodiment of all those forces of breeding and ancestry whose authenticity he had denied, but whose potency he now felt overwhelmingly. As he told her his story he honestly believed she might shrink from the picturing of his environment and his many escapades.

THE effect on her was, of course, exactly what anybody save he might have expected. She had been much more than normally moved, though she said nothing, until he spoke of his mother and his regret that she had died before he could make up to her all that she had missed—give her the comforts and ease she had never known after she had been widowed, and too proud to ask aid of anybody, accepted menial work with a fortitude and dignity that proved she was a true gentilewoman.

"I think," Merry had cried then, "that the greatest thing you could have given her would have been the pride she would have had in you!"
And she meant it. She herself was proud of him. It was she who had never felt so humble. She contrasted him with other men she knew, to her disadvantage. They seemed silly, ineffectual, and the thought of the stuff they fed her made her sick.

The return of William Cabot Rindall to Louisburg Square was unheralded. Merry, who had just parted from Ayr outside, found him in the library. She was taken by surprise, but she kissed him dutifully. He received her kiss without enthusiasm. His trip had, apparently, left him irritated.

This irritation was marked at dinner, which he ate in silence.
"Did you have a pleasant trip?" she asked presently.
"I did not go for pleasure," he replied crushingly.
The color flooded Merry's cheeks and her pretty lips set.
"I suppose mother would humor him," she thought, "but I refuse to."
The impulse that followed proved irresistible. She knew that Ayr idealized her—believed her above deception. She considered this silly of him, but very dear, and when her conscience had acted up, she had reminded it that it was her father's fault, and not hers, that she had had to—well, give Ayr a wrong impression.

NOW however, the courage she had never lacked save with Ayr drove her on to meet the crisis more than half-way. She'd have it over at once.
"I've seen Ayr"—she colored deeply—"Mr. Strathmore, that is, several times while you were away."
"Mr. Strathmore? Did he call?"
"No. I met him on the Esplanade and took him to tea at the Ollertons."

"Tea at the Ollertons!" echoed her father.
"He's getting up steam!" thought Merry. "Here's where he blows off!"
"He seemed very appreciative," she assured her father. "And he invited me to dine with him at the Engineers' Club!"
"You dined with him? At the Engineers' Club? Without asking your mother's permission? Or mine?"
"Gracious! How could I ask your permission—or mother's? You were both away!"
"You should have had sense enough, in the circumstances, to decline!"
"But why? I thought you approved of him. You had him here for luncheon!"

"I do not exhaustively investigate the antecedents of every man I bring to luncheon. I believe young Strathmore is very brilliant in his profession. As you know, I rate brains very highly."

"I kind of like them myself," Merry assured him.

"But," he went on, "I know nothing of his family connections—"

"He has none that he knows of. His mother is dead—"

"You seem to have investigated—may I ask who his mother was?"

"She was a washerwoman," replied Merry, ignoring the sarcasm. "Do you care for another cup of coffee?"

Obviously he did not. He needed a bromide rather than a stimulant.

"A washerwoman? And you went to dinner with him—"

"Twice. And to the theatre, too. And this afternoon we had tea at the duckiest little place. It's called 'Nan's Kitchen'—"

Please turn to Page 32

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SAVORIES... Hot or Cold?

New Ideas... Just Something that is Different for the Party

HAT dainty little titbit, originally meant as an aperitif before dinner, is now prime favorite at every social occasion, a little larger than the hors d'oeuvres for supper and teas, and as a main course for tea or dinner.

Though they vary in size and name, they are all based on a contrast in flavor and consistency. Use a base of dried, toasted, fried bread or biscuits, with a tart, salted, hot or cold, highly seasoned smooth mixture. Garnish with a view to contrast in both flavorings and color.

FRUITS that have been spiced and bottled during the summer months provide a delightful novelty for savories, their piquancy of flavor and color lending charm to your supper table. Hot savories can be prepared during the day, and the final cooking, reheating, frying, or grilling can be accomplished, while the hostess prepares the supper tray and the coffee is brewing.

MOUNTAIN MISTS

Make a good stock of either vegetables or meat or both. Remove all fat, add vinegar, and onion juice to flavor. Then add gelatine, allowing one dessert-spoon of granulated gelatine to every cup of liquid. When cold, but not set, add



some finely chopped sweet pickles and neatly cut pieces of smoked tongue. Pour into dishes, having the jelly about quarter-inch in thickness. When set, cut into neat cubes or rounds. Arrange on a savory dish.

BEETROOT CUPS

Choose small beetroot, cook in the usual way, and pickle. When needed, cut off the top, scoop out the centres, and arrange a very small pickled herring or anchovy in the centre, with a few tiny pickled onions on top.

TULIPS

Choose egg tomatoes, both red and yellow if procurable. Remove the skin by dipping in boiling water and then skinning. Cut a little off the end to see they stand evenly. Cut each tomato down the sides to shape like a tulip. Fill each tomato with very finely chopped celery, mixed with French salad dressing, and a few drops of onion juice and cayenne pepper. Serve very cold on hearts of lettuce leaves.

APRICOT CREAMS

Arrange sliced apricot halves on rounds of fried bread or biscuit. Fill the centre with well-smoothed creamed cheese, rounding it on top and arranging half a stuffed olive on it.

APRICOT JELLIES

Spiced apricots arranged as above, and the centre filled with a little finely chopped ham and red currant jelly on top.

By.....
MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor to Leading Hospitals



A TRAY of savories that would tempt the appetite of an epicure.

TOMATO WEDGES

Cut the tomatoes in wedges. Remove the seeds and marinate for a few hours. Fill the tomato with ham paste, highly seasoned with mustard, cayenne, etc., and add some very finely chopped olives to it.

CELERY HEARTS

Choose white hearts of celery, soak in cold salted water until crisp. Dry and fill with anchovy butter, spreading it in the celery. It can also be arranged attractively with a forcing pipe.

ANCHOVY BUTTER

Three anchovies (if salted variety, soak in milk 3 hours). Bone them, adding the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, 3 tablespoons butter, some lemon and onion juice, also paprika to flavor. Mix well together. Rub through a sieve. This mixture will keep for some weeks in a covered jar.

ARTICHOKE AND SALMON

Wash and peel some artichokes; soak in acidulated water for 30 minutes. Simmer gently in boiling salted water until cooked, but not too soft. Marinate in oil and vinegar to which has been added some cayenne and lemon rind. Cut in suitable wedges and arrange very thin slices of smoked salmon on them. Sprinkle powdered parsley on the salmon.

LENTIL SAVORIES

Soak some red lentils overnight. Next day, drain off the water and simmer the lentils very gently in some good veal stock with onion and celery. When cooked, remove the onion and pieces of celery, adding some finely-chopped celery hearts to the stock, and allow to cool in the stock until it jells. If you do not think it will jell, add some gelatine, which has been soaked in cold stock or water. Serve in tiny lettuce cups.

STUFFED SARDINES

Six sardines, 1 tablespoon butter (level), 1 hard-boiled egg yolk, 1 teaspoon capers, cayenne to taste, tarragon vinegar, salt.

Drain the oil from the sardines. Open the fish and lift out the backbone. Arrange the sardines on a dish and sprinkle with tarragon vinegar. Stand 10 minutes. Drain and place one on each strip of crisp toast or dry biscuit. Mince the capers. Add half the grated egg yolk, cayenne, and salt if necessary. Divide the mixture between the sardine halves. Sprinkle each lightly with sieved egg yolk. Arrange on a dish. Garnish with parsley.

ANCHOVY PUFFS

Scraps of puff pastry. Roll out to three-eighths of an inch in thickness. Spread with anchovy paste. Fold and press lightly. Cut into strips three inches long and one inch wide. Arrange on a very lightly greased baking dish. Stand in a cold spot for half an hour before serving. Glaze with white of egg and cook in a hot oven for 30 minutes, reducing the heat after the first 10 minutes. Serve on a doyley.

WELSH RABBIT A LA AMERICAINE

1 lb. grated cheese, 1 cup ale, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon chopped gherkins, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon flour. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Stir in the cheese. Cook over a double boiler until the cheese is melted. stir-

ring frequently. Add salt, flour, mustard, cayenne, or paprika. Then gradually add the ale, stirring all the time. When well mixed, add the well-beaten egg and the chopped gherkins. Stir until thick. Serve immediately on triangles of hot buttered toast.

SAVORY SAUSAGES

Choose cocktail sausages. Cook gently in boiling salted water five or six minutes. Drain. When cool, remove the skin without breaking the sausage. Make a slit, but avoid cutting right through. Spread with a savory mustard made as follows: 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 of a very finely minced garlic or some onion juice, a little sugar, and lemon juice to make all into a paste.

Just before serving, reheat, and brown under the grill.

SOUPS for Cold DAYS

CABBAGE SOUP

One pound cabbage, 6 cups water, 4 cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 crystallised cherries.

Choose a very white cabbage, using about 1 lb. of it, well washed and very finely chopped. Put into a saucepan with the salt, pepper, and water, and 2 tablespoons butter. When the cabbage is tender, drain off the water and replace it with milk. Bring slowly to the boil, adding more salt if necessary. Simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour, then add the very, very finely chopped cherries. The cherries should be too small to bite.

ITALIAN SOUP

One cup haricot beans, 1 small onion, 1 cup olive oil, 1 small clove garlic, 1 cup freshly boiled rice, 1 cup finely chopped cabbage, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 heaped tablespoon dried grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Wash and soak the beans in water for 24 hours. Cover with 3 pints water or stock, and simmer slowly until soft. Rub through a sieve. Fry the finely chopped onion until a golden brown in the olive oil; add the chopped parsley and garlic, tomato juice, cabbage, cooked rice, to the puree and one quart of the liquor in which the beans have been cooked. Season to taste and simmer for half an hour. Serve garnished with grated cheese. Parmesan cheese improves this dish.

BEAN SOUP

One cup kidney beans (red), 2 large onions, 1 quart water, 4 tablespoons butter, 10 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, blade mace.

Soak the beans overnight. Next day drain off the water. Put into a saucepan, with 1 quart water, the soaked beans, peeled and sliced onions, salt, peppercorns, mace, and butter. Simmer until the beans are soft enough to rub through a fine sieve, and hold back the tough skins. The puree should be as thick as a custard. Sprinkle crumbs fried in butter over each plate of soup.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste. **

BEST RECIPES

Variety in Your Menu

Mutton is the staple meat diet of Australia, and suggestions for new and appetising ways of cooking it are always welcomed by housewives, especially those in the country. Our first prize-winning recipe this week will interest you on this account, and the other three recipes will help you introduce tasty dishes to your menu.

ROAST MUTTON, FRENCH STYLE

One small leg of mutton, 1 finely chopped shallot, chopped parsley, carrot, and onion, salt and pepper to taste.

Bone and trim the leg, and season it with the parsley, shallot, pepper and salt. Tie up, and place in a baking tin with slices of carrot and onion, and 2oz. butter. Place in a hot oven for 20 minutes, baste frequently, and finish roasting in a slightly cooler oven till tender. Pour off the fat and make gravy in the usual way. Add a quarter-teaspoon of Worcestershire Sauce to the gravy. Mutton cooked this way is delicious.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Trosser, 142 Irish Harp Rd., Prospect, S.A.

ESMERALDA ROLLS

Rub 1 tablespoon of butter into 1 cup of self-raising flour. Mix to a scone dough with milk, and roll out to an oblong 5 inches by 7 inches. Have ready on stove a plectid containing 1 pint boiling water, 2 tablespoons coconut, 3 tablespoons golden syrup. Have this simmering. Cut dough, smear with golden syrup and roll up. Drop into simmering mixture, which should just cover them and put into a moderate oven one hour. The water evaporates and leaves the rolls light and fluffy in a thick sauce of syrup and coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Trewhella, Mont Albert Rd., Geelong, Vic.

HAM OYSTERS

This is delicious when served with fried bananas.

One cup minced ham, 2 cups bread-crumbs, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup scalded milk, and a dash of pepper. When well blended drop from a spoon into a hot pan, making each one about the size of a fried oyster.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Leeson, Goodwood, Qld.

DELICIOUS APPLE CAKE

Half-dozen cooking apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, and self-raising flour.

Peel and cut apple in quarters, then slice them, sprinkle with sugar, and stand aside, then cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, then milk, and lastly enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out and cover oven slide, which has been greased. Now spread top with apples, then make a mixture of the following: Quarter-cup rolled oats, sugar, pinch cinnamon, and some breadcrumbs, and enough water to moisten it. Sprinkle over apples. Bake in moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Grapes may be used instead of apples. 3lb being needed.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Kathleen Walters, Post Office, Yamba, N.S.W.

Two NEW and Most Delicious PUDDINGS

Here are two new steam puddings that I would suggest for the mother of a family that arrives home starving on a cold winter night.

MARMALADE PUDDING.

One and a half tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, orange marmalade. Cream the butter and sugar well, then add the well-beaten eggs. Sift in the flour, salt, and baking powder, adding sufficient marmalade to make it into a fairly stiff batter. Pour into a greased basin or mould, and cover with greased paper and a floured cloth. Tie securely and steam for one and a half hours.

FIG AND GINGER PUDDING.

One small tin apricots, 5 preserved or pulled figs, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cake Batter as follows: 1 cup butter, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 egg, 1 cup milk (sour), 1 cup sugar, 2 1/2 tea-

spoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda, 1 teaspoon ground ginger.

Strain the syrup from the apricots. Cut the figs into small pieces and soak overnight. Strain. Melt the sugar and butter in a saucepan. Add the drained figs and apricots; simmer gently 10 minutes; add salt and half cup of apricot juice. Keep warm, while making the cake batter as follows:

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the well-beaten egg and sour milk. Mix and add the sifted dry ingredients and lemon rind.

Grease a fireproof dish and pour in the fruit mixture, then cover with the cake batter. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat and bake another 30 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream or hard sauce.

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**SCRUBB'S
CLOUDY
AMMONIA**

EVERYBODY Lies

Continued from Page 30

"I THINK," he exploded at that point, "that it's high time your mother came home. You should never have been left alone. You have no sense—"

"And yet," she commented, "I'm twenty-two and supposed to have some. I'm of age—"

"But you will please remember, still dependent on me. I claim and exercise the right to supervise your friends and companions—"

"Shall I prepare a list of them?"

"And," he went on, "I forbid you to have anything more to do with this Mr. Strathmore!"

"Because his mother was a washer-woman?"

"I prefer to keep my reasons—or such decisions as I may make to myself. And once again I remind you that so long as you are dependent upon me—"

"Mine not to reason why!" she paraphrased. "I suppose in one way you are right. I am dependent. That never occurred to me before—"

"Let us consider the subject closed. I prefer not to discuss it further."

To enforce this he immediately rose and withdrew to the library.

"Egypt's queen!" thought Merry. "I feel like the heroine of a movie!"

To which some might add that she had been unkind and impudent and that her father had been quite in the right. To do her justice she saw that in one way he was right. So long as she stayed under his roof—

"I'll do it!" she promised herself, at that instant. "The first thing in the morning."

And she did, and as a result it was nearer six than five when she reached the Esplanade the following afternoon.

In the meantime, Ayr had had company—and feminine company at that.

"Why, it's Mr. Strathmore," Hetty Green had announced gaily. "The Esplanade is a great place for chance meetings, isn't it? But I shan't ask you if you're pleased to see me—I'm afraid you'd say 'Not at all!' Are you waiting for Merry?"

"Just what," he parried, "makes you think I'm waiting for anybody?"

"You had exactly the expression of a devoted dog ecstatically wagging its tail as its mistress approached until you realised it was only me," she explained. "Is she late? Or has her father returned and placed her in duress again?"

"May I ask if you always speak in riddles, like the Delphic oracle?"

"Now you're trying to kid me. Please don't—I've been kidded by experts. And anyway, it's much plainer than the nose on my face that Merry has been meeting you on the sly—"

"I beg to differ with you!"

"And you'd like to bite me. But tell me this. Before you ever thought of coming to the Esplanade didn't she say it was a favorite walk of hers? Oh, you needn't answer—I see she did. But it's old stuff and crude. She must have thought her father would disapprove of you awfully to resort to it—"

"Are you often affected this way?" he asked solicitously.

"Snubbed again. But I owe Merry one—and two or three besides. I suspected when she disappeared from the society in which she has always been a shining light that something was happening. And, of course, her father being away simplified matters. She always had all the luck!"

"Are you sure I'm not detaining you?"

"And isn't it lucky for me that I'm not a man! I—but here she comes. Better late than never. Hello, Merry! I've been cultivating Mr. Strathmore while he waited for you. But I must run now. Fare-thee-well!"

And off she went, extremely pleased with herself.

"What," demanded Merry at once, "has she been saying now?"

"Nothing of importance—"

"I know better—and she did. Please tell me!"

Of course, he couldn't, or at least not all. But she was insistent enough to draw from him a hint that made her cheeks flame.

"YOU mean that she said that—my father would object to my seeing you here?"

Ayr said nothing—there was no need of it. They were silent for a moment. Then:

"He does object," said Merry steadily. "I'm sorry. He came home last night. I spoke about seeing you and—he was already irritated about something. He was silly about it—he actually forbade me to see you again!"

She smiled, a shade breathlessly, but he did not.

"Deep down in my heart I've had the feeling he wouldn't want me to meet Olive called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty—"

see too much of you," he confessed. "I—well, I don't belong, Merry."

"I'm glad you don't," said she simply. Then "Please don't worry about it."

"Worry about it? How can I help it? It's really my fault. I'm older and I know the world, Merry. In some ways you're a child. You've been shielded from ugliness and untruth. I'm glad of it. There isn't a thing but the truth in you. You couldn't stoop to deception to save your life—"

"That was too much!"

"Please," she protested passionately, "don't talk that way as if I were an angel. I'm not. I never was. I've known all along that father would throw a fit. He can't help it. He's the worst snob at heart that—"

"You're known all along he wouldn't like it?" he gasped dazedly.

"But—why, you told me yourself—"

"Oh, it was a lie," she announced abruptly. And then, suddenly angry, she added: "Why don't you say so right out?"

"I can't believe it. You couldn't tell a lie if you tried—"

"Everybody lies!" she retorted, flippantly. "I'm sorry to have shocked you so. I thought father was terribly mid-Victorian, but I wonder if you're not worse. I—I wish you good luck and—good-bye, Mister Strathmore."

No love story is complete without at least one good-bye. So swiftly and cataclysmically had they achieved theirs.

It left Ayr literally stunned; he let her go without a word. He was not even conscious of the fact that she did not turn towards Louisburg Square, but in the opposite direction. And it was not on Louisburg Square, but on Franklin Square, which is several miles removed and socially even more remote, that Merry looked down that night as she stood by her window.

She had moved there only a few hours before. She had intended to tell Ayr about it, gaily, explaining only that she had decided to achieve economic independence. But now:

"As things have turned out," she thought wryly, "I've made forty-seven kinds of a fool of myself. I suppose. But anyway father deserved a jolt. He'll think twice before he refers to me as his dependent again."

And so she, in her own phrase, determined to stick it out.

Of all this Ayr naturally knew nothing. He pictured her at home in Louisburg Square, where she so thoroughly belonged.

IT was on Tremont Street that he met Hetty again, four days later, at just the hour he had been accustomed to meeting Merry.

"If necessary," Hetty announced breathlessly, "I'm going to cling to your coat like the old man of the sea until I get the facts from you. I'm consumed with curiosity. You and Merry are like an exciting serial—I never know what's coming next. Why has Merry gone to work in Gradine's Bargain Basement?"

"Merry? Gradine's Bargain Basement?" Ayr echoed, suspecting some jest.

"What! You didn't know? How positively thrilling. She's at Ladies' Kimonos—I dollar 98 cents. I saw her selling one to somebody's washer-woman."

"But—what for? Why should she work?"

"That's what I wanted to find out from you. You ask her. I'm not in her confidence."

"Neither," said he, "am I!"

Even so he found himself within a quarter of an hour in Gradine's Bargain Basement.

"Egypt's queen!" gasped Merry, as she saw him borne towards her on that feminine tide that waits for no man.

"I'm—discovered!"

Nevertheless, her self-possession proved colossal.

"Can I interest you in something in women's kimonos, sir?" she demanded, while he strove for breath.

"What," he countered, "are you doing here?"

"Oh, I thought that as I'm a natural-born liar I might prove a natural-born saleswoman. I can't say that I'm much of a success so far. Buy a kimono, do, to relieve the shopwalker's dark suspicions—"

"I'll buy anything," he promised impetuously, "if you'll only—"

"Thank! I'm afraid you'll have to take it with you."

"You're tired!" he accused.

"How mildly you put it!" she retorted, though he hadn't in the least. "I'm almost dead. Thank the Lord, they're shooting the people out. It's closing time, you must go!"

"I'm going to wait for you outside," he promised—or threatened—her.

"And waiting outside he was."

"I've got a taxi," he announced triply.

Please turn to Page 34



Have you tried Sitruc?

'FLU' "SITRUC" Headache Powders are better because they only contain the system for three days, a condition unique among sedatives. Naturally it is impossible for "SITRUC" to have any reactionary or cumulative effects. Not only do "SITRUC" headache powders bring quick and lasting relief, but one regularly used free from headache sufferers from constantly recurring attacks.

HEADACHE

FEVER

'Sick' Headache "SITRUC" Powders should be in every home. They are a tried and true remedy for flu, neuralgia, etc., and give instant relief from headaches and all nerve pains.

NERVES

NEURALGIA Buy a carton of "SITRUC" Powders to-day. Ask for this splendid Australian remedy by name and refuse substitutes. Eight Powders for 1/6.

Sitruc

HEADACHE POWDERS

SOOTHE IN 70 SECONDS

At all Chemists and Good Stores Everywhere

The **GRACE and CHARM** of Beauty is Priceless

THIS MAY BE YOURS

by treatment for Facial Blemishes, Enlarged Pores, Acne, etc., Superficial Hair, and Foot Comfort

CONSULT THE SPECIALIST

Mme Louise Day

(late Elizabeth Arden, London and New York)

Use Day-Len Preparations Daily

Sole Distributor.

3rd Floor, 61 Market St., Sydney. M380 and M381

SEWING MACHINE ATTACHMENTS.

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'Modern Contract Bridge'

By **FRANK CAYLEY**

- BIDDING
- PLAY
- PRACTICE HANDS AND ANSWERS

The Author has long been recognised as Australia's foremost teacher and writer, and as a player of the first rank. His life is re-narrated because of the clear way in which he expresses all his facts, and every need of the beginner is catered for in this book. "MODERN CONTRACT BRIDGE" is obtainable from Des 193 J.L., G.P.O., Sydney—and from all Booksellers. Price, 5/6.

POULTRY

A BARGAIN in day-old Chicks, with a reputation of 15 years' standing. Black Orpingtons, 9/- per doz., 50/- per hundred. White Leghorns, 6/- per doz., 45/- per hundred, plus freight.

TYREEL HATCHERY,

269 Connell's Pl. Rd., Hurstville, N.W.248

WE Make MISTAKES

Continued from Page 8

THE stenographer came back. "Will you go in the second door on the left? Mr. Howe's assistant will see you."

Joyce went into that room quietly. She was confident of signing up Roger and Howe, she knew just the original kind of advertising campaign that they would want. They weren't quite straight, perhaps, but then Merriman was, and it was for him she worked.

The man at the desk looked up. Joyce said, "I am from Merriman."

Then she stopped and looked at him. "You. What are you doing here?"

Jack stood up quickly. "Joyce." "Jack, what are you doing with these people? Why have you left Tremfman?"

He pushed a chair forward and she sat down still watching him. He seemed thinner. His face had that old, rather heavy look it had had when he had been drinking so much before they were married. But he was taciturn and obviously meant to tell her nothing.

"What did you want to see me about?"

She pulled herself together. It had been so startling meeting him like this. Mr. Howe's assistant. She had to remember that what had been between them was dead, quite, quite dead. He knew it, he wanted it to be. Well, she wasn't lacking in pride either. She lifted her head, squared her chin.

"I am from Merriman Ltd., Advertising Organisers. I had an appointment with your Mr. Howe at three-thirty. He has not returned, and I am to see you in his place. I believe you want an outline of the campaign we propose to follow should you give your advertising to us."

"Yes, that's it. So you're representing Merriman. Well, go ahead."

She went ahead. When she finished talking the tall young man behind the desk was looking at her with a new, sudden respect in his eyes. "And is that your own idea or Merriman's?"

She was indignant. "It's mine, of course. What do you think he pays me for? To use his ideas?"

He rose to his feet. "I think that that will be most satisfactory to us. I shall let Mr. Howe know the particulars as soon as he comes in. Good afternoon, or, is it Mrs. Loring or Miss Hansel?"

"Miss Hansel," she told him definitely, throwing her fur round her throat with the old, impudent air that he remembered so well. She paused by the door on her way out. There were tears trembling in her eyes, so she turned her head away. With all her heart she wanted to run to him, hide her face against his coat, and cry. She loved him. Pride was so stupid.

SHE had dinner that night with Merriman. They went to a theatre after it, and then a night club. He talked business all the time. That was the peculiar thing about him. In spite of his appearance, the way he looked at her, his whole manner, his conversation was strictly business. She understood later, for when he drove her home he asked her to marry him.

"Oh," she said, amazed. "I'm sorry."

"I know, you don't love me. Well, I never expected you did, but I can try and make you, can't I? I have never asked a woman to marry me before. . . . I never met one I thought worth it. But you are different. I can give you anything you'll ever want."

She laid her hand sympathetically on his, then drew it away repulsed. Horrid, fat, soft hands and the sinister black opal ring he wore.

"I am already married," she said. "You were quite quiet for a moment. Then, 'You never told me that before,' he said."

"It wasn't a success. It is ended now, so please don't say any more about it. Only I will never even think of anything like that again. I am so deeply interested in my work."

In the morning a letter came from Roger & Howe. They were delighted with the proposition that Miss Hansel had laid before them. They would accept the services of Merriman Ltd. at the price the letter had quoted. Merriman sent for her.

"There you are," he said, "its your job now. Go ahead." His voice was flat and dead, he never raised his eyes from the blotter on his desk.

Through the weeks that lay ahead Joyce concentrated on the success of her undertaking. It meant so very much. If love had failed her, her work had not. She did not see Jack again when she came in contact with the principals of the firm, and she was glad because of that. It was far too painful.

They were working now in an extensive campaign, launching a new baby food on the market. Already sales were leaping up. Mr. Howe sent her a letter of congratulation—"the baby-

food sales are tremendous," he wrote.

Joyce smiled to herself. In her dealings with them she had never discovered anything in the least suspicious about the firm. It was all very gratifying and satisfactory. She opened her evening paper contentedly. The day's work was well done, her small feet were thrust into velvet slippers, her hair was tousled and loose about her head. Very lovely she looked, and very young.

Next morning's paper reported an epidemic of cases of malnutrition in infants. The extraordinary part was that some came from good homes where distracted mothers protested they had fed their children well—on a patent baby food.

Joyce dropped her paper. If his was true, this allegation against the product, then she was responsible. She ran into Merriman and thrust the paper before him.

"Read that, read that—" He glanced at the heading. "Yes, I have already read it. Most unfortunate."

"You will cancel all their work at once, of course?"

"Of course not. Not unless they have an official inquiry with a verdict against them. That would necessitate cancellation. Nevertheless it is most unfortunate—public faith, you know."

She glared at him. "You're as bad as they are," she stormed. This time she slammed the door behind her.

She had undertaken this task, it was hers, the advertising that had launched a valueless article on the market; hers was the skill that had introduced it into thousands of homes. She must do what she could to prevent the damage going farther.

SHE sent typed memos to every department to cancel work on Roger and Howe products. Then she went to their offices herself. She was ushered into Mr. Howe's room. He would be there in a moment, and she walked up and down the long, rich length of his room. There was an early edition of an afternoon paper on his desk. It was open at a page that bore a paragraph scored in red pencil. Joyce read it. From all over the country cases were being reported now, the infant victims of the same baby food.

Mr. Howe came in then suave and smiling. "Ah, my dear Miss Hansel. No doubt, like us, you are a little distressed at these libellous comments of the papers."

"I have come here to tell you that you are murderers, nothing less than that. We cannot handle any more of your work, and I have cancelled what we already have in hand."

"My dear young woman, this is ridiculous."

"No, it isn't. Look at this paper, Mr. Howe." And then suddenly she sat down and cried. She buried her head in her arms on Mr. Howe's Jacobean desk, and sobbed. Not for a long, long while had she done that, had she known the relief of tears.

Howe lit a cigar casually. He was used to tears in women—he was married. That was the worst of introducing them into business. They may have the ability, but they weren't tough.

"Now, pull yourself together, Miss Hansel. Here, drink this drop of brandy."

She never even raised her head. Then a young man came in with a dozen or so letters for signing. Howe was embarrassed. "Er—this young woman," he said, "is from Merriman Ltd. She is—er—a little upset."

Suddenly Joyce felt strong hands drawing her to her feet, heard a dear, familiar voice saying, "stop it, darling, stop it."

She was content to be held in his arms. "Oh, Jack," she sobbed. "I feel such a darn fool."

Mr. Howe discreetly retired. He took the brandy with him and drank it outside.

When her tears were at last all dry, Joyce was content to stay in her husband's arms.

"Better?" he asked. "Yes, only don't look at me, I feel such a fright. Jack, how did you come to be with these people?"

He hesitated, then, "Tremfman wasn't paying me much as you know. I was with company where I needed to spend plenty, so I got in with those people, a new firm, with crooked intentions and plenty of capital, for double what Tremfman paid me."

"Would he have you back, Jack?"

"He wrote to me the other day saying that if I felt like honest work again he'd give me two quid a week extra."

His voice was gruff, his eyes were hard.

"And do you?"

"Well—"

"Because I think I would like it, Jack. I don't want work or career, or those things. Could we—just be old-fashioned?"

"Of course we could."

He couldn't say any more, for the lump in his throat stopped him.

(Copyright)

Green Young Things Have Figures—

AND THESE BERLEIS MAKE FIGURES LOVELIER..

A.6577

6568

A.6587

8087

6568

S.B.7144

8109

A7041

8097

6284

8097

8109

8097

8109

8097

It's especially made for slender young things, this Controlette 6577. Tea-rose faulle with net lace braisiere section; so luxurious! The reinforced front lining gives a perfect contour. For busts 34-41.

Excitingly new! Princess Youth Corsetlette 6587, for slender average figures. Continual, evenly distributed pull at waist gives matchless diaphragm control. Busts 30-35.

Short slender girls adore the freedom of this Corsetlette (6568). It's of strong white net, cleverly reinforced. Semi-backless. Busts 30-35.

Ideal for dancing is this pink swami Suspender Belt (6284). Sizes 21-26. With it wear lace Berlette 8097. Busts 30-36.

Here's a snug-fitting Wrap-on for slim young spittos of Sway Back type (7144). Sizes 20-24. The Berlette (8087) is of net-lined lace. Busts 28-34.

This peach satin Wrap-on (7041) is for slender average figures. Sizes 21-25. Note the cute ribbon tie-fastening of the backless Berlette (8109). Bust measurements 30-36.

FOUNDATION GARMENTS

Guaranteed and Obtainable at all Leading Stores

BERLEI LIMITED, SYDNEY - LONDON - AND AUCKLAND

Big SEARCH ... for LOCAL SCREEN TYPES!

The Australian Women's Weekly Great Film Contest

The Australian Women's Weekly will conduct, in conjunction with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, a Screen Personality Contest. Cinesound Films and the Cinema Academy will co-operate in the conduct of this contest, which will be a search for screen talent.

THE SPLENDID PRIZES INCLUDE:

£50 For the **£50** For the
Woman Winner. Man Winner.

Screen Tests costing £25 each for twelve finalists.

A part in a Cinesound production.

Free Course of tuition at the Cinema Academy.

Cash prizes from City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

Cash prizes for winners of country sections.

(See general conditions.)

ENTRIES to be made on the special form appearing in The Australian Women's Weekly, and must be received by August 4, 1934.

1. The Screen Personality Contest will be divided into three sections:

- The preliminary country judging in country towns (explained in paragraphs 5 and 6).
- General judging during the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, terminating on September 8, to select 12 finalists.
- Screen tests to select from the twelve Eisteddfod finalists one man and one woman who will be declared the winners of the "Screen Personality Contest." These two winners have a definite promise of a part in a forthcoming CINESOUND production, if suitable, and will be given free tuition at the Cinema Academy.

Each will receive a cash prize of £50.

All twelve finalists, however, will have an opportunity, if suitable, of appearing in a Cinesound production. This gives a chance for all types to enter, as, although the actual winner may be a romantic type, the other finalists may include types capable of portraying tragedy, comedy, humor, and other roles.

2. The conditions of the Eisteddfod Section of the contest are as follows: Section 202—Film Screen Type (Lady).

Test: Each entrant will be required to deliver a short speech and to act before judges. Copies of specimen speeches may be obtained from the Eisteddfod office after closing of entries.

- Points will be given as follows:—
1. Personality.
2. Voice.
3. Dramatic ability.
4. Appearance.
- Entrance fee—2/6.
First Prize . . . £3 cash.
Second Prize . . . £3 cash.
Third Prize . . . £1 cash.

Section 203—Film Screen Type (Man).
(b) Conditions and prizes as in the previous section (a).
Entrance fee—2/6.

ADJUDICATORS:

The official adjudicator is

MAKE YOUR OWN SMART CLOTHES

A Simple and Practical System Which Makes Success Sure
The System of DRESSMAKING, Designing, Cutting and Fitting as taught by Mlle FROIS FONTAINE in her Paris Academy of Dressmaking is now for the first time issued in book form.

This book will teach you by simple lessons and diagrams how to design, cut and fit smart clothes. It also teaches children's clothes and lingerie.

A Paying Career
It will enable you to be better dressed, to make clothes for your family and friends, and, if desired, to enter the remunerative business of dressmaking.

AN INVITATION TO YOU
To send this coupon or a postcard to VIRTUE BOOK CO., 1 Bond Street, Sydney.
Please send me free descriptive booklet on Dressmaking.

NAME
ADDRESS
W.V.

STOP STAMMERING
THE MAGIC ALPHABET
WILL CURE YOU
Write for full particulars to
PHILIP O'BRYEN HOARE, M.B.E.S. (London)
World-famous Specialist in
SPEECH AND NATURAL PSYCHOLOGY
224 QUEEN STREET BRISBANE, Q.

the City of Sydney Eisteddfod: Miss Beatrice Hildesley; Mr. Lane Bayliff, and a Cinesound nominee.

Note: Since the publication of the Eisteddfod syllabus The Australian Women's Weekly has added to the above prize list three consolation prizes in the men's section, and three consolation prizes in the women's section. This brings the total number of prize winners, as a result of the Eisteddfod judging, to twelve. These twelve will be known as the Eisteddfod finalists, and will undergo the screen tests for the selection of the two winners (one woman and one man). For special country prizes see paragraph 9.

GENERAL CONDITIONS

3. All competitors must send in their entry on a special form, which will be printed in The Australian Women's Weekly, and at least one photograph is to be enclosed with the entry. Each entry must be accompanied by an entrance fee of half-a-crown, which will be paid to the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Committee.

4. The Eisteddfod judging of the film contest will take place in Sydney from September 3 to September 8, and all entrants have the right to be judged in Sydney. In the case of country entrants, special concession railway fares will be available.

5. To meet the convenience of those who may be unable to undertake the journey to Sydney, preliminary judging will be held in a number of country centres. The finalists in these district contests will be required, however, to present themselves for the final test at the Eisteddfod judging. Those desiring to avail themselves of country judging will state this on their entry forms, and they will be advised of the nearest local centre.

6. The screen test of the 12 finalists will be held at the conclusion of the Eisteddfod and will be carried out at Cinesound Studios, and every assurance will be given that this test will be of a thorough, searching, and competent character.

7. The first, second, and third winners in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Contest will receive a certificate issued by the Eisteddfod Committee.

8. The Australian Women's Weekly offers a further prize of £2/2/- to any competitor at a country judging who obtains a place among the twelve finalists.

ENTRY FORM

SECOND ANNUAL CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD, 1934.

To SCREEN PERSONALITY CONTEST,
c/o Organising Secretary,
City of Sydney Eisteddfod,
Box No. 1122, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please accept the following entry, subject to rules and conditions in Syllabus.

SECTION	ENT. FEE	NAME AND ADDRESS	AGE
202* (woman)			
or			
203 (man)			

Do you desire to be judged in Sydney * Country centre.

*Cross out section not required.
At least one photograph to accompany entry.
Entries should be forwarded as early as possible. Closing date for country judging, July 21.
No entries accepted unless fees are enclosed.



TOP: Australia's beautiful Mona Barlee, who has been "discovered" by Fox Films, and is now working in Hollywood. BELOW: Nancy O'Neill, in real life Nancy Smith, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Smith, of Sydney. Nancy O'Neill has done well in British films.

9. The Australian Women's Weekly will have the right of publication of photos of the entrants, but the publication of any such photos will not influence the judging.

10. Closing Dates for Entries.—The Eisteddfod syllabus provides for the closing of all entries by July 7. In the case of the Screen Personality Contest, however, special arrangements have been made for entries to be received up to August 4. (For country district judgings see next clause.)

11. Country Entries.—It will be necessary to complete country district judgings earlier in order to allow the finalists to proceed to the City of Sydney Eisteddfod judging. Entries for these will close on July 21 and the judgings will take place at the earliest possible date after that. Particulars of this will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly or local papers.

12. No competitor may be less than fifteen years of age, and as all types of competitors are desired there is no maximum age limit.

13. In the conduct of this contest the rules and conditions of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod will be observed; and in cases where special arrangements have been made by The Australian Women's Weekly and Cinesound the decision of the Committee appointed by the Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly shall be final.

14. In order that the organising of this contest shall be carried out in the most thorough manner, Mrs. Linda Littlejohn has been appointed organiser of the Screen Personality Contest.

STORM Music

Continued from Page 5

SHE struck the turf with her palm. "You know what gold means to-day. Its possession was always dangerous. Men buried it in the ground and misers counted it over at dead of night. But to-day they wouldn't dare count it. I'd be an outlaw to-morrow if people knew. Everyone's hand would be against me, and half the thieves in Europe would be camping outside my gates."

"The remedy's too obvious," said Geoffrey. "Why don't you get rid of the stuff?"

A weary look came into the great grey eyes.

"Because I have passed my word. My father made me swear that until the world was settled I'd keep our fortune in gold." She shrugged her shoulders. "He was wise in theory, you know. You can't get away from that. How many people that had two million invested could raise one million to-day?"

There was a little silence.

Men were making hay in the distance and two bull-calves were sporting on the farther side of the stream; a lark was singing in the heaven, and the steady hum of insects argued the summer heat. Pharaoh and all his works seemed suddenly absurd and fantastic in such a world.

"And you've no idea," said I, "how Pharaoh will go to work?"

"I wish I had," said the girl. "To give me away would be futile. I mean, it would kill the goose. He can rob me between here and Salisbury—I told you I go once a month. But he can't do that once a month for the rest of his life. I imagine he'll try next time, for a thousand pounds would be useful—the shrews of war; and I think his failure last week may have had something to do with Florin's death. But what's a thousand to Pharaoh, when he knows that there's more than a million lying to hand?"

I made no answer because there seemed none to make, and when I looked at my cousin he was frowning

upon the bull-calves, as though their sport was untimely and their antics against the rules.

Lady Helena laced her fingers about a delicate knee.

"Well, now you know why Pharaoh the Great is here. He may prove to be a deal with, but I'm in no personal danger. I think that's clear."

This was too much.

"Clear?" I cried. "I don't think it's clear at all. I think you're in very great danger by day and night. The man is ruthless—you know it. And you know that he's on a good thing—the best thing he's ever dreamed of. Thirty thousand a year for life, if he brings it off. And you hold the key in your hand."

"I entirely agree," said Geoffrey. "And I'll tell you another thing. In view of what you've told us this morning, I think it was no mere chance that sent John down to the dell."

York was like no castle that I have seen, for though it was moated, the moat was not under its walls, and the pile seemed to rise from an island which Nature had brought from a distance and set in a fold of the hills. And this, of course, was Time's doing, for the moat had been made by men's hands and the water that filled it ran in by two aged conduits and out by two more; but the work had come to seem natural after so many years. The building stood high, with forest taint behind it and falling away in front, and it looked what it was—a stronghold whose work was done. Its walls were bright with creepers, its battlements gay with flowers, and its ramparts made a fine terrace on which a mighty awning was throwing a grateful shade.

We crossed the moat by a drawbridge that could no longer be moved, and a gravel road brought us up to the castle gateway, which must have been twenty feet high. This was now shut by vast curtains of silver-grey, and to my surprise my lady rode straight between them, the horse's head and shoulders parting them as she went. We followed her under an archway and into a small courtyard.

Please turn to Page 35

EVERYBODY Lies

Continued from Page 32

IN his voice was a new note. This, at last, was the Ayr of the construction camp, aggressive and accustomed to authority. She sensed the difference and though her glance was half defiant, she was none the less thrilled.

"Tell him to drive to the Franklin Square House, please."

Ayr did so. "Now," said he. "Please tell me just what you're up to."

"That's what everybody asks. First mother, then father, and now you. But it's ever so simple. I've decided to go in for economic independence. Don't you think it's time I stopped being a feminine parasite?"

"No. You're not fitted for such an existence. You've been carefully sheltered all your life."

"Gracious! You make me feel like a hot-house flower. Am I as bad as all that?"

They might have gone on so, fencing all the way to Franklin Square, had not the taxi at that very instant swung wide to avoid a collision. It escaped that, but in so doing caused a collision within. As he caught at her, protectively, she smiled up at him and—he kissed her. Just like that.

"Gracious!" she said. "Who told you you could do that?"

"I couldn't help it," he murmured dizzily. "It just happened."

"Does it often just happen with you?"

The flippancy was but the habit of a lifetime, for she, too, felt dizzy.

"You know better than that," he protested. "It never happened before."

"You did very well, for the first time. But I'd be careful, if I were you. If I didn't know what you think of me I might misunderstand."

"You know very well what I think of you."

"Naturally. I'm an awful little liar."

"I think there was never a girl just like you. You're—"

"I won't have you think any such thing!" she interrupted passionately. "I'm just plain flesh and blood. You looked interesting that day father brought you to lunch and so I dropped that hint about the Eplandade."

She stopped short—she hadn't intended to say so much.

"But," she added hastily, "you needn't worry. I made up my mind

I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world."

"You needn't have bothered to tell me that, I realise we are poles apart—"

"Are you referring to when I lived in Loughborough Square—or to my present low estate, down in the bargain basement?"

"It would be true, no matter where you were or what you did. I haven't a thing to offer you. You'd hate the sort of life I know best—"

"How flattering you are! Do you think I have cultivated a preference for the artificial—or is it an inherited taste?"

"Why do you persist in misunderstanding me?"

"Because you're so darned persistent in misunderstanding me. The one glimpse you got of the real me absolutely horrified you—"

"It didn't," he denied hotly.

"Truly?" She glanced up at him with a sudden breath-taking witfulness.

"You know it didn't. Nothing you could say or do would—"

"Now you're lying!" she broke in triumphantly. "Lying just to please me. It's as I said, everybody lies. Mother came to see me and pretended to be horrified. But she was thrilled and envious, really."

"And," she went on, "father is really an awful liar. He's always saying that brains are everything and social position nothing, but he'll throw a fit, just the same, when I tell him I've decided to marry you—"

"Marry me! Why—but you just said you wouldn't—not if I were the last man in the world."

"Have you never heard that to change her mind is a woman's prerogative?" she demanded. And with impeccable feminine logic she added, "Besides, you aren't the last man in the world, anyway."

"But—your father?"

"Does it matter so much what father thinks, anyway?"

The taxi was passing a street lamp. Its light briefly touched her face. Even the Rosemary for whom she was named could not have looked more demure—or so desirable.

"No," said Ayr huskily.

"That," approved Merry, "is the proper spirit and deserves a reward. I'll—I'll let you name it!"

And—he named it.

HOT HOLBROOK says: "When appetite is in sorry plight Holbrooks' Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetizer ***

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THIRTY YEARS AGO
A YOUNG GIRL WAS
GIVEN UP BY TWO
SPECIALISTS AS
DYING FROM

LUNG TROUBLE

Mrs.
Farrell,
when
suffering
from
haemorrhage
of the
lungs
caused by
lead
poisoning.



12 years
after!
A Sydney
doctor
passed
her as
one of the
healthiest
women he
had ever
examined.



She had a frightful cough, haemorrhaged frequently, and was partly paralysed. EVERYONE DES-PAIRED. Yet to-day there is not a healthier looking woman in Sydney. This recovery was due to

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ADDRESS _____

WW 16/4/34

STORM Music

Continued from Page 34

THE light was dim, for an awning like the curtains was slung some forty feet up, and the place had the cool of a grotto, for a fountain was playing in a basin, and the walls and the flags were wet. Doors and windows were open on every side, and I afterwards learned that when the weather was hot, cool air was drawn from the courtyard to freshen the principal rooms.

In the hall my lady left us, to go and change, and, when we had washed our hands, a servant led us to the terrace, where a table was laid.

The view from here was astounding, for we looked clean over the forest, which seemed spread out like a fan, on to the foothills and mountains which stood in their ancient order, the nearest some seven miles off. The air being clear, we could see all the lovely detail of every tier, the woods that were hanging upon them and the lawns that lay like hammercloths over their heights, and even the white of more than one great cascade, a sturdy cord that did not seem to be moving because it was so far off. Yet that was not all, for right in the midst of this background, peering from between two shoulders, was a bevy of tiny gables and miniature spires, grey against green in the sunshine, as soft as a tapestry town.

"My weather-glass," said a voice, and there was the girl beside us, wearing a black and white dress, which I fear that I cannot describe beyond saying that though it seemed simple, it looked very smart. "I can tell from the look of Lass what the weather will be. Now, of course, it's only our nearest town, but Lass used to look to Yorick in years gone by. If the townspeople were in trouble they used to light a beacon which we could see—the cage is still there at the foot of one of those spires; and, when the watchman saw it, the riders of Yorick turned out and went down to their aid."

"Oh, call back Time," said Geoffrey. "If the riders of Yorick were here . . . I think you'll have to revive them—raise a troop of horse. John can lead it and I'll work out the patrols."

"And I could be the hospital nurse. I can't help feeling my hands would be very full."

Here an Austrian lady joined us, a Madame Olave, who plainly lived at the castle for Lady Helena's sake. But though in this way convention was doubtless observed, as I have shown, my lady went unattended wherever she chose. Indeed, the idea of a dunna never entered my head, for she did not need the protection that any such woman could give, and I can think of no protest that would not have died unspoken before the look in her eyes.

When luncheon was done, my cousin went off with this lady to see the gallery of pictures, while the sun was still in the south, but Lady Helena walked with me round the ramparts, showing me certain landmarks and telling me the lie of the land.

"After a little—"

"And now where's Plumage?" she said.

"That way," said I, pointing. "You take that ride over there and bear to the left when you come to the stricken oak."

"And Annabel?"

"More to the right. Straight on till you come to the stream; then follow the water down."

"And Villach?"

"For a moment I searched the distance, shading my eyes. Then—"

"I think, beyond that mountain with the tuft of trees on its head."

Lady Helena nodded.

"Full marks," she said. "I won't trouble you any more. Was that grey all right this morning?"

"Yes," said I. "He gave me a lovely ride."

"I thought he would. You shall have him to take you back. I shall keep three horses at Plumage as long as you're there, with a groom, of course. You may have news any moment which I should hear. But please don't think they're for you and your cousin to use whenever you please."

"I shall ride to Yorick," said I, "to see how you are."

"But not too early," said she. "Yorick wakes up at six, but his eyes aren't properly open till eight o'clock. So don't ride before then, if you please, either in this direction or anywhere else."

Or are you damned if you're going to be treated as though you were seven years old?"

"No," said I, laughing. "I've too much to thank you for."

Lady Helena smiled.

But when at length she turned, her face was grave.

"John, I'm going to ask you to do a difficult thing. It concerns old Florin. You see, it's so awful for him. He knows I can take no action, and what can he do? He's got to sit down helpless under this shattering blow, while the men that dealt it go free—and smoke and

drink and sleep as they always have, as if they had stamped on some cockroach, instead of taking the life of his only son. And so I want you to see him and tell him what you told me—that you are out to get them and to see that justice is done."

"With all my heart," said I. "Let me see him at once."

Without a word she led me across the terrace and into a library. Then she summoned a servant and bade him ask the warden to come to her there.

Two minutes later a man of some sixty summers was ushered into the room.

He was dressed as his son had been dressed and must have stood six feet four; his head was high and his hair was thick and grey, and his eyes were set very wide in his rugged face; if his look was tired, he gave no sign of emotion of any kind, but only bowed to his mistress and then stood waiting like a bound with his eyes on her face.

Helena spoke in German. "John, this is my warden. Florin, this is the gentleman of whom I spoke."

The warden bowed to me when she



Baby Mine

Golden hair has baby,
Sweetest eyes of blue,
Skin so soft and tender,
Teeth of pearly hue.

Little feet which patter
Up and down the hall;
Peals of baby laughter,
From our darling small.

May our Heavenly Father,
Guide his tiny feet,
In the path of wisdom,
And of joy . . . complete.

—M. L. NOLAN.

had finished speaking, and I went forward directly and took his hand.

"I can't bring back your son, Florin, but one day I'll show you his grave. It's a pretty place, far better than any churchyard, fit for a king. But before I take you there, I've some work to do. I'm going to find the fellows that took his life. And they're going to pay for it, Florin. I'll never rest till they're taken, alive or dead."

The warden lifted his head and looked me full in the eyes. Then he turned his head to his mistress and looked at her. Though he never spoke, he seemed to ask her some question, for after a moment she nodded and looked away.

With his hand still in mine, the warden went down on one knee.

"Your servant, sir," he said quietly. And then, "I am very grateful, sir. I cannot say more. But I beg that you will be careful. My son will not rest in his grave if you come to hurt."

Then he rose and turned to his mistress, and when she had smiled and nodded, he bowed to her and to me and left the room.

As the door closed behind him:

"He shouldn't have knelt," said I.

Helena shrugged her shoulders.

"That's his affair. But please tell no one he did so. You and he and I know, and that's enough."

Upon a sudden impulse I put out my hand for hers. She gave it me gravely enough. Then I went down on one knee and put the cool, slight fingers up to my lips.

As she caught her breath:

"Your servant," I said quietly, "and you may tell whom you please."

E

IGHT hours had gone by, and I was sitting at Villach, in the driver's seat of the Rolls. My cousin was on the platform, but the car was berthed in the shadows, perhaps a hundred yards from the station's door.

The train from Salzburg steamed out. As its rumble faded I saw a flash from a lamp, and thirty seconds later I drew up beside the pavement where Geoffrey and Barley stood.

Without a word being spoken our baggage was lifted aboard, and as Barley climbed in my cousin sat down by my side.

"Let her go, John."

Two minutes later the Rolls stole out of town.

Please turn to Page 37

"Oh dear!...
another day
finished"



"Another day gone, and not such a bad day, either . . . Rather tired now, though . . . had visitors and so my bath was late . . . pretty thick keeping a fellow waiting for his bath and powder."

"Still, I've had it now, and don't I feel comfortable!"

"That Betty Brown that was here to-day seems as though she might be quite a nice girl if she wasn't so cross."

"'Course I know it's not her fault . . . she gets the wrong powder, that's all . . . Her mother ought to know about my Johnson's Powder . . . so soft and snugly . . ."

"Oh dear! . . . I am tired."

Johnson's Baby Powder is the best your baby can have. Soft and pure. Cheap tales tend to clog the pores, and so cause skin irritations. Johnson's Baby Powder keeps the pores free, and keeps baby comfortable and happy all day long.

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D2-34



"Peter, what a foolish thing you are doing! Do you want to drop dead? I thought you were suffering from HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE."

"Oh, no, Fred, that danger has gone for ever six weeks now. Mrs. Jeffries next door, saw my plight, and urged me to take ARTERIOL TABLETS. . . Already, after one bottle I felt better. Now I have taken three bottles and feel as if I could fight a lion. All symptoms of giddiness, enlarged heart, sleeplessness, lack of energy, irritability, and hot flushes have disappeared. I got them from Jones, the chemist, but you can get them from any leading chemist, or direct from C. WINTER 63 Wellington Street, KEW, E.A. Victoria."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY PHOTOGRAPHS

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TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

AS Wunderlust had some important matters to deal with in Egypt, he asked Fred to accompany him on his trip. Fred accepted the invitation, and so the two set off.

On reaching Cairo, Wunderlust left Fred alone with some Arabs while he interviewed Abdul Shu Hu, the leader of the Yohumi Tribe.

It appeared that a certain young Arab was suspected of stealing articles from European visitors who stayed only a few days in Cairo, and it was thought that he was a member of the Yohumi Tribe. And, as was often the case, the finding of the offender was left to our good friend, Wunderlust. Hence Wunderlust's visit to Cairo.

The leader of the tribe, a sad-faced man of diminutive stature, did little to help Wunderlust in his search for this thief.

"I know of no man who steals!" said he, "not in my tribe, anyway." Then he went on to describe different petty thefts that had come under his notice, and always dismissed them by saying, "But he was not one of my tribesmen. He belonged to the Shumaci, or the Treshuma, or the Abusha tribe," all of which names Wunderlust had never heard of, and it was doubtful whether they existed, for right from the start



THE ARABIAN LEADER and his camel.

Wunderlust could see that this Arabian leader was not telling the truth.

IN the meantime Fred had got chatting with a poor Arabian, who could speak English fairly well. He explained to Fred that Abdul Shu Hu was not a good man, and that all his tribesmen were frightened of him.

Fred, knowing of Wunderlust's mission in Cairo, encouraged the Arab to talk on, and this he did. He disclosed to Fred the fact that Abdul Shu Hu had actually been caught stealing some pearls from a wealthy Englishwoman, but, by using another Arab's name he had got out of the charge very easily. And the name he used, in this case, was that of Yohi Shamo, a very good, kind Arab. He did this because he was afraid that Yohi Shamo would become leader of his tribe, and, as he wanted to keep that position for himself, he did everything within his power to bring disgrace upon this worthy man.

Fred could not keep still. He was anxious to tell Wunderlust what he knew, but as long as Wunderlust talked inside with Abdul Shu Hu he could not say anything.

FRED was greatly relieved when a number of Arabian men came into view and matched inside to where Abdul Shu Hu and Wunderlust were talking. This gave Fred the opportunity to slip in and tell Wunderlust all he had learnt from the poor Arabian. While the men talked to Wunderlust, the Arabian men talked so loudly and quickly that they made it quite impossible for Fred to be overheard by Abdul Shu Hu. In fact, Wunderlust had some difficulty in hearing Fred, and now and again Fred had to repeat what he said.

But Fred and Wunderlust were not to take the honor for bringing this bad Arab to justice, for his tribesmen had found him out, too, and were demanding some explanation from him.

As his answer did not please them, they marched him out and took him away, and dealt with him their way.

His tribesmen did not know that he had stolen things. It was not that they were angry with him for. It was because he had betrayed his tribesmen, and so this bad leader was punished.

Wunderlust was happy to return to Mushroom Grove, but Fred was not. Fred had liked the poor Arabian man he had talked to and would have liked to stay with him a little longer.

(Another complete story next week.)

Connie's Letter

HERE is something that is sure to interest you. You probably know that there are several ways of spelling "Shakespeare"; one quite common method is "Shak-speare." If you separate this word into two portions you get "shak" and "spear." Now count the letters: there are four and six, which may be read as forty-six. Get your family Bible down, and look at the 46th Psalm. Count off the first forty-six words and you arrive at "shake."



Introducing Peter Smith, of Randwick. —Pals.

Then again count off the last forty-six, and you discover the word "spear"! That is an interesting coincidence, don't you think?

We shall now leave Shakespeare and pass on to one of our own clever Pals. He is George James (13), of 9 Melville St., Maryborough, Qld., and he wins the prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week.

George tells me all about Fraser's Island in his letter, and says, among other things, how he enjoys our section, and how he looks forward to it every week.

Well, good-bye until next week, Pals.

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

My Ship

By ALONA WRIGHT

I had the prettiest little ship.
With sails as white as snow.
Last night I went to the river side
To sail it in and fro.
But, oh, a puff of wind came by
And took my ship from me.
Now I wonder if it's sailing still
Upon the bright blue sea.

Prize of 2/6 to Alona Wright (8), Maitland St., Maitland, N.S.W., for this clever little verse.

The Week's Food

By JEAN MORDIN

Treats for Monday,
Tuesday, lunch and tea;
Wednesday, pears and cream
As well as hot beef tea.
Thursday, sponge and apples.
Friday, eggs for three;
Saturday, strawberry ice-cream.
And Sunday, wait and see!

Prize Card to Jean Mordin (10), 9 Dudley St., Coogee Bay Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.



A POODLE AND SOME BUNNIES

Prize Card to Heryl Mortimer, Tamarama Rd., Potts, N.S.W.

FOR FUN & FANCY

Burglar Bill: I think I am getting short-sighted.

Burglar Bob: What makes you think that?

Burglar Bill: Well, last night when I was turning what I thought was a safe knob a chance hand began to play. It was a wire-jump sell.

Prize Card to Frank Armstrong, 192 Belmont Rd., Blackhurst, N.S.W.

HIDDEN FRUIT

1. The lady had a sharp ear for music.
2. We should help each other.
3. Use Plimsoll's belt.
4. Clem only can swim.
5. Bells ran gently home.
6. Joe pruned the trees.
7. He carried his turban, Anabelle his costume.
8. Captain Messup pleaded guilty to the charge.

Answers: Pear, peach, plum, lemon, orange, prune, banana, apple.

Prize Card to Helen Farmer, Day 101, Morgan, S.A.

Rob: When is a very cheap bracelet like the musicians in the Salvation Army?

Bill: When it's a brass band.

Prize Card to Betty Williams, 117 Tyler St., E. Preston, Melbourne.

Gentleman (to little boy fishing): And what bait are you using, my little man?

Little Man: A bone, sir.

Gentleman: Goodness me! What sort of bait do you expect to catch with that?

Little Man: Dogfish, sir.

Prize Card to Kathleen Ray, Wenona, O'Connell Rd., via Bathurst, N.S.W.

WHY

Why would you rather have a pound note than a sovereign? Because if you put it in your pocket it gets doubled, and, when you put it out, you find it increases.

Why should England never starve? Because of its Cornwall.

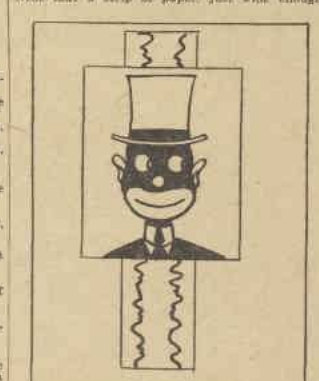
SOLUTION OF LAST CROSSWORD

ACROSS—1. Some. 2. Out. 3. Earth. 4. At. 11. On. 12. Ma. 13. Much. 14. Over. 15. Dear. 17. True. 19. O.S. 20. Out. 22. S.H. 23. As. 24. Love. 25. Sea. 26. Down. 27. Beam. 28. Me. 29. Half. 30. Oils. 31. Ah. 32. Star. 33. Rd. 34. Times. 35. Mind. 36. Doll. 37. Rose. 38. Tree. 39. End. 40. 21. 41. 22. 42. 23. 43. 24. T.E.

Prize of 2/6 for the nearest correct solution goes to JOHN ROTHERY, 5 George's Rd., Yarraluen, N.S.W.

THOSE FUNNY EYES

HA, HA, HA! This game will cause a great lot of fun! On a large envelope draw a head as large as you can make it. Let it be the face of a happy blackfellow, an angry lion, a mischievous monkey, or anything you like. Color the features, and slit the envelope above the head and below the neck. Also cut out rather large holes for the eyes. Next take a strip of paper, just wide enough



to pass through the envelope, and about 8 inches long.

On the strip draw two thick, wavy, zig-zag lines, but see that the lines are always in view through the eye-holes, when the paper is drawn through the envelope. Paint the strip all different colors, and when you draw it through the envelope it will give the effect of moving eyes.

Hint: This stick takes queer.

Beryl: I can't understand that. I did burn a little, but I rubbed vasoline on it right away.

STORM Music

Continued from Page 35

TEN miles on we pulled up by the side of the road. The night was perfect and all the winds were still. The heaven was one great batchment flaunting in all its splendour that lovely mystery of bearings we call the stars. The countryside was sleeping, and, but for a sentinel owl, we might have had the world to ourselves.

I felt my cousin nudge me. Then he lifted his voice.

"Anything to report, Barley?"

The answer came pat. Geoffrey had previously told Barley to say that he had seen Pharaoh at Salzburg so that we should go to Salzburg and thereby avoid meeting the gang.

"No, sir. Nothing at all."

My cousin sat very still. Then he slewed himself round in his seat.

"That's strange," he said. "I'd half an idea that you might perhaps have seen someone—someone you thought you knew."

"No, sir," said Barley firmly. "No one."

"Look here," said Geoffrey, "before you left—"

A desperate voice cut him short.

"Could I see you alone, sir, a moment?"

"You can speak the truth here and now. Mr. Spencer isn't going. We're all three going to stay."

"Very good, sir. Then I seen Pharaoh. And Deadrod beside. I'll swear it was them. In Salzburg this afternoon. Come out of the station, they did, as I walked in."

If Barley's news had given us something to go on, it pointed the wisdom of acting without delay. This for two very good reasons. In the first place, Salzburg for Pharaoh was dangerous ground, for anyone moving in Salzburg must plainly be under the hand of the Salzburg police; if, therefore, we could find him and then arouse suspicion

sufficient to have him detained, although he might put up a fight, his race was as good as run. Secondly, it seemed pretty certain that Pharaoh had split his force and that Rush and Bugle were yet in the countryside; and that meant that if we could find them, we should only have two men to deal with, and those very ordinary thieves.

I will not set out our discussion of these very obvious points, for fully three hours had gone by before with many misgivings our plans were laid. This may seem something foolish, but it must be remembered that we had a great deal at stake, and the fear of abusing a chance which might not return continually haunted our efforts to make up our minds. In the end, however, we came to certain decisions and since we stuck to these, I will say what they were.

Early the following morning Geoffrey and Barley and I were to visit "The Reaping Hook"; that Bugle and Rush would be gone we had no doubt, but we had some hope of tracing the damaged car. If this should lead us up to the men we sought we should at once give battle and do our best to lay the two by the heels; but unless by midday we had picked up some definite clue, then Geoffrey and Barley would leave for Salzburg by train, while I remained at Plumage, lying low during the daytime and patrolling the roads about Yorick from dusk to dawn.

"And I give you my word," said Geoffrey, "if only you'll mind your step I think you're more likely to get there than Barley and I. We've got to search a city, and we don't know where to begin, for until we've placed our men

it would be asking for trouble to go to the police. But your field is much more narrow. In the first place, Yorick's a loadstone, and Bugle and Rush will naturally turn that way; then, again, to get to Yorick they'll have to make use of a car but they won't drive any nearer than the edge of the Yorick estate; thirdly, you've got a car, too—that's a great deal more swift and more silent than anything they can produce. But you simply must watch your step. You're out to get information, not to attack. If you find them you must not strike; lie low and see them home, and then drive all out for Salzburg and Barley and me. Will you give me your word to do that? And always to be back at Plumage before it's light?"

I gave him my solemn word, but I knew in my heart that he would never have left me if he had thought it likely that I should find Bugle and Rush, and that, though he disliked the idea of my working alone, he was doing his best to choose the lesser evil and to keep me away from Pharaoh at any price. And there you have Geoffrey Bohun. He was a famous painter and I was an unknown boy; but the unknown boy was his ward and because of that he must cover me with his body and if occasion arose, must offer his life for mine. He had done it at Annabel; and now he was going to Salzburg to do it again. Still, to argue would have been useless; besides, it was perfectly clear that someone must stay at Plumage for Helena's sake; and since Geoffrey was far better fitted to deal with the police of Salzburg—to say nothing of "combing" a city with which he was familiar, which I hardly knew—and since, to be honest, to be out of touch with Helena would have worried

me out of my life, I accepted the plan without a murmur and silently made up my mind by hook or by crook to run my two men to earth; for then, as I saw it, we had only to pick our position and sit down and wait, because, sooner or later, Pharaoh would come to join them, and the four would be at our mercy for what that was worth.

Thanks to my lady's foresight, we could now send word to Yorick without any waste of time, and before we left the next morning our groom was on his way to the castle, bearing a note from my cousin in which he had set out our plan. As the fellow swung into the greenwood, I drove the Rolls off the apron and turned to go down to the bridge.

It was barely eight o'clock when we ran into Annabel.

By Geoffrey's direction I stopped the car at cross roads out of sight of "The Reaping Hook"; then he and Barley descended and walked as far as the forge which was walling one side of the forecourt that graced the inn; and there Geoffrey stood by the corner while Barley walked up to the house.

As luck would have it, a servant was washing the steps and a word from Barley brought him to Geoffrey's side.

Then my cousin turned and waved, and I brought up the Rolls, for, as we had fully expected the birds were flown. One minute later we were speaking to the host and his wife.

Now we had had no doubt that the moment we mentioned their late undesirable guests the two would be only too ready to talk themselves hoarse; but we were not prepared for the spate of incoherence which our casual inquiry unleashed. The two were simply bursting to vent such a volume of grievance as I can only compare to the burden of Christian's sins; and we, so to speak, had opened the safety-valve. Interrupt them we could not, for they had no ears to hear; but they raved and shrieked and wept, like a couple of



Do You Know...

A woman in Toronto, Canada, has hair 10 feet long, and it takes her 5 or 6 hours to wash and dry it. But the odd part of it is, she is a hairdresser, and her work is to bob and shingle other girls' hair.

lunatics, now contradicting each other, now bearing each other out, now calling each other to witness and now disputing fiercely some wholly irrelevant fact, but generally outbidding each other in their efforts to record the failings which Pharaoh and his brethren had betrayed. Since we were there to listen, there was clearly nothing to do but let the storm blow itself out, and when we had heard them in silence for what seemed a quarter of an hour and had inspected the spots at which violence had been committed or damage done, we ventured to put the questions which we had come to ask.

Please turn to Page 38



ARNOTT'S LIVING PICTURES

"This is a photograph of my baby daughter Joyce, aged three years and nine months. She has been fed on ARNOTT'S MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS from the age of six months. She is healthy and intelligent, due to the fact that she has been nourished in the proper manner."

(Signed) Mrs. F. THOMPSON
124 Sydenham Rd., Marrickville

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PICTURES Worth Framing

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE OF THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

THE strangers were gone. What was the order of their going, and what had become of their car?

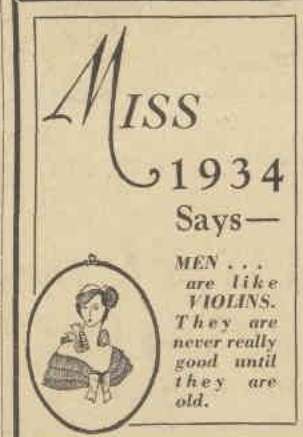
Our words might have been a spell. I have never seen human beings so suddenly change their tune. As though we had turned some tap, the fountain of talk stopped dead; all their excitement died an immediate death, and the two became as crafty and sullen as though we had come to trap them and do them some evil turn.

They had seen nothing at all. One minute the strangers were there, and the next they were gone. They had not seen them go; they knew nothing of any car; when we spoke of its being disabled, they glanced at one another and shook their heads.

"Scared stiff," said Geoffrey shortly, and went off to probe the servants—to no avail.

And here for the first time, I think, I felt an admiration for Pharaoh against my will. I do not know how he had spoken or what were the threats he used; but, though he was gone, he had left a fear behind him which nothing we could do could resolve. Though they would, I believe, have abused him until the sun went down, not one word would these people breathe which might help us in our quest. We had used them well, and Pharaoh had used them ill. But not all our kindness could open the mouths which Pharaoh had shut.

In silence we returned to the Rolls.



As we took our seats: "One to Pharaoh," said Geoffrey. "I admit they're a shade Boettian, but I'm damned if I could have muzzled them half so tight. And now for Plumage and Villach. At least, this means we can catch an earlier train."

Four hours later I bade my cousin farewell. "I trust you," he said, "to play the part of Odysseus, and not the part of a fool. Carry that pistol by night and never put down the catch unless and until you've made up your mind to fire. And the torch in your other pocket. Don't use the torch without thinking; its light may be convenient, but it's apt to give you away. Wire me each morning from Yorick, and don't try and do without sleep—this air's too strong. And if you should light on our friends, for the love of heaven don't rush it. A waiting game isn't easy, but the fellow that plays it best will always win. And now you get back to Plumage. If on the way you should see a car you suspect, show them the way to shift, but on no account go straight home. I needn't stress the importance of keeping our quarters hid."

I made my way back to the car, where Barley was playing watchman till I should come. As I took my seat:

"Good-bye and good luck, Barley."

"The same to you, sir, I'm sure."

"Don't let Mr. Bohun get hurt. He talks about me, but he doesn't know what fear is. If you'd seen him at Annabel..."

Barley sucked in his breath.

"I wish I had," he said grimly.

"There'd have been one less of them thieves."

HELENA glanced at her wrist and folded the map. We were sitting by the water at

STORM Music

Continued from Page 37

Plumage, and had been for half an hour, for when I got back from saying good-bye to Geoffrey, a note from my lady was waiting to say that I might expect her at five o'clock.

"Do you think you can find your way?"

"I think so," said I.

"By night, without lights, upon roads that you've never seen?"

"If I make mistakes it won't matter. When I've felt my way round twice I'll know where I am."

"And then?"

"I propose to watch certain points—the turning to Lass, for instance, and the copple that you call Starlight; that's where the road runs closest to Yorick itself."

"And the car?"

"I'll find some track or other and park her there."

Helena drew in her breath.

"And supposing they're there before you and watch you arrive..."

"They'll let you park the car and steal back to the road. They'll let you pick your position and settle down..."

"And tomorrow at dawn they'll be digging another grave."

"Be honest," said I, laughing. "Why on earth should Rush and his fellow be watching these roads?"

"I don't care," said Helena swiftly.

"I can hardly miss that," said I.

"Sabre shall be there to-night at a quarter-past ten."

I laid myself back on the turf.

"And I'm not to thank you," I said.

"I stay at your house; I ride your horses; and now I'm to have your dog. As partnerships go, it seems to be rather one-sided."

"That," said my lady, "is foolish. What am I doing that, if you were placed as I am, you wouldn't be glad to do?"

"That ought to be the answer," said I, "but when I add everything up—well, I don't get that answer at all."

"What answer do you get?"

For a moment I stared at the sky. Then:

"You're treating us royally, aren't you? Well, that, my addition says, is because your nature is royal. Yesterday you said that your father had thrown back. Well, so have you, Helena. Years ago, if the king liked the look of a beggar, he didn't give him a penny—he threw him his purse. But if he didn't like him, he rode him down. I—I think you quite like us, you know."

"I see. And if I didn't?"

"We shouldn't last long. I didn't last long on Monday, when I put my head into your car. I don't think you liked my manner, and so you just—rode me down."

There was a little silence. Then:

"Go on," said Helena gravely. "I could listen to your—theories all day."

"Are they wrong?"

"Of course. Never mind. After all, it's the effort that counts. I admit I quite like you both. You're simple and clean and honest, and—and I haven't got many friends."

Her words seemed to switch on some current—to set playing some emotion that I had not known before.

I sat up and looked at her.

She was sitting sideways, propping herself on an arm; and either because of her pose or because her hair was tumbled, she seemed no more the fine lady, but only a beautiful child.

Suddenly I wanted to protect her, to put my arms about her and hold her close, to tell her I would not leave her, to lift up her precious heart.

Yesterday I had done homage, called myself her servant and kissed the hand of a queen; but now I felt no reverence—only a wild desire to comfort a lonely child. But I must hold her, to do it; I could not say what I wanted, unless she was in my arms.

And then in one blinding flash I knew that I was in love.

I have tried to set down my feelings as plainly as ever I can; and if they seem crude and foolish, it cannot be helped. I think that I had loved her from the moment I left the cafe to take my seat in her car, but till now I had not known it, but had supposed my love admiration and the pleasure that I found in her presence such as one finds in the contemplation of some ideal.

Be that as it may, I know that my discovery shocked me, for it was, I knew, a presumption which she would never forgive. The bare thought of her finding me out made me feel weak and sick, for the moment she so much as suspected my state of heart, our friendship was bound to vanish as though it had never been. Pharaoh or no, John Spencer would be dismissed, her majesty having no further use for his services; for the beautiful child beside me was not what she seemed. She was the Countess Helena of Yorick, that threw her purse to a beggar or rode him down.

Now at this alarming juncture to betray any kind of emotion was the last thing I wanted to do; but as I sat there beside her, thrilled and appalled and insisting that she must never suspect me of such an offence, to my horror I felt the blood rising to flood my face. And while I was sitting before this new misfortune, as they say in the Bible, as the sheep before her shears is dumb, Helena turned and saw me, and looked away.

I shut my eyes and I think that I prayed for death.

Then:

"Sabre," said Helena. "John's blushing. What have I said?"

(To be continued)

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Australian Women's Cricket Council Meets

By RUTH PREDDEY

Miss Hilliard, of the Victorian Women's Cricket Association, was in Sydney, and Mrs. Waldron travelled down from Brisbane to be present at a special meeting of the Australian Women's Cricket Council held during the week-end.

The prospective visit of the English Test team was the subject for discussion, and various decisions were made subject to the acceptance of all affiliated State associations.

DURING the week-end a special meeting of the Australian Women's Cricket Council was called in Sydney. Miss V. Hilliard, vice-president, selector and chairwoman of the social committee of the Victorian Women's Cricket Association, was in Sydney, and the Victorian Association was anxious that a meeting should be arranged in order that the itinerary could be finalised.

Mrs. Waldron, secretary of the Australian Council, journeyed from Brisbane to Sydney, returning home on the same day.

Various matters were brought forward for discussion and dealt with, subject to ratification by the various State associations, but that of greatest importance was the changed itinerary.

As the English team has to sail a week later than was at first intended, and the central cricket grounds being unavailable during the Centenary Week in Melbourne, a new programme has been arranged with a view to drawing up a tour that will be acceptable to all associations.

The team will arrive in Melbourne towards the end of November, though the date is indefinite as yet. The West Australian Women's Cricket Association is anxious to have a match against the Englishwomen, and it may mean that the English team will spend a few days in Perth.

It is proposed to hold the matches as follows:—

The first English match against Victoria at Melbourne on December 7 and

8; England v. New South Wales at Sydney on December 14 and 15, and England v. Queensland in Brisbane on December 22 to 24.

The first Test match against Australia will be played in Brisbane from December 28 to 31; the second in Sydney from January 4 to 7, and the final Test match in Melbourne on January 18. This match will be played to a finish.

Will S.A. Affiliate?

THE council delegates expressed their pleasure at the affiliation of the West Australian Women's Cricket Association with the Australian Council. It was also a matter of great interest that they anticipated sending a team to Melbourne in January to compete in the interstate contests.

So far no news has been received regarding a similar move on the part of the South Australian women cricketers. If this association propose joining up with the other States they should do so immediately in order that the Australian secretary can include them in the matches scheduled for the English team.

The proceeds from staging such a match would be decidedly useful from the financial aspect, if, following the affiliation, S.A. decides to send a team to the interstate matches in Melbourne next year.

Several of the country centres in New South Wales have already forwarded requests for the team to visit them and play matches on their grounds. The next council meeting will take place in Brisbane on August 6, when a selection of the Australian team to play in the first Test match will be considered. The appointment of a manager for the Australian team will also be discussed.

It has been suggested that a State trial match should be played in Sydney at the Sydney Cricket Ground during the Citizens' Festival fortnight, when the Duke of Gloucester will be in Sydney.

Miss Cox, secretary of the English Women's Cricket Association, is anxious for Australia to adopt the smaller cricket ball during the visit of the English team.

This means a difference of about a quarter of an ounce in weight. Australians will have an opportunity of testing the lighter ball as Miss Cox has notified Mrs. Waldron that she is forwarding some to her to be tried out.

It does not seem likely that Australia will accede to this request, although many of the men cricketers in Australia have thought the use of the smaller ball would be beneficial to the women, as they would be able to grip and spin it more easily.

Six balls to the over, and the use of the smaller stumps were two decisions which will doubtless be accepted by all associations.

CENTENARY Tennis...

THE international lawn tennis matches at Melbourne will delight Victorians and visitors from January 3 to 12, 1935, when the Centenary Australian tennis championships will be decided.

The Victorian Lawn Tennis Association has made wide preparations to ensure the success of the championships. The two best players from Great Britain, U.S.A., France, Japan, South Africa and New Zealand have been invited, the respective national tennis associations being asked to make their selections.

Similarly, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Czechoslovakia have been invited to send one representative. From Great Britain we expect to entertain Messrs. Hughes and Perry and Misses Round and Scriven, while a letter recently received by Mr. Norman Brooks, chairman of the Centenary Council Sports Sub-committee, from Mr. "Pat" Hughes, who captained the last lawn tennis Test team from England, gives the interesting news that possibly the present Italian champion lady and gentleman players will visit us as they are anxious to make the trip to Victoria.

The organisation of the visiting tennis stars' itinerary is very complete, and all States will have an opportunity to see them in action. A chain of exhibition matches will be played by the teams in the capital cities as they journey to Victoria from east, west, and north. After the Australian championships they will all proceed to Sydney for the N.S.W. championships.



THIS DELIGHTFUL camera study of Miss Joan Hartigan, Australian Singles Champion, was taken the day she sailed for England. Having acquitted herself with considerable success in the French championships, Miss Hartigan is now practising hard with the Wimbledon tournaments in the immediate future. —Women's Weekly photo.

CHIPPERFIELD..Hero of the FIRST TEST

Young Cricketer's Fiancee in Australia

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

Although he was the hero of the first Test match in the eyes of the record crowd who rallied to watch the first Test match played at Nottingham, Chipperfield, after his splendid first innings, sat dejectedly in the dressing-room for fifteen minutes before removing his leggings.

WOODFALL and Ponsford received an ovation from the crowd when, the genial Australian captain having won the toss, they walked on to the ground to open the match.

Bradman will, of course, be a hero at a cricket match for many years to come, while McCabe is also popular with the crowd as much for his charming personality as for his prowess with the bat. The story, too, of his recent ill-health was a further factor to arouse the sympathies of the women in the audience.

Australian spectators must have derived much quiet amusement at the atmosphere that prevailed throughout the match. The English Press, as a whole, has hinted, while various publications have been outspoken on the matter, that there would be anti-Australian demonstrations.

Many of the "high hats" of the cricket world predicted that echoes of the last Test in Australia would be plainly heard; that the crowd would be calling loudly for Larwood, and that full advantage of the opportunity to retaliate to the Australian barracking would be eagerly seized.

All of which proved to be entirely without foundation. Even Jardine, of the somewhat dour demeanour, was seen to smile and, on more than one occasion, to accord hearty applause to the Australians. This more responsive manner may, of course, be due to the recent announcement of his engagement!

But undoubtedly the one who occasioned the greatest thrill to the women spectators was Chipperfield, the unknown quantity.

Speculation ran rife. Who was this newcomer? Why had he not played in a Test match before? Was he married? Gradually tidings of him drifted through the crowd. He had become engaged just shortly before leaving Australia, they found. He had for some seasons been the mainstay of a country team and, as the first innings progressed, he was found to be also the mainstay of the Australian team.

Deafening applause greeted him as he

retired to the dressing-room, and certainly, if a census had been taken, I feel sure that every woman on the ground would have "no-balled" the ball that deprived him of his century.

But, while the whole of Nottingham, it seemed, re-echoed to the ovation accorded him, Chipperfield sat in the dressing-room, too dejected to even remove his leggings. From a personal aspect it must have been tremendously disappointing to have lost his wicket just one off the coveted century, in his first Test.

The Australians spent a most enjoyable day on Sunday. They were entertained at the beautiful and historic seat of the Duke of Portland, Welbeck Abbey.

BASEBALL Jottings...

ONLY fifteen years of age and playing in her first season's baseball, Elsie Smith, of the David Jones' team, played splendidly for her team during the week in the position of pitcher.

Arnotts, premiers of the summer competition, who are captained by Kath Drennan, had a very narrow win in their match against Sans Souci team. The Sans Souci team is combining in better fashion this season. It comprises a number of cricketers from the team of the same name. Arnotts' new catcher, J. Patricks, is playing a good all-round game and promises to be a first-class baseballer.

The Vikings have acquired a number of new players this season. This team is fortunate, too, in that W. Harris is able to pitch and also take her place in the field when required.

Two cricket team-mates met in opposition baseball last Saturday when Doreen Blake captained the Golden Eagles team to victory against Drummoyle, of which team Molly Flaherty is the outstanding pitcher. Golden Eagles on their present form appear to be the strongest team in the competition so far. I. Dillon, the David Jones' captain, successfully led her team to victory against Nestles. The latter team is comprised mostly of new members, and it will take some time to work up a satisfactory combination.

COUNTRY GOLF Championship

Entries for the country golf championship, which will commence next Thursday at The Lakes golf course, constitute something of a record.

Over fifty country centres will be represented in this championship, arranged by the New South Wales Ladies' Golf Union.

AMONG the many champions, past and prospective, who will be competing in this annual event, one of the most interesting personalities will be that of Miss Rose Payten.

Versatility has long been recognised as an outstanding characteristic of the Australian sportswoman, and Miss Payten affords a striking example of this qualification in her sporting career.

As a mere schoolgirl in socks Miss Payten first showed promise as a tennis player. Growing up with a large family of brothers she learned forceful and correctly-timed strokes with them in the initial stages of her game. It may have been in this atmosphere, too, that, in responding to brotherly authority, she came to appreciate the finer points of sportsmanship; those points that are quite distinct from and yet equally as important as the actual strokes.

Graduating, however, from her brothers' tuition, Miss Payten established a very fine record in first-class tennis. She held the N.S.W. lawn tennis singles championship for six years; on six different occasions she shared the ladies' doubles championship and for five years the mixed doubles championship of N.S.W.

When this popular associate takes her stance at the first tee there will be hundreds of sportswomen throughout the State who will be fervently wishing her a repetition on the golf links of her success on tennis courts.

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but the **CHOICE**
is **ALWAYS**
-the **SAME!**
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

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Sporting Revues

WOMEN cricketers are staging a revue called "Straight Hits" at St. James' Hall on Tuesday, June 19, at 8 p.m. The University team recently produced "Shady Shakespeare" during Festival Week at the University, and so popular was this number, that they have been specially requested to repeat it again on Tuesday night.

The Chaciro cricket team is putting on a sketch entitled "Thankful For Jack." Practically every member of the team will take part. Each cricket team is supplying an item, and it is expected the programme produced will be full of interest and entertainment.

The Woolahra Park Hockey Association is also producing a revue at St. James' Hall on Wednesday, June 27. The Bank of New South Wales, Union Bank, Commonwealth Bank, Wychei, and Wynolia teams are combining to make this occasion an outstanding success.

Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Competition

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